

MATTHEW PRIOR

Born 1664

Died 1721

MATTHEW PRIOR

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A R WALLER M A



CAMBRIDGE
at the University Press
1905

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,

C F CLAY, MANAGER

London: FETTER LANE, E C

Glasgow 50, WELLINGTON STREET



Leipzig F A BROCKHAUS

New York THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Bombay and Calcutta MACMILLAN AND CO, LTD

NOTE

IN 1718 a folio edition of Prior's poems was published by subscription, containing all the poems previously issued by him which he wished to acknowledge and preserve, carefully revised, and accompanied by others then printed for the first time. This folio was issued in three sizes. It will be remembered that a passage in Prior's will runs thus — 'To the College of St John the Evangelist, in Cambridge, I leave Such and so many of my Books, as shall be judged to amount unto the Value of Two Hundred Pounds. These Books, with my own Poems in the greatest Paper to be kept in the Library together with the Books which I have already given. Of these eighteenth-century examples of large-paper issues Mr Austin Dobson remarks 'with the small copy of 1718 Johnson might have knocked down Osborne the bookseller, with the same work in its tallest form. Osborne the bookseller might have laid prostrate the 'Great Lexicographer' himself. Those who have seen the 'greatest' copy will not doubt the truth of this statement. Desirous of being suitably equipped in this Battle of the Books I have used a medium copy as the basis of the present text, a copy measuring 16½ ins × 10½ ins. Even this is a handsome folio, with engraved initial letters head-pieces and tail-pieces, of the usual mythological nature. 'The Names of the Subscribers' who received the volume in

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1719 in exchange for some four thousand guineas are duly given. These names occupy twenty double-columned pages, and it did not seem desirable to reprint them here. *The Reverend Dr Peter Dickinson, Dean of Armagh*, known to students of Defoe, in connection with 'The Apparition of Mrs Veal,' is a subscriber; William Congreve, *Esq*, Sir Godfrey Kneller, *Bar*, Sir Isaac Newton, each take a copy, and so does Alexander Pope, *Esq*; while Jonathan Swift, *D D., Dean of St Patricks, Dublin*, subscribes for 'Five Books,' and, low down on the list, appears the name of Sir John Vanbrugh, architect and dramatist.

Two or three previous collections of Prior's poems had appeared. In 1707 a volume entitled 'Poems on Several Occasions consisting of Odes, Satyrs and Epistles, With some Select *Translations* and *Imitations*,' was published bearing the imprint, 'London Printed for R Burrough, and J. Baker, at the *Sun* and *Moon* in *Cornhill*, and E Curll, at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*,' with three lines from Roscommon on the title-page

'Be not too Rigidly Censorious;
A String may Jarr, in the Best Master's Hand,
And the most Skilful Archer miss his Aim'

Its Contents are given in the Appendix to the present edition (p 362). Two years later, Prior published a volume of 'Poems on *Several Occasions* London Printed for Jacob Tonson, within *Grays-Inn Gate* next *Grays-Inn Lane*,' in the Preface to which, referring to the issue of 1707, he says 'a *Collection of Poems* has lately appeared under my Name, tho' without my Knowledge, in which the Publisher has given me the Honour of some Things that did not belong to me, and has Transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine'

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(See p. xiii, the Preface and Dedication of the 1709 volume forming 1 part of the edition of 1718.) Since all the poems in the 1707 edition save the first two ('A Satyr, on the Modern Translators of Ovid's *Epistles*' and 'The *Seventh Satyr* of Juvenal, *imitated*') are known to be by Prior, the first portion of the above disclaimer must refer to these two. They will be included in the second volume of the present edition, and they need not, therefore, be discussed here. A collation of the earlier issues of Prior's publications with his later collected versions induces the belief that the second portion of the above disclaimer may also be regarded in a diplomatic or Pickwickian sense. A reference to the variants given in the Appendix to this volume will show that Prior's final forms especially in his State Odes differ as greatly from their earlier acknowledged versions as do the texts of the poems of 1709 from the '*imperfectly Transcribed*' copies of 1707, and it will be seen that in the case of the 'Prologue, spoken at Court before the Queen, On Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704' Prior's first version of 1704 is practically identical with the 1707 'unauthorised' version, though greatly altered when he issued in 1709 the '*indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse*'.

On the whole, therefore it seemed best to give in the present volume the text of Prior's last collected issue, following the folio of 1718 and in the Appendix to give not only the variants of the acknowledged edition of 1709 but also (a) those of the separate early states of the poems where possible (b) those of the repudiated collection of 1707, and (c) those of 'A Second Collection of Poems on Several Occasions By Matthew Prior, Esq., which was published in London in 1716, 'Printed for J. Roberts near the Oxford Arms

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in *Warwick-Lane* Price One Shilling.' The four collections are distinguished in the Notes by the letters A (= 1707), B (= 1709), C (= 1716) and D (= 1718). The 1716 edition also was disowned, in the London Gazette, March 24, 1716. There can be little doubt, however, of the truth of Pope's statement (*Letters*, ed Elwin and Courthope, iii 194-5) that 'Mr Prior himself thought it prudent to disown' certain poems, i.e. the two Satires above referred to, which also appear in the 1716 volume. For the contents of C see Appendix, p. 362.

The original spelling and punctuation, etc., of the folio of 1718 have been preserved, and the few misprints corrected are noted. The folio is excellently printed, the errors of the press are remarkably few, and there is no doubt that it presents the final form of those poems which at the date of its publication Prior wished to preserve.

I have not reprinted the Latin version of the *Carmen Seculare*, by Tho. Dibben, of Trinity College, Cambridge, referred to in the Preface (p. xxiii), nor *The Nut-brown Maid. A Poem, written Three Hundred Years Since*, upon which Prior's *Henry and Emma* (pp. 138-158) was modelled. Mrs. Elizabeth Singer's *Pastoral* (see pp. 26 and 27) has been printed in smaller type to differentiate it from Prior's own work, and the same course has been adopted in a few other similar cases.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the help given me by Mr. George A. Brown in the collation of some of the early editions.

The second volume of the present edition is in the press. It will contain the remainder of Prior's writings in prose and verse, the poems published before the

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folio of 1718 but not included therein the poems published between 1718 and 1721, the date of Prior's death, and those posthumously published. Through the kindness of the Marquis of Bath it will also contain the Prose Dialogues of Prior, hitherto unpublished from the Longleat MSS

A R WALLER

CAMBRIDGE,

25 June 1905

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS

LONDON

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's Head* over
against *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand*, and JOHN
BARBER upon *Lambeth Hill* MDCCXVIII

To the Right Honorable
LIONEL,
 EARL of
DORSET and *MIDDLE-SEX*

IT looks like no great Compliment to Your Lordship, that I prefix Your Name to this Epistle when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is publish'd almost against my Inclination. But, in all Cases, My Lord, You have an Hereditary Right to whatever may be called Mine. Many of the following Pieces were written by the Command of Your Excellent Father, and most of the rest, under His Protection and Patronage.

The particular Felicity of Your Birth, My Lord, The natural Endowments of Your Mind, (which, without suspicion of Flattery) I may tell You, are very Great. The good Education with which these Parts have been improved and Your coming into the World, and seeing Men very early, make Us expect from Your Lordship all the Good, which our Hopes can form in Favour of a young Nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris,*—Our Eyes and our Hearts are turned on You. You must be a Judge and Master of Polite Learning, a Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and Merit, a faithful and able Counsellor to Your Prince a true Patriot to your Countrey an Ornament and Honor to the Titles You possess, and in one Word, a Worthy Son to the Great Earl of DORSET.

It is as impossible to mention that Name, without desiring to Commend the Person as it is to give Him the Commendations which His Virtues deserved. But I assure my self, the most agreeable Compliment I can bring Your Lordship, is to

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pay a grateful Respect to Your Father's Memory And my own Obligations to Him were such, that the World must pardon my Endeavoring at His Character, however I may miscarry in the Attempt

A Thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the Composition of this Great Man, and contributed to make Him universally Belov'd and Esteem'd The Figure of His Body was Strong, Proportionable, Beautiful and were His Picture well Drawn, it must deserve the Praise given to the Pourtraits of RAPHAEL, and, at once, create Love and Respect While the Greatness of His Mein inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman, the Sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron There was in His Look and Gesture something that is easier conceived than described, that gain'd upon You in His Favor, before He spake one Word His Behavior was Easie and Courteous to all, but Distinguished and Adapted to each Man in particular, according to his Station and Quality His Civility was free from the Formality of Rule, and flow'd immediately from His good Sense.

Such were the Natural Faculties and Strength of His Mind, that He had occasion to borrow very little from Education and He owed those Advantages to His own Good Parts, which Others acquire by Study and Imitation His Wit was Abundant, Noble, Bold Wit in most Writers is like a Fountain in a Garden, supply'd by several Streams brought thro' artful Pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably But the Earl of DORSET's was a Source rising from the Top of a Mountain, which forced it's own way, and with inexhaustible Supplies, delighted and enriched the Country thro' which it pass'd This extraordinary Genius was accompany'd with so true a Judgment in all Parts of fine Learning, that whatever Subject was before Him, He Discours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar Bent of His Study had been apply'd That way, and He perfected His Judgment by Reading and Digesting the best Authors, tho' He quoted Them very seldom

Contemnebat potius literas, quàm nesciebat

and rather seem'd to draw His Knowledge from His own Stores, than to owe it to any Foreign Assistance

The Brightness of His Parts, the Solidity of His Judgment,

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and the Candor and Generosity of His Temper distinguish'd Him in an Age of great Politeness, and at a Court abounding with Men of the finest Sense and Learning. The most eminent Masters in their several Ways appeal'd to His Determination. WALLER thought it an Honor to consult Him in the Softness and Harmony of his Verse and Dr SPRAT, in the Delicacy and Turn of his Prose. DRYDEN determines by Him, under the Character of *Eugenius* as to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry. BUTLER ow'd it to Him, that the Court tasted his *Hudibras*. WICHERLEY, that the Town liked his *Plain Dealer* and the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM deferr'd to publish his *Rehearsal*, till He was sure (as He expressed it) that my Lord DORSET would not *Rehearse* upon Him again. If We wanted Foreign Testimony LA FONTAINE and St EVREMONT have acknowledg'd, that He was a Perfect Master in the Beauty and Fineness of their Language, and of All that They call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this Nicety of His Judgement confin'd only to Books and Literature but was the Same in Statuary, Painting and all other Parts of Art. BERNINI would have taken His Opinion upon the Beauty and Attitude of a Figure and King CHARLES did not agree with LELY, that my Lady CLEVELAND's Picture was Finished, till it had the Approbation of my Lord BUCKEHURST.

As the Judgement which He made of Others Writings, could not be refuted, the Manner in which He wrote, will hardly ever be Equalled. Every one of His Pieces is an Ingot of Gold, intrinsically and solidly Valuable, such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine thro' a whole Book of any other Author. His Thought was always New and the Expression of it so particularly Happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord DORSET's and yet it was so Easy too, that Every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a Lustre in His Verses, like That of the Sun in CLAUDE LORAINES Landskips it looks Natural, and is Inimitable. His Love-Verses have a Mixture of Delicacy and Strength they convey the Wit of PETRONIUS in the Softness of TIBULLUS. His Satyr indeed is so severely Pointed, that in it He appears, what His Great Friend the Earl of ROCHESTER (that other Prodigy of the Age) says He was

The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse

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Yet even here, That Character may justly be Applied to Him,
which PIRSIUS gives of the best Writer in the Kind, tho' ever
lived

*Omne cæcis virtutis, videtur Hæcui, ætæ
Tangit, & admissus ætæ, præcedit hæcui*

And the Gentleman had always so much the better of the
Satyrist, that the Persons touch'd did not know where to fix
their Resentments, and were forced to appear rather Ashamed
than Angry. Yet so far was this great Author from Valuing
himself upon His Works, that He cared not what became of them,
though every body else did. There are many Things of His now
Extant in Writing, which however are always repeated. Like
the Verses and Sayings of the Ancient Doctors, they retain
an Universal Veneration, tho' they are preserved only by
Memory.

As it is often seen, that those Men who are less Qualifi'd
for Business, love it most, my Lord DOWNEY'S Character was,
that He certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very Young to the Possession of two Plentiful
Estates, and in an Age when Pleasure was more in Fashion
than Business, He turned his Parts rather to Book and Con-
versation, than to Politicks, and what more immediately related
to the Public. But whenever the Safety of His Country
demanded His Assistance, He readily enter'd into the most
Active Parts of Life, and underwent the greatest Dangers,
with a Constancy of Mind, which shewed, that He had not
only read the Rules of Philosophy, but understood the Practice
of them.

In the first *Dutch* War He went a Volunteer under the
Duke of YORK. His Behavior, during That Campaign, was
such, as distinguish'd the SACKVILLE descended from that
HILDEBRAND of the Name, who was one of the greatest
Captains that came into ENGLAND with the Conqueror. But
His making a Song the Night before the Engagement (and it
was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so
sedate a Presence of Mind, and such an unusual Gallantry, that
it deserves as much to be Recorded, as ALEXANDER'S jesting
with his Soldiers, before he pass'd the GRANICUS or WILLIAM
the First of ORANGE, giving Order over Night for a Battel, and

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desiring to be called in the Morning, lest He should happen to Sleep too long

From hence, during the remaining Part of King CHARLES's Reign, He continued to Live in Honorable Leisure. He was of the Bed chamber to the King, and Possessed not only His Master's FAVOR, but (in a great Degree) His Familiarity, never leaving the Court, but when He was sent to THIR of FRANCE, on some short Commissions and Embassies of Compliment, as if the King designed to show the FRENCH, (who would be thought the Politest Nation) that one of the Finest Gentlemen in EUROPE was His Subject, and that We had a Prince who understood His Worth so well, as not to suffer Him to be long out of His Presence.

The succeeding Reign neither relish'd my Lord's Wit, nor approved His Maxims, so He retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable Mistakes of That unhappy Government, went on to Threaten the Nation with something more Terrible than a Dutch War. He thought it became Him to resume the Courage of His Youth, and once more to Engage Himself in defending the Liberty of His Countrey. He entred into the Prince of ORANGE's Interest, and carried on His Part of That great Enterprise here in LONDON, and under the Eye of the Court, with the same Resolution, as His Friend and Fellow Patriot the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE did in open Arms at NOTTINGHAM, 'till the Dangers of those Times increased to Extremity, and just Apprehensions arose for the Safety of the Princess, our present Glorious Queen. then the Earl of DORSET was thought the properest Guide of Her necessary Flight, and the Person under whose Courage and Direction the Nation might most safely Trust a Charge so Precious and Important.

After the Establishment of Their late Majesties upon the Throne, there was Room again at Court for Men of my Lord's Character. He had a Part in the Councils of those Princes, a great Share in their Friendship, and all the Marks of Distinction, with which a good Government could reward a Patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties Household, a Place which He so eminently Adorn'd, by the Grace of His Person, the Fineness of His Breeding, and the Knowledge and Practice of what was Decent and Magnificent, that He

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could only be Rivalled in these Qualifications by one great Man, who has since held the same Staff.

The last Honors He received from His Sovereign, (and indeed they were the Greatest which a Subject could receive) were, that He was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted One of the Regents of the Kingdom, during His Majesty's Absence. But his Health, about that time, sensibly Declining, and the Public Affairs not Threatned by any Imminent Danger, He left the Business to Those who delighted more in the State of it, and appeared only sometimes at Council, to show his Respect to the Commission giving as much Leisure as He could to the Relief of those Pains, with which it pleased God to Afflict Him, and Indulging the Reflexions of a Mind, that had looked thro' the World with too piercing an Eye, and was grown weary of the Prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this Great Man, with Regard to the Public, that thro' the Course of his Life, He Acted like an able Pilot in a long Voyage, contented to sit Quiet in the Cabin, when the Winds were allayed, and the Waters smooth, but Vigilant and Ready to resume the Helm, when the Storm arose, and the Sea grew Tumultuous.

I ask Your Pardon, My Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord DORSET's Character if I examine it not without some Intention of finding Fault, and (which is an odd way of making a Panegyric) set his Blemishes and Imperfections in open View.

The Fire of His Youth carried Him to some Excesses but they were accompanied with a most lively Invention, and true Humour. The little Violences and easie Mistakes of a Night too gayly spent, (and That too in the Beginning of Life) were always set Right, the next Day, with great Humanity, and ample Retribution. His Faults brought their Excuse with them, and his very Failings had their Beauties. So much Sweetness accompanied what He said, and so great Generosity what He did, that People were always prepossess'd in his Favor and it was in Fact true, when the late Earl of ROCHESTER said, in Jest, to King CHARLES, That He did not know how it was, but my Lord DORSET might do any thing, yet was never to Blame.

He was naturally very subject to Passion, but the short

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Gust was soon over, and served only to set off the Charms of his Temper, when more Compos'd That very Passion broke out with a Force of Wit, which made even Anger agreeable While it lasted, He said and forgot a thousand Things, which other Men would have been glad to have studied and wrote but the Impetuosity was Corrected upon a Moment's Reflection and the Measure altered with such Grace and Delicacy, that You could scarce perceive where the Key was Changed

He was very Sharp in his Reflections, but never in the wrong Place His Darts were sure to Wound, but they were sure too to hit None but those whose Follies gave Him very fair Aim And when He allowed no Quarter He had certainly been provoked by more than common Error by Men's tedious and circumstantial Recitals of their Affairs or by their multiply'd Questions about his own by extreme Ignorance and Impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill judg'd and never ceasing Civility or lastly, by the two Things which were his utter Aversion the Insinuation of a Flatterer, and the Whisper of a Tale bearer

If therefore, We set the Piece in it's worst Position if it's Faults be most exposed, the Shades will still appear very finely join'd with their Lights and every Imperfection will be diminished by the Lustre of some Neighbouring Virtue But if We turn the great Drawings and wonderful Colourings to their true Light, the Whole must appear Beautiful, Noble, Admirable

He possessed all those Virtues in the highest Degree, upon which the Pleasure of Society, and the Happiness of Life depend and He exercised them with the greatest Decency, and best Manners As good Nature is said, by a great *Author, to belong more particularly to the ENGLISH, than any other Nation it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of DORSET, than to any other ENGLISH Man

A kind Husband He was, without Fondness and an indulgent Father without Partiality So extraordinary good a Master, that This Quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his Defects for He was often worse served than became his Station, from his Unwillingness to assume an Authority too Severe And, during those little Transports of Passion, to

* Sprat *Hist of the Royal Society*

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which I just now said He was subject, I have known his Servants get into his way, that They might make a Merit of it immediately after for He that had the good Fortune to be Chid, was sure of being Rewarded for it

His Table was one of the Last, that gave Us an Example of the Old House-keeping of an ENGLISH Nobleman A Freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his Guests think Himself at Home and an Abundance, which shewed that the Master's Hospitality extended to many More, than Those who had the Honor to sit at Table with Him

In his Dealings with Others, his Care and Exactness, that every Man should have his Due, was such, that You would think He had never seen a Court the Politeness and Civility with which this Justice was administred, would convince You He never had lived out of One

He was so strict an Observer of his Word, that no Consideration whatever, could make him break it yet so cautious, lest the Merit of his Act should arise from that Obligation only, that He usually did the greatest Favors, without making any previous Promise So inviolable was He in his Friendship, and so kind to the Character of Those, whom He had once Honored with a more intimate Acquaintance, that nothing less than a Demonstration of some Essential Fault, could make Him break with Them and then too, his good Nature did not consent to it, without the greatest Reluctance and Difficulty Let me give one Instance of this amongst many When, as Lord Chamberlain, He was obliged to take the King's Pension from Mr DRYDEN, who had long before put Himself out of a Possibility of Receiving any Favor from the Court my Lord allowed Him an Equivalent, out of his own Estate However displeased with the Conduct of his old Acquaintance, He relieved his Necessities, and while He gave Him his Assistance in Private, in Public, He extenuated and pitied his Error

The Foundation indeed of these Excellent Qualities, and the Perfection of my Lord DORSET's Character, was, That unbounded Charity which ran through the whole Tenor of his Life, and sat as visibly Predominant over the other Faculties of his Soul, as She is said to do in Heaven, above Her Sister Virtues

Crouds of Poor daily thronged his Gates, expecting thence

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their Bread and were still lessened by His sending the most proper Objects of his Bounty to Apprenticeships, or Hospitals The Lazar and the Sick, as He accidentally saw them, were removed from the Street to the Physician and Many of Them not only restored to Health but supplied with what might enable Them to resume their former Callings, and make their future Life happy The Prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's prying the Debt and the Condemned has been saved by his Intercession with the Sovereign where He thought the Letter of the Law too rigid To Those whose Circumstances were such as made Them ashamed of their Poverty He knew how to bestow his Munificence, without offending their Modesty and under the Notion of frequent Presents, gave Them what amounted to a Subsistence Many yet alive know This to be true, though He told it to None, nor ever was more uneasy, than when any one mentioned it to Him

We may find among the *Greeks* and *Latins*, TIBULLUS, and GALLUS, the Noblemen that writ Poetry AUGUSTUS and MÆCENAS the Protectors of Learning ARISTIDES, the good Citizen and ATTICUS, the well bred Friend and bring Them in, as Examples, of my Lord DORSET's Wit His Judgment, His Justice and His Civility But for His Charity, My Lord, We can scarce find a Parallel in History it self

TITUS was not more the *Delicie Humani generis*, on this Account, than my Lord DORSET was And, without any Exaggeration that Prince did not do more good in Proportion, out of the Revenue of the *Roman Empire*, than Your Father, out of the Income of a private Estate Let this, my Lord, remain to You and Your Posterity a Possession for ever, to be Imitated, and if possible, to be Excelled

As to my own Particular, I scarce knew what Life was, sooner than I found my self obliged to His Favor nor have had Reason to feel any Sorrow, so sensibly as That of His Death

*Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo*

ÆNEAS could not reflect upon the Loss of His own Father with greater Piety, my Lord, than I must recall the Memory of Your's and when I think whose Son I am writing to, the

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least I promise my self from Your Goodness is an uninterrupted Continuance of Favor, and a Friendship for Life To which that I may with some Justice Intitle my self, I send Your Lordship a Dedication, not filled with a long Detail of Your Praises, but with my sincerest Wishes, that You may Deserve them; That You may Employ those extraordinary Parts and Abilities, with which Heaven has blessed You, to the Honor of Your Family, the Benefit of Your Friends, and the Good of Your County, That all Your Actions may be Great, Open, and Noble, such as may tell the World, whose Son, and whose Successor You are.

What I now offer to Your Lordship is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of Good Will. If any Verses of My Writing should appear in Print, under another Name and Patronage, than That of an Earl of DORSET, People might suspect them not to be Genuine I have attained my present End, if these Poems prove the Diversion of some of Your Youthful Hours, as they have been occasionally the Amusement of some of Mine, and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller Sheaf, and lay some Pieces of a very different Nature (the Product of my severer Studies) at Your Lordship's Feet, I shall engage Your more serious Reflection Happy, if in all my Endeavors I may contribute to Your Delight, or to Your Instruction I am, with all Duty and Respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

MAT PRIOR

PREFACE

THE Greatest Part of what I have Written having already been Published, either singly or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for Me to make any Excuse for appearing in Print. But a Collection of Poems has lately appeared under my Name, tho' without my Knowledge in which the Publisher has given Me the Honor of some Things that did not belong to Me, and has Transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be Mine. This has obliged Me, in my own Defence, to look back upon some of those lighter Studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to Publish an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse.

Thus I beg Pardon of the Public for Reprinting some Pieces, which, as they came singly from their first Impression, I saw (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr TONSON'S Shop and adding others to them, which were never before Printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a Corner of my own Study.

The Reader will, I hope, make Allowance for their having been written at very distant Times, and on very different Occasions and take them as they happen to come, Public Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, Serious Reflections, or Idle Tales, the Product of his leisure Hours, who had Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.

I take this Occasion to thank my good Friend and School fellow Mr DIBDEN, for his excellent Version of the *Carmen Seculare*, though my Gratitude may justly carry a little Envy with it for I believe the most accurate Judges will find the Translation exceed the Original.

I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs SINGER, who has given Me Leave to Print a Pastoral of Her Writing. That Poem having produced the Verses immediately following it. I wish She might be prevailed with to publish some other Pieces of that Kind, in which the Softness of Her Sex, and the Fineness of Her Genius, conspire to give Her a very distinguishing Character.

POS'T'SCRIP'T.

I Must help my Preface by a Postscript, to tell the Reader, that there is *Ten Years Distance* betwixen my writing the *One* and the *Other*, and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more Poetry) He will find several Copies of Verses scattered through this Edition, which were not printed in the First Those relating to the Publick stand in the Order They did before, and according to the several Years, in which They were written, however the Disposition of our National Affairs, the Actions, or the Fortunes of some Men, and the Opinions of others may have changed Prose, and other Human Things may take what Turn they can, but Poetry, which pretends to have something of Divinity in it, is to be more permanent Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the Author has already said, that He expects His Work should Live for Ever And it had been very foolish in my Friend HORACE, if some Years after His Exegi Monumentum, He should have desired to see his Building taken down again

The Dedication likewise is Reprinted to the Earl of DORSET, in the foregoing Leaves, without any Alteration, though I had the fairest Opportunity, and the strongest Inclination to have added a great deal to it The blooming Hopes, which I said the World expected from my then very Young Patron, have been confirmed by most Noble and distinguished First-Fruits, and His Life is going on towards a plentiful Harvest of all accumulated Virtues He has in Fact exceeded whatever the Fondness of my Wishes could invent in His Favor His equally Good and Beautiful Lady enjoys in Him an Indulgent, and Obliging Husband, His Children, a Kind, and Careful Father, and His Acquaintance, a Faithful, Generous, and Polite Friend His Fellow-Peers have attended to the Perswasion of His Eloquence, and have been convinced by the Solidity of His Reasoning He has long since deserved and attained

POSTSCRIPT

the Honor of the Garter He has managed some of the greatest Charges of the Kingdom with known Ability and laid them down with entire Disinteressment And as He continues the Exercises of these eminent Virtues (which that He may do to a very old Age, shall be my perpetual Wish) He may be One of the Createst Men that our Age, or possibly our Nation has bred, and leave Materials for a Panegyric not unworthy the Pen of some future PLINY

From so Noble a Subject as the Earl of DORSET, to so mean a one as my self, is (I confess) a very Pindaric Transition I shall only say one Word, and trouble t[h]e Reader no further I published my Poems formerly, as Monsieur JOURDAIN sold his Silk He would not be thought a Tradesman, but ordered some Pieces to be measured cut to his particular Friends Now I give up my Shop, and dispose of all my Poetical Goods at once I must therefore desire, that the Public would please to take them in the Gross and that every Body would turn over what He does not like

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS

On Exodus iii 14 I am that I am

An ODE

Written in 1688, as an Exercise at St JOHN'S College,
CAMBRIDGE

I

MAN! Foolish Man!
Scarce know'st Thou how thy self begun
Scarce hast Thou Thought enough to prove Thou art
Yet steel'd with study'd Boldness, Thou dur'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled Eye
Through the mysterious Gulph of vast Immensity
Much Thou canst there discern, much thence impart
Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride
Mortifie thy learned Lust
Vain are thy Thoughts, while Thou thy self art Dust

II

Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wisdom lend
The Helm let Politick Experience guide
Yet cease to hope thy short liv'd Bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable Tide
What, tho' still it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its End,
And, in the Bosom of that boundless Sea,
Still finds its Error lengthen with its Way

MATTHEW PRIOR

III

With daring Pride and insolent Delight
Your Doubts resolv'd you boast, your Labours crown'd,
And, ETPHKA¹ your GOD, forsooth, is found
Incomprehensible and Infinite
But is He therefore found? Vain Searcher! no
Let your imperfect Definition show,
That nothing You, the weak Definer, know

IV

Say, why should the collected Main
It self within it self contain?
Why to its Caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence sleep
On the lov'd Bosom of it's Parent Deep?
Why shou'd it's num'rous Waters stay
In comely Discipline, and fair Array,
'Till Winds and Tides exert their high Command[s]?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising Surges spread
Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's submissive Head,
Marching thro' different Paths to different Lands?

V

Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
Why does He order the Diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in Our's?
Why does He wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautifie the World, and bless the Night?
Why does each animated Star
Love the just Limits of it's proper Sphere?
Why does each consenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine
In Turns to move, and subsequent appear
To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

VI

Man does with dangerous Curiosity
These unfathom'd Wonders try
With fancy'd Rules and arbitrary Laws
Matter and Motion He restrains
And study'd Lines, and fictitious Circles draws
Then with imagin'd Sovereignty
Lord of his new *Hypothesis* He reigns
He reigns? How long? till some Usurper rise
And He too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns
From this last Toil again what Knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his Predecessor's Rules
Were empty *Cant*, all *Jargon* of the Schools
That he on t other's Ruin rears his Throne
And shows his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirms his own

VII

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rise
Whose tow'ring Strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's Batt'ries, or the Mines of Wit
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,
Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward press
And levelling at GOD his wand'ring Guess
(That feeble Engine of his reasoning War,
Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give
Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will,
Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill
Can tell us whence all BEINGS are, and how they move and
live
Thro' either Ocean (foolish Man!)
That pregnant Word sent forth again,
Might to a World extend each ATOM there
For every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every Star

MATTHEW PRIOR

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide,
And only lift thy stagg'ring Reason up
To trembling CALVARY's astonish'd Top
Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy Pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd Pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd
How by her Patient VICTOR Death was slain,
And Earth prophan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide
Then down with all thy boasted Volumes, down
Only reserve the Sacred One
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow,
Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes,
Deject thy self, that Thou may'st rise,
To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below

IX

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering Light, shall give
Her Immortal Perspective,
And Grace's Presence Nature's Loss retrieve
Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
With all their Comments, never cou'd invent
So politick an Instrument,
To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high Abode,
Where MOSES places his Mysterious GOD,
As was that Ladder which old JACOB rear'd,
When Light Divine had human Darkness clear'd,
And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

TO THE
COUNTESS of EXETER,

Playing on the LUTE

WHAT Charms You have, from what high Race You
sprung,
Have been the pleasing Subjects of my Song
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of CANDISH Beauty join'd to CECIL's Wit
But when You please to show the lab'ring MUSE,
What greater Theme Your Musick can produce
My babbling Praises I repeat no more
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore

The PERSIANS thus, first gazing on the Sun,
Admir'd, how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone
But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd
And soon They worship'd, what at first They prais'd

ELIZA's Glory lives in SPENCER's Song
And COWLEY's Verse keeps Fair ORINDA young
That as in Birth, in Beauty You excell,
The MUSE might dictate, and the Poet tell
Your Art no other Art can speak and You,
To show how well You play, must play anew
Your Musick's Pow'r Your Musick must disclose,
For what Light is, 'tis only Light that shows

MATTHEW PRIOR

Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls
Our Thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our Souls
While with it's utmost Art Your Sex could move
Our Wonder only, or at best our Love
You far above Both these Your GOD did place,
That Your high Pow'r might worldly Thoughts destroy:
That with Your Numbers You our Zeal might raise,
And, like Himself, communicate Your Joy

When to Your Native Heav'n You shall repair,
And with Your Presence crown the Blessings there,
Your Lute may wind it's Strings but little higher,
To tune their Notes to that immortal Quire
Your Art is perfect here Your Numbers do,
More than our Books, make the rude Atheist know,
That there's a Heav'n, by what He hears below

As in some Piece, while LUKE his Skill exprest,
A cunning Angel came, and drew the rest
So, when You play, some Godhead does impart
Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art
Some Cherub finishes what You begun,
And to a Miracle improves a Tune

To burning ROME when frantick NERO play'd,
Viewing that Face, no more He had survey'd
The raging Flames, but struck with strange Surprise,
Confest them less than Those of ANNA's Eyes
But had He heard Thy Lute, He soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd
Thine, like AMPHION's Hand, had wak'd the Stone,
And from Destruction call'd the rising Town
Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,
Nor could He Burn so fast, as Thou could'st Build

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

PICTURE *of* SENECA *dying in a Bath*

By JORDAIN

At the Right Honorable the EARL *of* EXETER's
at Burleigh-House

WHILE cruel NERO only drains
The moral SPANIARD's ebbing Veins,
By Study worn, and slack with Age
How dull, how thoughtless is his Rage!
Heighten'd Revenge He should have took
He should have burnt his Tutor's Book
And long have reign'd supream in Vice
One nobler Wretch can only rise
Tis He whose Fury shall deface
The Stoick's Image in this Piece
For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,
Thy Work and SENECA's remain
He still has Body, still has Soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole

MATTHEW PRIOR

An ODE.

I

WHILE blooming Youth, and gay Delight
Sit on thy rosy Cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast
My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain,
For I was born to Love, and Thou to Reign

II

But would You meanly thus rely
On Power, You know I must Obey ?
Exert a Legal Tyranny,
And do an Ill, because You may ?
Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore,
Not see thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Power ?

III

Take Heed, my Dear Youth flies apace
As well as CUPID, TIME is blind
Soon must those Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find
The Thousand LOVES, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die

IV

Then wilt Thou sigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears,
And putting peevish Humours on,
Seems but the sad Effect of Years
Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove,
To raise the feeble Fires of aged Love

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

V

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows
Will show Thee just above Neglect
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will settle into cold Respect
A talking dull *Platonic* I shall turn,
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn

VI

Then shun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindness and Constancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vast a Weight as that of Love
If Thou canst wish to make My Flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure

VII

Haste, CELIA, haste, while Youth invites
Obey kind CUPID's present Voice,
Fill every Sense with soft Delights
And give thy Soul a Loose to Joys
Let Millions of repeated Blissess prove,
That Thou all Kindness art, and I all Love

VIII

Be Mine, and only Mine take care
Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
To Me alone, nor come so far,
As liking any Youth beside
What Men e'er court Thee fly em, and believe,
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted EVE

IX

So shall I court thy dearest Truth
When Beauty ceases to engage
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age
So TIME it self our Raptures shall improve
While still We wake to Joy, and live to Love

MATTHEW PRIOR

AN

EPIS'TLE

TO

FLFFYWOOD SHEPHARD, Esq;

Burleigh, May 14, 1689

SIR,

AS once a Twelvemonth to the Priest,
Holy at ROME, here Antichrist,
The SPANISH King presents a Jennet,
To show his Love That's all that's in it
For if his Holiness would thump
His reverend Bum 'gainst Horse's Rump,
He might b' equipt from his own Stable
With one more White, and eke more Able

Or as with *Gondola's* and Men, His
Good Excellence the Duke of VENICE
(I wish, for Rhime, 't had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring,
Which Trick of State, He wisely maintains,
Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance
For else, in honest Truth, the Sea
Has much less need of Gold than He

Or, not to rove, and pump one's Fancy
For Popish Similies beyond Sea,
As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement
Bring Landlords Pepper-corn for Rent,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Present a Turkey, or a Hen
To Those might better spare Them Ten
Ev'n so with all Submission, I
(For first Men instance, then apply)
Send You each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return Me much a better

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Respect, and not show Wit
Nor look askew at what it saith
There's no Petition in it Faith

Here some would scratch their Heads, and try
What They should write, and How, and Why
But I conceive, such Folks are quite in
Mistakes, in Theory of Writing
If once for Principle tis hid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head,
I argue thus The World agrees
That He writes well who writes with Ease
Then He, by Sequel Logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all

Verse comes from Heaven, like inward Light
Meer human Pains can neer come by t
The God, not We, the Poem makes
We only tell Folks what He speaks
Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
How like Brutes Organs are to Ours,
They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
A Bear might soon be made a Wit
And that for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might squeak Love Odes, Dogs bark Satyr

MEMNON, tho Stone, was counted vocal,
But twas the God, mean while, that spoke all
ROME oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
With prompting Priest behind the Hanging
The Wooden Head resolv'd the Question
While You and PERRIS help'd the Jest on

MATTHEW PRIOR

Your crabbed Rogues, that read LUCRETIVS,
Are against Gods, You know, and teach us,
The God makes not the Poet, but
The Thesis, *vice-versâ* put,
Should *Hebrew-wise* be understood,
And means, The Poet makes the God

ÆGYPTIAN Gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the Leeks they after pray'd to,
And ROMISH Bakers praise the Deity
They chipp'd, while yet in it's *Pancty*

That when You Poets swear and cry,
The God inspires! I rave! I die!
If inward Wind does truly swell Ye,
'T must be the Cholick in your Belly
That Writing is but just like Dice,
And lucky Mains make People Wise
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as DRYDEN, form a Poem,
Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
As You know who at the Committee

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters should be spoke
By Method, rather than by Luck,
This may confine their younger Styles,
Whom DRYDEN pedagogues at WILL's
But never could be meant to tye
Authentic Wits, like You and I
For as young Children, who are try'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding,
When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,
Make use of such Machine no longer,
But leap *pro Libitu*, and scout
On Horse call'd Hobby, or without
So when at School we first declaim,
Old BUSBEY walks us in a Theme,
Whose Props support our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

But when our Souls their Force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate
In Verse or Prose, We write or chat,
Not Six Pence Matter upon what

Tis not how well an Author says
But tis how much, that gathers Praise
TONSON, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see You
I hope Y are well, so God be wi You,
Was all I thought at first to write
But Things, since then, are alter'd quite
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high
So God knows when my Clack will lye
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half Hour

So at pure Barn of loud NON CON,
Where with my *Granam* I have gone,
When LOBB had sifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next,
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain *Cant* before

For your Religion, first of Her
Your Friends do sav'ry Things aver
They say, She's honest, as your Claret,
Not sow'd with *Cant*, nor stum'd with Merit
Your Chamber is the sole Retreat
Of Chaplains ev'ry SUNDAY Night
Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,
When Lay Man herds with Man Divine
For if their Fame be justly great,
Who would no Popish *Nuncio* treat
That His is greater, We must grant,
Who will treat *Nuncios* Protestant
One single *Positive* weighs more
You know, than *Negatives* a Score

MATTHEW PRIOR

In Politicks, I hear, You're stanch,
Directly bent against the FRINCH,
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe
Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
The Publick Welfare in your Private
And will, for ENGLAND's Glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
And keep your Places 'till You die

For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and You,
Let me just tell You how my Time is
Past in a Country-Life – *Imprimis*,
As soon as PHOEBUS' Rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast,
So on, 'till foresaid God does set,
I sometimes Study, sometimes Lat
Thus, of your Heroes and brave Boys,
With whom old HOMER makes such Noise,
The greatest Actions I can find,
Are, that They did their Work, and din'd

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such, as You have whilom con'd,
That treat of CHINA's Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in GOICONDA,
Of Highway-Elephants at CRYLAN,
That rob in Clans, like Men o' th' HIGHLAND,
Of Apes that storm, or keep a Town,
As well almost, as Count LAUZON,
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other stranger Matters, }
Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning

Criticks I read on other Men,
And *Hypers* upon Them again,
From whose Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in One.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Then all your Wits, that fear and sham,
Down from DON QUIXOTE to TOM TRAM
From whom I Jest and Punns purloin,
And slyly put em off for Mine
Fond to be thought a Country Wit
The rest, when Fate and You think fit ~

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottl'd Ale, and neighb'ring Vicar
Sometimes at STAMFORD take a Quart,
Squire SHEPHERD'S Health With all my Heart

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an idle Life
Till SHADWELL from the Town retires
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea coal Fires)
To bless the Wood with peaceful *Lyric*
Then hey for Praise and Panegyric,
Justice restor'd, and Nations freed,
And Wreaths round WILLIAM'S glorious Head

TO THE COUNTESS of DORSET

Written in her MILTON

By Mr BRADBURY

SEE here, how bright the first born Virgin shone
And how the first fond Lover was undone
Such charming Words our beauteous Mother spoke,
As MILTON wrote and such as Yours Her Look
Yours the best Copy of th' Original Face,
Whose Beauty was to furnish all the Race
Such Chains no Author could escape but He
There's no Way to be safe, but not to See

MATTHEW PRIOR

TO THE LADY *DURSTLEY*

On the same Subject.

I IERE reading how fond ADAM was betray'd,
And how by Sin EVE's blasted Charms decay'd,
Our common Loss unjustly You complain,
So small that Part of it, which You sustain

You still, fair Mother, in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for the Race
Kind Nature, forming Them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's first Work, and EVE's Original Look

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul
Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul
And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for Earthly EDEN lost

With Virtue strong as Your's had EVE been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd
Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought
Nor had frail ADAM fall'n, nor MILTON wrote

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

TO
My LORD *BUCKHURST*,

Very Young,

Playing with a CAT

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of VENUS his Desire,
How'er irregular his Fire
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd
The Cat became a blushing Maid
And on the happy Change, the Boy
Impley'd his Wonder and his Joy

Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,
Lest Thou prefer so rash a Pray'r
Nor vainly hope, the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve
O! quickly from her Shrine retreat,
Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate

The Queen of Love, who soon will see
Her own ADONIS live in Thee,
Will lightly her first Loss deplore
Will easily forgive the Boar
Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow
With jealous Rage her Breast will glow
And on her tabby Rival's Face
She deep will mark her new Disgrace

MATTHEW PRIOR

An ODE.

I

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, You guess
The secret Passions of our Mind,
My heavy Eyes, You say, confess
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd

II

There needs, alas ! but little Art,
To have this fatal Secret found
With the same Ease You threw the Dart,
'Tis certain, You may show the Wound

III.

How can I see You, and not love ,
While You as op'ning East are fair ?
While cold as Northern Blasts You prove ,
How can I love, and not despair ?

IV.

The Wretch in double Fetters bound
Your Potent Mercy may release
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

A SONG

IN vain You tell your parting Lover,
I You wish fair Winds may waft Him over
Alas¹ what Winds can happy prove,
That bear Me far from what I love?
Alas¹ what Dangers on the Main
Can equal Those that I sustain
From slighted Vows, and cold Disdain?

Be gentle, and in Pity choose
To wish the wildest Tempests loose
That thrown again upon the Coast,
Where first my Shipwrackt Heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my Pain
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of slighted Vows, and cold Disdain

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD

ALEXIS shun'd his Fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains
(Heav'n guard us all from CUPID'S Bow¹)
He lost his Crook, He left his Flocks
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nourish'd endless Woe

The Nymphs and Shepherds round Him came
His Grief Some pity, Others blame
The fatal Cause All kindly seek
He mingled his Concern with Theirs
He gave em back their friendly Tears
He sigh'd, but would not speak

MATTHEW PRIOR

CLORINDA came among the rest
And She too kind Concern exprest,
And ask'd the Reason of his Woe
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head
And will You pardon Me, He said,
While I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breast should tear,
Which never should offend Your Ear,
But that You bid Me tell

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since You appear'd upon the Plain
You are the Cause of all my Care
Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart
Ten thousand Torments vex My Heart
I love, and I despair

Too much, ALEXIS, I have heard
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd
And yet I pardon You, She cry'd
But You shall promise ne'er again
To breath your Vows, or speak your Pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To the Honorable

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq;

I.

HOWE'ER 'tis well, that while Mankind
Thro' Fate's perverse *Mæander* errs,
He can imagin'd Pleasures find,
To combat against real Cares.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

II

Fancies and Notions He pursues,
Which ne'er had Being but in Thought
Each, like the GRÆCIAN Artist, woo's
The Image He himself has wrought

III

Against Experience He believes
He argues against Demonstration,
Pleas'd, when his Reason He deceives
And sets his Judgment by his Passion

IV

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hope and blindly lays
The desperate Bett upon To-morrow

V

To-morrow comes tis Noon tis Night
This Day like all the former flies
Yet on He runs to seek Delight
To-morrow, till To-night He dies

VI

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects in an airy height
The little Pleasure of the Game
Is from afar to view the Flight

VII

Our anxious Pains We, all the Day,
In search of what We like, employ
Scorning at Night the worthless Prey,
We find the Labour gave the Joy

VIII

At Distance thro' an artful Glass
To the Mind's Eye Things well appear
They lose their Forms, and make a Mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near

MATTHEW PRIOR

IX

If We see right, We see our Woes
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows
The only Wretched are the Wise

X

We wearied should lie down in Death
This Cheat of Life would take no more,
If You thought Fame but empty Breath,
I, PHYLLIS but a perjur'd Whore

HYMN to the SUN.

Set by Dr. *PURCEL*,

And Sung before their MAJESTIES

On New-Years-Day, 1694.

I

RIGHT of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin Thy great Career,
And, as Thou dost thy radiant Journeys run,
Through every distant Climate own,
That in fair ALBION Thou hast seen
The greatest Prince, the brightest Queen,
That ever sav'd a Land, or blest a Throne,
Since first Thy Beams were spread, or Genial Power was
known

II

So may Thy Godhead be confest,
So the returning Year be blest,
As His Infant Months bestow
Springing Wreaths for WILLIAM's Brow,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

As His Summer's Youth shall shed
Eternal Sweets around MARIA'S Head
From the Blessings They bestow,
Our Times are dated, and our *Æras* move
They govern, and enlighten all Below,
As Thou dost all Above

III

Let our Hero in the War
Active and fierce, like Thee, appear
Like Thee, great Son of Jove, like Thee,
When clad in rising Majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er DELOS Hills confest,
With all Thy Arrows arm'd, in all Thy Glory drest
Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms employ,
The raging PYTHON to destroy,
And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy

IV

From fairest Years, and Time's more happy Stores,
Gather all the smiling Hours
Such as with friendly Care have guarded
Patriots and Kings in rightful Wars
Such as with Conquest have rewarded
Triumphant Victors happy Cares,
Such as Story has recorded
Sacred to NASSAU'S long Renown,
For Countries sav'd, and Battels won

V

March Them again in fair Array,
And bid Them form the happy Day,
The happy Day design'd to wait
On WILLIAM'S Fame, and EUROPE'S Fate
Let the happy Day be crown'd
With great Event, and fair Success
No brighter in the Year be found,
But That which brings the Victor home in Peace

MATTHEW PRIOR

VI.

Again Thy Godhead We implore,
Great in Wisdom as in Power,
Again, for good MARIA's Sake, and Our's,
Chuse out other smiling Hours,
Such as with Joyous Wings have fled,
When happy Counsels were advising,
Such as have lucky Omens shed
O'er forming Laws, and Empires rising,
Such as many Courses ran,
Hand in Hand, a goodly Train,
To bless the great ELIZA's Reign,
And in the *Typic* Glory show,
What fuller Bliss MARIA shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn Hours advance,
Mingled send into the Dance
Many fraught with all the Treasures,
Which Thy Eastern Travels views,
Many wing'd with all the Pleasures,
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse
That great MARIA all those Joys may know,
Which, from Her Cares, upon Her Subjects flow

VIII

For Thy own Glory sing our Sovereign's Praise,
God of Verses and of Days.
Let all Thy tuneful Sons adorn
Their lasting Work with WILLIAM's Name
Let chosen Muses yet unborn
Take great MARIA for their future Theme
Eternal Structures let Them raise,
On WILLIAM's and MARIA's Praise
Nor want new Subject for the Song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the Store,
'Till Nature's Musick lyes unstrung,
'Till Thou, great God, shalt lose Thy double Pow'r,
And touch Thy Lyre, and shoot Thy Beams no more

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS

C ELIA and I the other Day
Walk'd o'er the Sand Hills to the Sea
The setting Sun adorn'd the Coast,
His Beams entire, his Fierceness lost
And, on the Surface of the Deep,
The Winds lay only not asleep
The Nymph did like the Scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair
Soft fell her words, as flew the Air
With secret Joy I heard Her say
That She would never miss one Day
A Walk so fine, a Sight so gay

But, oh the Change! the Winds grow high
Impending Tempests charge the Sky
The Lightning flies the Thunder roars
And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shoars
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
She turns her Head, and wings her Flight
And trembling vows, She'll ne'er again
Approach the Shoar, or view the Main

Once more at least look back, said I
Thy self in That large Glass descry
When Thou art in good Humour drest
When gentle Reason rules thy Breast
The Sun upon the calmest Sea
Appears not half so bright as Thee
Tis then, that with Delight I rove
Upon the boundless Depth of Love
I bless my Chain I hand my Oar
Nor think on all I left on Shoar

MATTHEW PRIOR

But when vain Doubt, and groundless Fear
Do That Dear Foolish Bosom tear,
When the big Lip, and wat'ry Eye
Tell Me, the rising Storm is nigh
'Tis then, Thou art yon' angry Main,
Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain,
And the poor Sailor that must try
Its Fury, labours less than I

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive Me back
Forc'd to doat on Thee thy own Way,
I chide Thee first, and then obey
Wretched when from Thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with Thee, or without Thee, die

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP:

A

PASTORAL.

By Mrs ELIZABETH SINGER.

AMARYLLIS

WHILE from the Skies the ruddy Sun descends,
And rising Night the Ev'ning Shade extends
While pearly Dews o'erspread the fruitful Field,
And closing Flowers reviving Odors yield,
Let Us, beneath these spreading Trees, recite
What from our Hearts our Muses may indite
Nor need We, in this close Retirement, fear,
Lest any Swain our am'rous Secrets hear

SILVIA

To ev'ry Shepherd I would Mine proclaim,
Since fair AMINTA is my softest Theme
A Stranger to the loose Delights of Love,
My Thoughts the nobler Warmth of Friendship prove
And while its pure and sacred Fire I sing,
Chast Goddess of the Groves, Thy Succour bring

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

AMARYLLIS

Propitious God of Love my Breast inspire
With all Thy Charms with all Thy pleasing Fire
Propitious God of Love Thy Succour bring
Whilst I Thy Darling Thy ALEXIS sing
ALEXIS as the opening Blossoms fair
Lovely as Light and soft as yielding Air
For Him each Virgin sighs and on the Plains
The happy Youth above each Rival reigns
Nor to the Echoing Groves and whispering Spring
In sweeter strains does artful CONON sing
When loud Applauses fill the crowded Groves
And PHOEBUS the superior Song approves

SILVIA

Beauteous AMINTA is as early Light
Breaking the melancholy Shades of Night
When She is near all anxious Trouble flies
And our reviving Hearts confess her Eyes.
Young Love and blooming Joy and gay Desires
In every Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires
And on the Plain when She no more appears
The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears
In vain the Streams roll on the Eastern Breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling Trees
In vain the Birds begin their Evening Song
And to the silent Night their Notes prolong
Nor Groves nor chrystal Streams nor verdant Field
Does wonted Pleasure in Her Absence yield

AMARYLLIS

And in His Absence all the pensive Day
In some obscure Retreat I lonely stray
All Day to the repeating Caves complain
In mournful Accents and a dying Strain
Dear lovely Youth! I cry to all around
Dear lovely Youth! the flatt'ring Vales resound

SILVIA

On flow'ry Banks by every murmuring Stream
AMINTA is my Muse's softest Theme
Tis She that does my artful Notes refine
With fair AMINTA'S Name my noblest Verse shall shine

AMARYLLIS

I'll twine fresh Garlands for ALEXIS Brows
And consecrate to Him eternal Vows
The charming Youth shall my APOLLO prove
He shall adorn my Songs and tune my Voice to Love

MATTHEW PRIOR
TO THE
AU'THOR
OF THE
Foregoing PAS'TORAL.

BY SILVIA if thy charming Self be meant,
If Friendship be thy Virgin Vows Extent,
O! let me in AMINTA's Praises join
Her's my Esteem shall be, my Passion Thine
When for Thy Head the Garland I prepare,
A second Wreath shall bind AMINTA's Hair
And when my choicest Songs Thy Worth proclaim,
Alternate Verse shall bless AMINTA's Name
My Heart shall own the Justice of Her Cause,
And Love himself submit to Friendship's Laws

But if beneath thy Numbers soft Disguise,
Some favor'd Swain, some true ALEXIS lyes,
If AMARYLLIS breaths thy secret Pains,
And thy fond Heart beats Measure to thy Strains
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind
May VENUS long exert her happy Pow'r,
And make thy Beauty, like thy Verse, endure
May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford,
PAN guard thy Flock, and CERES bless thy Board

But if by chance the Series of thy Joys
Permit one Thought less chearful to arise,
Piteous transfer it to the mournful Swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated Passion's last Excess,
And dies in Woe, that Thou may'st live in Peace

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To a LADY

*She refusing to continue a DISPUTE with me, and
leaving me in the ARGUMENT*

An ODE

I

S PARE, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
Who did unequal War pursue
That more than Triumph He might have,
In being overcome by You

II

In the Dispute whate'er I said,
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd
And in my Looks You might have read,
How much I argu'd on your side

III

You far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have sustain'd an open Fight
For seldom your Opinions err
Your Eyes are always in the right

IV

Why, fair One, would You not rely
On Reason's Force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their Prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind

MATTHEW PRIOR

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the Fight aspir'd
To keep the beauteous Foe in view
Was all the Glory I desir'd

VI.

But She, howe'er of Vict'ry sure,
Contemns the Wreath too long delay'd,
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid

VII

Deeper to wound, See shuns the Fight
She drops her Arms, to gain the Field
Secures her Conquest by her Flight,
And triumphs, when She seems to yield

VIII

So when the PARTHIAN turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew,
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent, and as He fled, He slew

SEEING THE DUKE of *ORMOND*'s PICTURE, AT

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*'s

OUT from the injur'd Canvas, *KNELLER*, strike
These Lines too faint the Picture is not like
Exalt thy Thought, and try thy Toil again
Dreadful in Arms, on *LANDEN*'s glorious Plain
Place Ormond's Duke impendent in the Air
Let His keen Sabre, Comet-like, appear,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Where e'er it points, denouncing Death below
 Draw routed Squadrons, and the num'rous Foe
 Falling beneath, or flying from His Blow
 Till weak with Wounds, and cover'd o'er with Blood,
 Which from the Patriot's Breast in Torrents flow'd,
 He faints His Steed no longer hears the Rein
 But stumbles o'er the Heap, His Hand had slain
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale He lyes,
 Lovely sad Object! in His half-clos'd Eyes
 Stern Vengeance yet, and Hostile Terror stand
 His Front yet threatens and His Frowns command
 The GALLICK Chiefs their Troops around Him call
 Fear to approach Him, tho' they see Him fall

O KNELLER, could Thy Shades and Lights express
 The perfect Hero in that glorious Dress
 Ages to come might ORMOND'S Picture know
 And Palms for Thee beneath His Lawrels grow
 In spite of Time Thy Work might ever shine
 Nor HOMER'S Colors last so long as Thine

CELIA TO DAMON

*Atque in Amore mala hæc proprio, summæque secundo
 Inveniuntur* Lucret Lib 4

WHAT can I say? What Arguments can prove
 My Truth? What Colors can describe my Love?
 If it's Excess and Fury be not known,
 In what Thy CELIA has already done

Thy Infant Flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
 In tim'rous Doubts, with Pity I beheld
 With easie Smiles dispell'd the silent Fear,
 That durst not tell Me, what I dy'd to hear
 In vain I strove to check my growing Flame,
 Or shelter Passion under Friendship's Name

MATTHEW PRIOR

You saw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd,
And when You press'd, how faintly I deny'd

E'er Guardian Thought could bring it's scatter'd Aid,
E'er Reason could support the doubting Maid,
My Soul surpriz'd, and from her self disjoin'd,
Left all Reserve, and all the Sex behind
From your Command her Motions She receiv'd,
And not for Me, but You, She breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be CYTHEREA's Shrine,
And Fires Eternal on Her Altars shine,
Since Thy dear Breast has felt an equal Wound,
Since in Thy Kindness my Desires are crown'd
By Thy each Look, and Thought, and Care 'tis shown,
Thy Joys are center'd All in Me Alone,
And sure I am, Thou would'st not change this Hour
For all the white Ones, Fate has in it's Pow'r.

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning Bliss,
In this great Moment, in this golden Now,
When ev'ry Trace of What, or When, or How
Should from my Soul by raging Love be torn,
And far on Swelling Seas of Rapture born,
A melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye,
And my Heart labours with a sudden Sigh
Invading Fears repel my Coward Joy,
And Ills foreseen the present Bliss destroy

Poor as it is, This Beauty was the Cause,
That with first Sighs Your panting Bosom rose
But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the Wings of Time born swift away
Pass but some fleeting Years, and These poor Eyes
(Where now without a Boast some Lustre lyes)
No longer shall their little Honors keep,
Shall only be of use to read, or weep
And on this Forehead, where your Verse has said,
The Loves delighted, and the GRACES play'd,
Insulting Age will trace his cruel Way,
And leave sad Marks of his destructive Sway

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may cease,
 And as the Fuel sinks, the Flame decrease
 Or angry Heaven may quicker Darts prepare,
 And Sickness strike what Time awhile would spare
 Then will my Swain His glowing Vows renew
 Then will His throbbing Heart to Mine beat true
 When my own Face deters Me from my Glass
 And KNELLER only shows what CELIA was

Fantastic FAME may sound her wild Alarms
 Your Country, as You think, may want your Arms
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,
 Whose Smoke too long obscured your rising Name
 And quickly cold Indifference will ensue
 When You Love's Joys thro' Honors Optic view

Then CELIA's loudest Prayer will prove too weak,
 To this abandon'd Breast to bring You back
 When my lost Lover the tall Ship ascends,
 With Musick gay, and wet with Jovial Friends
 The tender Accents of a Woman's Cry
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die
 When the rough Seaman's louder Shouts prevail,
When fair Occasion shows the springing Gale,
 And Interest guides the Helm and Honor swells the Sail }

Some wretched Lines from this neglected Hand,
 May find my Hero on the foreign Strand,
 Warm with new Fires and pleas'd with new Command }
 While She who wrote em, of all Joy bereft,
 To the rude Censure of the World is left
 Her mangl'd Fame in barb'rous Pastime lost,
 The Coxcomb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast

But nearer Care (O pardon it!) supplies
 Sighs to my Breast, and Sorrow to my Eyes
 Love, Love himself (the only Friend I have)
 May scorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave
 That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror
 May quit his Pleasure, to assert his Power
 Forsake the Provinces that bless his Sway
 To vanquish Those which will not yet obey

MATTHEW PRIOR

Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may rise,
To damp the sinking Beams of CILIA's Eyes,
With haughty Pride may hear Her Charms confest,
And scorn the aident Vows that I have blest
You ev'ry Night may sigh for Her in vain,
And rise each Morning to some fresh Disdain
While CELIA's softest Look may cease to Charm,
And Her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm
While these fond Arms, thus circling You, may prove
More heavy Chains, than Those of hopeless Love.

Just Gods! All other Things their Like produce
The Vine arises from her Mother's Juice
When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay,
They to their Seed their Images convey
Where the old Myrtle her good Influence sheds,
Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads
And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies,
With a resembling Face the Daughter-Buds arise
That Product only which our Passions bear,
Eludes the Planter's miserable Care
While blooming Love assures us Golden Fruit,
Some inborn Poison taints the secret Root
Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy soon Seeds of Hatred shoot }

Say, Shepherd, say Are these Reflections true? }
Or was it but the Woman's Fear, that drew }
This cruel Scene, unjust to Love and You? }
Will You be only, and for ever Mine? }
Shall neither Time, nor Age our Souls disjoin? }
From this dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn? }
Or You grow cold, respectful, and forsworn? }
And can You not for Her You love do more,
Than any Youth for any Nymph before?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

An ODE

*Presented to the KING, on his MAJESTY'S
Arrival in HOLLAND,*

AFTER

THE QUEEN'S DEATH 1695

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene*

I

AT MARY'S Tomb, (sad, sacred Place ¹)
The Virtues shall their Vigils keep
And every Muse, and every Grace
In solemn State shall ever weep

II

The future, pious mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With Fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall visit Her distinguish'd Urn

III

For Her the Wise and Great shall mourn
When late Records her Deeds repeat
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall bless her Name, and sigh her Fate

IV

Fair ALBION shall, with faithful Trust
Her holy Queen's sad Reliques guard
Till Heaven awakes the precious Dust,
And gives the Saint her full Reward

MATTHEW PRIOR

V.

But let the King dismiss his Woes,
Reflecting on his fair Renown,
And take the Cypress from his Brows,
To put his wonted Lawrels on

VI

If prest by Grief our Monarch stoops,
In vain the BRITISH Lions roar
If He, whose Hand sustain'd them, droops,
The BELGIC Darts will wound no more

VII

Embattl'd Princes wait the Chief,
Whose Voice should rule, whose Arm should lead,
And, in kind Murmurs, chide That Grief,
Which hinders EUROPE being freed

VIII

The great Example They demand,
Who still to Conquest led the Way,
Wishing Him present to Command,
As They stand ready to Obey

IX

They seek That Joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's Face,
When the thick Squadrons prest the Foe,
And WILLIAM led the glorious Chace

X

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
Restore Them Thy auspicious Light,
Great Sun with radiant Beams destroy
Those Clouds, which keep Thee from our Sight

XI

Let Thy sublime Meridian Course
For MARY's setting Rays atone
Our Lustre, with redoubl'd Force,
Must now proceed from Thee alone

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XII

See, Pious King, with different Strife
Thy struggling ALBION'S Bosom torn
So much She fears for WILLIAM'S Life,
That MARY'S Fate She dare not mourn

XIII

Her Beauty, in thy softer Half
Bury'd and lost, She ought to grieve
But let her Strength in Thee be safe
And let Her weep but let Her live

XIV

Thou, Guardian Angel, save the Land
From thy own Grief, her fiercest Foe
Lest BRITAIN, rescued by Thy Hand,
Should bend and sink beneath Thy Woe

XV

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unless new Trophies still be sought
And hoary Majesty sustain
The Battels, which Thy Youth has fought

XVI

Where now is all That fearful Love,
Which made Her hate the War's Alarms?
That soft Excess, with which She strove
To keep her Hero in her Arms?

XVII

While still She chid the coming Spring,
Which call'd Him o'er His subject Seas
While, for the Safety of the King,
She wish'd the Victor's Glory less

XVIII

'Tis chang'd 'tis gone sad BRITAIN now
Hastens her Lord to Foreign Wars
Happy! if Toils may break His Woe
Or Danger may divert His Cares

MATTHEW PRIOR

XIX.

In Martial Din She drowns her Sighs,
Lest He the rising Grief should hear
She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,
Lest He should see the falling Tear

XX

Go, mighty Prince, let FRANCE be taught,
How constant Minds by Grief are try'd ,
How great the Land, that wept and fought,
When WILLIAM led, and MARY dy'd

XXI.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
Where Death with all his Darts is seen,
That He can touch Thy Heart with None,
But That which struck the Beauteous Queen

XXII.

BELGIA indulg'd her open Grief,
While yet her Master was not near ,
With sullen Pride refus'd Relief,
And sat Obdurate in Despair

XXIII

As Waters from her Sluces, flow'd
Unbounded Sorrow from her Eyes
To Earth her bended Front She bow'd,
And sent her Wailings to the Skies

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd ,
Rais'd is her Head , her Eyes are dry'd
She smiles, as WILLIAM ne'er had mourn'd
She looks, as MARY ne'er had dy'd

XXV

That Freedom which all Sorrows claim,
She does for Thy Content resign
Her Piety itself would blame ,
If Her Regrets should waken Thine

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XXVI

To cure Thy Woe, She shews Thy Fame
Lest the great Mourner should forget,
That all the Race, whence ORANGE came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate

XXVII

WILLIAM His Country's Cause could fight,
And with His Blood Her Freedom seal
MAURICE and HENRY guard that Right,
For which Their pious Parents fell

XXVIII

How Heroes rise, how Patriots set,
Thy Father's Bloom and Death may tell
Excelling Others These were Great
Thou, greater still, must These excell

XXIX

The last fair Instance Thou must give,
Whence NASSAU'S Virtue can be try'd
And shew the World, that Thou canst live
Intrepid, as Thy Consort dy'd

XXX

Thy Virtue, whose resistless Force
No dire Event could ever stay,
Must carry on its destin'd Course
Tho' Death and Envy stop the Way

XXXI

For BRITAIN'S Sake, for BELGIA'S, live
Pierc'd by Their Grief forget Thy own
New Toils endure new Conquest give,
And bring Them Ease, tho' Thou hast None

XXXII

Vanquish again tho' She be gone,
Whose Garland crown'd the Victor's Hair
And Reign tho' She has left the Throne,
Who made Thy Glory worth Thy Care

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXXIII

Fair BRITAIN never yet before
Breath'd to her King a useless Pray'r
Fond BELGIA never did implore,
While WILLIAM turn'd averse His Ear

XXXIV

But should the weeping Hero now
Relentless to Their Wishes prove,
Should He recall, with pleasing Woe,
The Object of his Grief and Love,

XXXV.

Her Face with thousand Beauties blest,
Her Mind with thousand Virtues stor'd,
Her Pow'r with boundless Joy confest,
Her Person only not ador'd

XXXVI

Yet ought his Sorrow to be checkt,
Yet ought his Passions to abate
If the great Mourner would reflect,
Her Glory in her Death compleat

XXXVII

She was instructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying Thee
Her Scepter, guided by Thy Hand,
Preserv'd the Isles, and Rul'd the Sea

XXXVIII

But oh ! 'twas little, that her Life
O'er Earth and Water bears thy Fame
In Death, 'twas worthy WILLIAM's Wife,
Amidst the Stars to fix his Name

XXXIX

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives it's Forms, Thy Virtues rowl
From MARY's Glory, Angels trace
The Beauty of her Part'ner's Soul

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XL

Wise Fate which does it's Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when They yield their Breath,
Hastens Thy Triumph Half of Thee
Is Deify'd before thy Death

XLI

Alone to thy Renown tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go
While She great Saint rejoices Heav'n
And Thou sustain'st the Orb below

IN IMITATION OF *ANACREON*

LET em Censure what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defie
Let the Wretches know, I write
Regardless of their Grace or Spight
No, no the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song
All that They approve is sweet
And All is Sense, that They repeat

Bid the warbling Nine retire
VENUS, String thy Servant's Lyre
Love shall be my endless Theme
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame
And when these Maxims I decline,
APOLLO may Thy Fate be Mine
May I grasp at empty Praise,
And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays

MATTHEW PRIOR

An ODE.

I.

I 'HE Merchant, to secure his 'Treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd Name
EUPHELIA serves to grace my Measure,
But CLOE is my real Flame

II.

My softest Verse, my darling Lyre
Upon EUPHELIA's Toylet lay,
When CLOE noted her Desire,
That I should sing, that I should play

III

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise,
But with my Numbers mix my Sighs
And whilst I sing EUPHELIA's Praise,
I fix my Soul on CLOE's Eyes

IV

Fair CLOE blush'd EUPHELIA frown'd
I sung and gaz'd I play'd and trembl'd
And VENUS to the LOVES around
Remark'd, how ill We all dissembl'd

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

ODE

Sur la Prise

De *NAMUR*,

Par les ARMES du ROY

L'Année 1692

Par Monsieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX

I

QUELLE docte & Sainte yvresse
Aujourd'huy me fait la loy ?
Chastes Nymphes du *Permesse*
Nest-ce pas vous que je voy ?
Accourez Troupe Sçavante
Des sons que ma Lyre enfante
Ces Arbres sont rejouis
Marquez en bien la cadence
Et vous Vents faites Silence
Je vais Parler de LOUIS

II

Dans ses chansons immortelles
Comme un Aigle audacieux
PINDARE etendant ses aisles
Fuit loin des Vulgaires yeux
Mais o ma fidele Lyre
Si dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire
Tu peux suivre mes Transports
Les chesnes de Monts de *Thrace*
N ont rien oûi que n efface
La douceur de tes accords

MATTHEW PRIOR

III

Est-ce APOLLON & NEPTUNE,
Qui sur ces Rocs Sourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Basté ces Murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte fameuse
La *Sambre* unie à la *Meuse*,
Dessend la fatal abord,
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces Monts terribles
Vomit le Fer, & la Mort

IV

Dix mille vaillans ALCIDES
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'écairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs Remparts
Et dans son Sein infidèle
Par tout la Terre y recele
Un feu prest à s'élancer,
Qui soudain perçant son goufre,
Ouvre un Sepulchre de soufre
A quiconque ose avancer

V

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la *Grece* eust vingt Ans
Sans fruit vu les funeraillles
De ses plus fiers Combattans
Quelle effroyable Puissance
Aujourd-huy pourtant s'avance,
Preste à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'est JUPITER en Personne,
Ou c'est le Vainqueur de *Mons*

VI

N'en doute point c'est luy-mesme
Tout brille en luy, Tout est Roy
Dans *Bruxelles* NASSAU blême
Commence à trembler pour Toy
En vain il voit le *Batave*,
Desormais docile Esclâve,
Rangé sous ses étendais
En vain au Lion *Belgique*
Il voit l'Aigle *Germanique*
Uni sous les Leopards

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

VII

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle
Dont ses sens sont agites
A son secours il appelle
Les Peuples les plus vantez
Ceux là viennent du rivage
Ou s'enorgueillit le *Tage*
De l'or qui roule en ses eaux
Ceux-ci des champs ou la neige
Des marais de la *Norwege*
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux

VIII

Mais qui fait enfler la *Sambre* ?
Sous les *Jumeaux* effrayez
Des froids *Torrens* de *Decembre*
Les Champs par tout sont noyez
CERES s'enfuit eplorée
De voir en proie à *BOREE*
Ses guerets d'épics chargés
Et Sous les Urnes fangeuses
Des *Hyades* orageuses
Tous ses Trésors submergés

IX

D'ployez toutes vos rages
Princes Vents Peuples *Frimats*
Ramassez tous vos nuages
Rassemblez tous vos Soldats
Malgré vous *Namur* en poudre
S'en va tomber Sous la foudre
Qui domta *Lille Courtray*
Gand la Superbe *Espagnole*
Saint Omer Bezançon Dole
Tyres Maastricht & Cambray

X

Mes pr sages s'accomplissent
Il commence à chanceler
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses Murs s'en vont s'écrouler
MARS en feu qui les domine
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine
Et les Bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnerre
Semblent tombant sur la Terre
Vouloir s'ouvrir les Enfers.

MATTHEW PRIOR

XI

Accourez, NASSAU, BAVIERE,
De ces Murs l'unique espoir
A couvert d'une Riviere
Venez vous pouvez tout voir
Considerez ces approches
Voyez grimper sui ces roches
Ces Athletes belliqueux,
Et dans les Eaux, dans la Flame,
LOUIS à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux

XII

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
Qui sort de ces Boulevards,
La Plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards
A cet Astre redoutable
Toujours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les Combats
Et toujours avec la Gloire
MARS amenant la Victoire
Vôle, & le suit a grands pas

XIII

Grands Deffenseurs de l'*Espagne*,
Montrez-vous il en est temps
Courage, vers la *Mabagne*
Voila vos Drapeaux flottans
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont veü sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser
Courez donc Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'Univers vous regarde
N'osez-vous la traverser ?

XIV

Loin de fermer la passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
LUXEMBOURG a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons
Quoy ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
Ou sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis si prompts a marcher,
Qui devoient de la *Tamise*,
Et de la *Dráve* Soumise,
Jusqu' a *Paris* nous chercher ?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XV

Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les Remparts de *Namur*
Son Gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur
Deja jusques a ses portes
Je voy monter nos cohortes
La Flûte & le Fer en main
Et sur les Monceaux de piques
De Corps morts de Rocs de Briques
Souvrir un large chemin

XVI

C'en est fait Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces Rochers eperdus
Battre un Signal pour se rendre
Le Feu cesse Ils sont rendus
Depouillez votre arrogance
Fiers Ennemis de la *France*
Et desormais gracieux
Allez a *Lieg* a *Bruxelles*
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De *Namur* pris a vos yeux

An *English* BALLAD,

On the Taking of

NAMUR

By the KING of GREAT BRITAIN,

1695

Dulce est desipere in loco

I and II

SOME Folks are drunk, yet do not know it
So might not BACCHUS give You Law?
Was it a Muse O lofty Poet,
Or Virgin of St CYR, You saw?

MATTHEW PRIOR

Why all this Fury? What's the Matter,
That Oaks must come from *Thrace* to dance?
Must stupid Stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no such Wood in *France*?
Why must the Winds all hold their Tongue?
If they a little Breath should raise,
Would that have spoil'd the Poet's Song,
Or puff'd away the Monarch's Praise?



PINDAR, that Eagle, mounts the Skies,
While Virtue leads the noble Way
Too like a Vultur BOILEAU flies,
Where sordid Interest shows the Piey
When once the Poet's Honour ceases,
From Reason far his Transports rove
And BOILEAU, for eight hundred Pieces,
Makes LOUIS take the Wall of JOVE

III

NEPTUNE and SOL came from above,
Shap'd like MEGRIGNY and VAUBAN
They arm'd these Rocks, then show'd old JOVE
Of *Marh* Wood, the Wond'rous Plan
Such Walls, these three wise Gods agreed,
By Human Force could ne'er be shaken
But You and I in HOMER read
Of Gods, as well as Men, mistaken.
Sambre and *Maese* their Waves may join,
But ne'er can WILLIAM's Force restrain
He'll pass them Both, who pass'd the *Boyn*
Remember this, and arm the *Sein*

IV

Full fifteen thousand lusty Fellows
With Fire and Sword the Fort maintain
Each was a HERCULES, You tell us,
Yet out they march'd like common Men
Cannons above, and Mines below
Did Death and Tombs for Foes contrive
Yet Matters have been order'd so,
That most of Us are still alive

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

V

If *Namur* be compar'd to *Troy*,
Then BRITAIN'S Boys excell'd the GREEKS
Their Siege did ten long Years employ
We've done our Business in ten Weeks
What Godhead does so fast advance,
With dreadful Pow'r those Hills to gain?
Tis little WILL, the Scourge of *France*
No Godhead, but the first of Men
His mortal Arm exerts the Pow'r,
To keep ev'n *Mons*'s Victor under
And that same JUPITER no more
Shall fright the World with impious Thunder

VI

Our King thus trembles at *Namur*,
Whilst VILLEROY, who ne'er afraid is,
To *Bruxelles* marches on secure,
To bomb the Monks, and scare the Ladies
After this glorious Expedition,
One Battle makes the Marshal Great
He must perform the King's Commission
Who knows, but ORANGE may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the Gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to Fight
And mighty LOUIS hop'd, no doubt,
That WILLIAM wou'd preserve that Right

VII

From *Seyn* and *Loyre*, to *Rhone* and *Po*
See every Mother's Son appear
In such a Case ne'er blame a Foe,
If he betrays some little Fear
He comes the mighty VILLROY comes
Finds a small River in his Way
So waves his Colours, beats his Drums
And thinks it prudent there to stay
The *Galic* Troops breath Blood and War
The Marshal cares not to march faster
Poor VILLROY moves so slowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his Master

MATTHEW PRIOR

VIII

Will no kind Flood, no friendly Rain
Disguise the Marshal's plain Disgrace?
No Torrents swell the low *Mehayne*?
The World will say, he durst not pass
Why will no *Hyades* appear,
Dear Poet, on the Banks of *Sambre*?
Just as they did that mighty Year,
When You turn'd *June* into *December*
The Water-*Nymphs* are too unkind
To VILL'ROY, are the Land-*Nymphs* so?
And fly They All, at Once Combin'd
To shame a General, and a Beau?

IX

Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame
May join to finish WILLIAM's Story
Nations set free may bless his Name,
And *France* in Secret own his Glory
But *Ipres*, *Mastricht*, and *Cambray*,
Besançon, *Ghent*, *St Omers*, *Lysle*,
Courtray, and *Dole* Ye Criticks, say,
How poor to this was PINDAR's Style?
With Eke's and Also's tack thy Strain,
Great Bard, and sing the deathless Prince,
Who lost *Namur* the same Campaign,
He bought *Dixmude*, and plunder'd *Deynse*

X

I'll hold Ten Pound, my Dream is out
I'd tell it You, but for the Rattle
Of those confounded Drums no doubt
Yon' bloody Rogues intend a Battel
Dear me! a hundred thousand *French*
With Terror fill the neighb'ring Field,
While WILLIAM carries on the Trench,
'Till both the Town and Castle yield
VILL'ROY to BOUFFLERS should advance,
Says MARS, thro' Cannons Mouths in Fire,
Id est, one Mareschal of *France*
Tells t'other, He can come no nigher.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XI

Regain the Lines the shortest Way,
VILL ROY or to *Versailles* take Post
For, having seen it, Thou can'st say
The Steps, by which *Namur* was lost
The Smoke and Flame may vex thy Sight
Look not once back but as thou goest,
Quicken the Squadrons in their Flight
And bid the D I take the slowest
Think not what Reason to produce,
From LOUIS to conceal thy Fear
He'll own the Strength of thy Excuse
Tell him that WILLIAM was but there

XII

Now let us look for LOUIS Feather,
That us'd to shine so like a Star
The Gen'als could not get together,
Wanting that Influence, great in War
O Poet! Thou had'st been discreeter,
Hanging the Monarch's Hat so high,
If Thou had'st dubb'd thy Star, a Meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die

XIII

To animate the doubtful Fight,
Namur in vain expects that Ray
In vain *France* hopes, the sickly Light
Shoud shine near WILLIAM's fuller Day
It knows *Versailles*, it's proper Station
Nor cares for any foreign Sphere
Where You see BOILEAU's Constellation,
Be sure no Danger can be near

XIV

The *French* had gather'd all their Force
And WILLIAM met them in their Way
Yet off they brush'd, both Foot and Horse
What has Friend BOILEAU left to say?

MATTHEW PRIOR

When his high Muse is bent upon't,
To sing her King, that Great Commander,
Or on the Shores of *Hellspont*,
Or in the Valleys near *Scamander* ,
Wou'd it not spoil his noble Task,
If any foolish *Pbrygian* there is,
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far *Namur* may be from *Paris* ?

XV.

Two Stanza's more before we end,
Of Death, Pikes, Rocks, Arms, Bricks, and Fire
Leave 'em behind You, honest Friend
And with your Country-Men retire
Your Ode is spoilt, *Namur* is freed ,
For *Dixmuyd* something yet is due
So good Count GUISCARD may proceed ,
But BOUFFLERS, Sir, one Word with you

XVI.

'Tis done In Sight of these Commanders,
Who neither Fight, nor raise the Siege,
The Foes of *France* march safe thro' *Flanders* ,
Divide to *Bruxelles*, or to *Liege*
Send, FAME, this News to *Trianon* ,
That BOUFFLERS may new Honours gain
He the same Play by Land has shown,
As TOURVILLE did upon the Main
Yet is the Marshal made a Peer
O WILLIAM, may thy Arms advance ,
That He may lose *Dinant* next Year,
And so be Constable of *France*

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Presented to the
KING,
AT HIS
ARRIVAL in *HOLLAND*,
AFTER THE
DISCOVERY *of the* CONSPIRACY
1696

Serus in cælum redeas, diuque

Letus intersis populo Quirini

Neve Te nostris vitus iniquum

Ocyor aura

Tollat—

Hor ad Augustum

YE careful Angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on Earth and human Acts to wait
Who turn with secret Pow'r this restless Ball,
And bid predestin'd Empires rise and fall
Your sacred Aid religious Monarchs own
When first They merit then ascend the Throne
But Tyrants dread Ye, lest your just Decree
Transfer the Pow'r and set the People free
See rescu'd BRITAIN at your Altars bow
And hear her Hymns your happy Care avow
That still her Axes and her Rods support
The Judge's Frown and grace the awful Court
That Law with all her pompous Terror stands,
To wrest the Dagger from the Traitor's Hands
And rigid Justice reads the fatal Word
Poises the Ballance first, then draws the Sword

MATTHEW PRIOR

BRITAIN Her Safety to your Guidance owns,
That She can sep'rate Parricides from Sons,
That, impious Rage disarm'd, She lives and Reigns,
Her Freedom kept by Him, who broke Her Chains

And Thou, great Minister, above the rest
Of Guardian Spirits, be Thou for ever blest
Thou, who of old wert sent to ISRAEL's Court,
With secret Aid great DAVID's strong Support,
To mock the frantick Rage of cruel SAUL,
And strike the useless Jav'lin to the Wall
Thy later Care o'er WILLIAM's Temples held,
On BOYN's propitious Banks, the heav'nly Shield,
When Pow'r Divine did Sov'reign Right declare,
And Cannons mark'd, Whom They were bid to spare.

Still, blessed Angel, be thy Care the same,
Be WILLIAM's Life untouch'd, as is his Fame
Let Him own Thine, as BRITAIN owns His Hand
Save Thou the King, as He has sav'd the Land

We Angels Forms in pious Monarchs view
We reverence WILLIAM, for He acts like You,
Like You, Commission'd to chastize and bless,
He must avenge the World, and give it Peace

Indulgent Fate our potent Pray'r receives,
And still BRITANNIA smiles, and WILLIAM lives
The Hero dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By Troubles must be vex'd, by Dangers prov'd
His Foes must aid to make his Fame compleat,
And fix his Throne secure on their Defeat

So, tho' with sudden Rage the Tempest comes,
Tho' the Winds roar, and tho' the Water foams,
Imperial BRITAIN on the Sea looks down,
And smiling sees her Rebel Subject frown
Striking her Cliff the Storm confirms her Pow'r
The Waves but whiten her Triumphant Shore
In vain They wou'd advance, in vain retreat
Broken They dash, and perish at her Feet

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

For WILLIAM still new Wonders shall be shown
The Powers that rescu'd shall preserve the Throne
Safe on his Darling BRITAIN'S joyful Sea
Behold, the Monarch plows his liquid Way
His Fleets in Thunder thro' the World declare,
Whose Empire they obey, whose Arms they bear
Bless'd by aspiring Winds He finds the Strand
Blacken'd with Crowds He sees the Nations stand }
Blessing his Safety, proud of his Command
In various Tongues He hears the Captains dwell
On their great Leaders Praise by Turns They tell
And listen, each with emulous Glory fir'd,
How WILLIAM conquer'd, and how FRANCE retir'd
How BELGIA freed the Hero's Arm confess'd,
But trembl'd for the Courage which She blest

O LOUIS, from this great Example know,
To be at once a Hero and a Foe
By sounding Trumpets, Hear, and ratling Drums,
When WILLIAM to the open Vengeance comes
And See the Soldier plead the Monarch's Right
Heading His Troops, and Foremost in the Fight

Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your Native Seats of Night repair
And Thou, BELLONA, weep thy cruel Pride
Restrained, behind the Victor's Chariot ty'd
In brazen Knots, and everlasting Chains
(So EUROPE'S Peace, so WILLIAM'S Fate ordains)
While on the Ivory Chair, in happy State
He sits, Secure in Innocence, and Great
In regal Clemency and views beneath
Averted Darts of Rage, and pointless Arms of Death

MATTHEW PRIOR

To CLOE Weeping.

SEE, whilst Thou weep'st, fair CLOE, see
The World in Sympathy with Thee
The chearful Birds no longer sing,
Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing
The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r
The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
And louder Murmurs speak their Woe
The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares
They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears
Fantastic Nymph! that Grief should move
Thy Heart, obdurate against Love
Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften All,
But That dear Breast on which they fall.

TO

Mr. *HOWARD* :

An ODE.

I

DEAR HOWARD, from the soft assaults of Love,
Poets and Painters never are Secure
Can I untouch'd the Fair ones Passions move?
Or Thou draw Beauty, and not feel it's Pow'r?

II

To Great APELLES when Young AMMON brought
The darling Idol of his Captive Heart,
And the pleas'd Nymph with kind Attention sat,
To have Her Charms recorded by His Art

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

III

The am'rous Master own'd Her potent Eyes
Sigh'd when He look'd, and trembl'd as He drew
Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprise
And as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew

IV

While PHILIP'S Son, while VENUS Son was near
What different Tortures does his Bosom feel?
Great was the Rival and the God severe
Nor could He hide his Flame, nor durst reveal

V

The Prince, renown'd in Bounty as in Arms,
With Pity saw the ill conceal'd Distress,
Quitted His Title to CAMPASPE'S Charms
And gave the Fair one to the Friend's Embrace

VI

Thus the more beauteous CLOE sat to Thee,
Good HOWARD, emulous of the GRÆCIAN Art
But happy Thou, from CUPID'S Arrow free
And Flames that pierc'd Thy Predecessor's Heart

VII

Had Thy poor Breast receiv'd an equal Pain
Had I been vested with the Monarch's Pow'r
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky Youth, in vain
Nor from My Bounty hadst Thou found a Cure

VIII

Tho' to convince Thee that the Friend did feel
A kind Concern for Thy ill-fated Care,
I would have sooth'd the Flame, I could not heal
Giv'n Thee the World tho' I with-held the Fair

MATTHEW PRIOR

LOVE Disarm'd.

BENEATH a Myrtle's verdant Shade
As CLOE half asleep was laid,
CUPID perch'd lightly on Her Breast,
And in That Heav'n desir'd to rest
Over her Paps his Wings He spread
Between He found a downy Bed,
And nestl'd in His little Head

Still lay the God The Nymph surpriz'd,
Yet Mistress of her self, devis'd,
How She the Vagrant might intral,
And Captive Him, who Captives All

Her Boddice half way She unlac'd
About his Arms She slily cast
The silken Bond, and held Him fast

The God awak'd, and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel Chain,
And thrice in vain He shook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the silken String

Flutt'ring the God, and weeping said,
Pity poor CUPID, generous Maid,
Who happen'd, being Blind, to stray,
And on thy Bosom lost his Way
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never There must hope to dwell
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee

To Me pertains not, She replies,
To know or care where CUPID flies,
What are his Haunts, or which his Way,
Where He would dwell, or whither stray
Yet will I never set Thee free
For Harm was meant, and Harm to Me

Vain Fears that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give Thee up my Bow and Dart
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let Me fly again

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Agreed Secure my Virgin Heart
Instant give up thy Bow and Dart
The Chain I'll in Return unty
And freely Thou again shalt fly

Thus She the Captive did deliver
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver

The God disarm'd, e'er since that Day
Passes his Life in harmless Play,
Flies round, or sits upon her Breast,
A little, flutt'ring, idle Guest

E'er since that Day the beauteous Maid
Governs the World in CUPID'S stead
Directs his Arrow as She wills,
Gives Grief, or Pleasure spares, or kills

CLOE HUNTING

BEHIND her Neck her comely Tresses ty'd,
Her Ivory Quiver graceful by her Side,
A Hunting CLOE went She lost her Way,
And thro' the Woods uncertain chanc'd to stray
APOLLO passing by beheld the Maid
And, Sister Dear, bright CYNTHIA turn He said
The hunted Hind lyes close in yonder Brake
Loud CUPID laugh'd, to see the God's Mistake
And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine,
To know Thy Kindred, and to honour Mine
Rightly advis'd, far hence Thy Sister seek,
Or on MEANDER'S Bank, or LATMUS Peak
But in This Nymph, My Friend, My Sister know
She draws My Arrows and She bends My Bow
Fair THAMES She haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove
Sacred to soft Recess, and gentle Love
Go, with Thy CYNTHIA, hurl the pointed Spear
At the rough Boar or chace the flying Deer
I and My CLOE take a nobler Aim
At human Hearts We fling, nor ever miss the Game

MATTHEW PRIOR

CUPID and GANYMEDE.

IN Heav'n, one Holy-day, You read
In wise *Anacron*, *GANYMEDI*
Drew heedless *CUPID* in, to throw
A Main, to pass an Hour, or so
The little Trojan, by the way,
By *HERMIS* taught, play'd All the Play

The God unhappily engag'd,
By Nature rash, by Play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted,
Lost ev'ry earthly thing He betted
In ready Mony, all the Store
Pick'd up long since from *DANAË*'s Show'r,
A Snush-Box, set with bleeding Hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with Diamond Darts,
His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle Wood,
(The Tree in *IDA*'s Forest stood)
His Bowl pure Gold, the very same
Which *PARIS* gave the *CYPRIAN* Dame,
Two Table-Books in Shagreen Covers,
Fill'd with good Verse from real Lovers,
Merchandise rare ! A Billet-doux,
It's Matter passionate, yet true
Heaps of Hair Rings, and cypher'd Seals,
Rich Trifles, serious Bagatelles

What sad Disorders Play begets !
Desp'rate and mad, at length He sets
Those Darts, whose Points make Gods adore
His Might, and deprecate his Pow'r
Those Darts, whence all our Joy and Pain
Arise those Darts come, Seven's the Main,
Cries *GANYMEDE* The usual Trick
Seven, slur a Six, Eleven A Nick

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Ill News goes fast 'Twas quickly known,
 That simple CUPID was undone
 Swifter than Lightning VENUS flew
 Too late She found the thing too true
 Guess how the Goddess greets her Son
 Come hither, Sirrah no, begon,
 And, hark Ye, is it so indeed?
 A Comrade You for GANYMEDE?
 An Imp as wicked, for his Age,
 As any earthly Lady's Page
 A Scandal and a Scourge to TROY
 A Prince's Son? A Black guard Boy
 A Sharper, that with Box and Dice
 Draws in young Deities to Vice
 All Heaven is by the Ears together,
 Since first That little Rogue came hither
 JUNO her self has had no Peace
 And truly I've been favour'd less
 For JOVE, as FAME reports, (but FAME
 Says things not fit for Me to name)
 Has acted ill for such a God,
 And taken Ways extremely odd

And Thou, unhappy Child, She said
 (Her Anger by her Grief allay'd)
 Unhappy Child, who thus hast lost
 All the Estate We e'er could boast
 Whither, O whither wilt Thou run,
 Thy Name despis'd, thy Weakness known?
 Nor shall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd
 Nor shall thy Pow'r in Heaven be own'd
 When Thou, nor Man, nor God canst wound

Obedient CUPID kneeling cry'd,
 Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide
 GANY's a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble
 Yet why this great Excess of Trouble?
 The Dice were false the Darts are gone
 Yet how are You or I undone?

MATTHEW PRIOR

The Loss of These I can supply
With keener Shafts from CLOE's Eye.
Fear not, We e'er can be disgrac'd,
While That bright Magazine shall last
Your crowded Altars still shall smoke,
And Man your Friendly Aid invoke
JOVE shall again revere your Pow'r,
And rise a Swan, or fall a Show'r

CUPID *Mistaken.*

I

AS after Noon, one Summer's Day,
VENUS stood bathing in a River,
CUPID a-shooting went that Way,
New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver

II.

With Skill He chose his sharpest Dart
With all his Might his Bow He drew
Swift to His beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well-guided Arrow flew

III

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd
O cruel, could'st Thou find none other,
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like NERO, Thou hast slain thy Mother.

IV

Poor CUPID sobbing scarce could speak,
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye
Alas! how easie my Mistake?
I took You for your Likeness, CLOE

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

VENUS *Mistaken*

I

WHEN CLOE'S Picture was to VENUS shown
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for Her own
And what, said She, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I Bathing thus, and Naked seen?

II

Pleas'd CUPID heard, and check'd His Mother's Pride
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd
'Tis CLOE'S Eye, and Cheek, and Lip and Breast
Friend HOWARD'S Genius fancy'd all the rest

A SONG

IF Wine and Musick have the Pow'r,
To ease the Sickness of the Soul
Let PHOEBUS ev'ry String explore
And BACCHUS fill the sprightly Bowl
Let Them their friendly Aid imploy,
To make my CLOE'S Absence light
And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
The Sorrows of this live long Night

But She to Morrow will return
VENUS, be Thou to Morrow great
Thy Myrtles strow, Thy Odours burn
And meet Thy Fav'rite Nymph in State
Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs
Let Us to Morrow's Blessings own
Thy darling LOVES shall guide the Hours,
And all the Day be Thine alone

MATTHEW PRIOR

The DOVE.

Tantæne animis celestibus I hæ? Virg.

I

IN VIRGIL'S Sacred Verse we find,
That Passion can depress or raise
The Heav'nly, as the Human Mind
Who dare deny what VIRGIL says?

II

But if They shou'd, what our Great Master
Has thus laid down, my Tale shall prove
Fair VENUS wept the sad Disaster
Of having lost her Fav'rite DOVE.

III

In Complaisance poor CUPID mourn'd,
His Grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain,
He vow'd he'd leave no Stone unturn'd,
But She shou'd have her DOVE again.

IV

Tho' None, said He, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the Felon well enough
But be She not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal Proof

V

With that, his longest Dart he took,
As Constable wou'd take his Staff
That Gods desire like Men to look,
Wou'd make ev'n HERACLITUS laugh

VI

LOVES Subaltern, a Duteous Band,
Like Watchmen round their Chief appear
Each had his Lanthorn in his Hand
And VENUS mask'd brought up the Rear.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

VII

Accouter'd thus, their eager Step
To CLOE's Lodging They directed
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That CLOE is of Theft suspected)

VIII

Late They set out, had far to go
St DUNSTAN's, as They pass'd, struck One
CLOE for Reasons good, You know,
Lives at the sober End o' th' Town

IX

With one great Peal They rap the Door,
Like Footmen on a Visiting Day
Folks at Her House at such an Hour!
Lord! what will all the Neighbours say?

X

The Door is open'd up They run
Nor Prayers, nor Threats divert their Speed
Thieves, Thieves! cries SUSAN We're undone
They'll kill my Mistress in her Bed

XI

In Bed indeed the Nymph had been
Three Hours for all Historians say,
She commonly went up at Ten
Unless *Picquet* was in the Way

XII

She wak'd, be sure, with strange Surprise
O CUPID is this Right or Law,
Thus to disturb the brightest Eyes
That ever slept, or ever saw?

XIII

Have You observ'd a sitting Hare
Listening and fearful of the Storm
Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her Ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her Form?

MATTHEW PRIOR

XIV

Or have You mark'd a Partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring Faulcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the Brake
Nor wou'd she stay nor dares she fly

XV.

Then have You seen the Beauteous Maid,
When gazing on her Midnight Foes,
She turn'd each Way her frightened Head,
Then sunk it deap beneath the Cloaths

XVI

VENUS this while was in the Chamber
Incognito for SUSAN said,
It smelt so strong of Myrrh and Amber
And SUSAN is no lying Maid.

XVII

But since We have no present Need
Of VENUS for an Episode,
With CUPID let us e'en proceed,
And thus to CLOE spoke the God

XVIII

Hold up your Head hold up your Hand
Wou'd it were not my Lot to show ye
This cruel *Writ*, wherein you stand
Indicted by the Name of CLOE

XIX

For that by secret Malice stirr'd,
Or by an emulous Pride invited,
You have purlain'd the fav'rite Bird,
In which my Mother most delighted

XX

Her blushing Face the lovely Maid
Rais'd just above the milk-white Sheet
A Rose-Tree in a Lilly Bed,
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XXI

Are You not He whom Virgins fear,
And Widows court? Is not your Name
CUPID? If so, pray come not near—
Fair Maiden, I'm the very same

XXII

Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
Or do with Her, You call your Mother?
If I should meet Her in my Way,
We hardly court sy to each other

XXIII

DIANA Chaste, and HEBE Sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true
I would not give my Paroquet
For all the DOVES that ever flew

XXIV

Yet, to compose this Midnight Noise,
Go freely search where e'er you please
(The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd Her Voice)
Upon yon Toilet lie my Keys

XXV

Her Keys He takes, her Doors unlocks
Thro Wardrobe and thro Closet bounces
Peeps into ev'ry Chest and Box
Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces

XXVI

But DOVE depend on't, finds He none
So to the Bed returns again
And now the Maiden bolder grown
Begins to treat Him with Disdain

XXVII

I marvel much She smiling said
Your Poultry cannot yet be found
Lies he in yonder Slipper dead
Or, may be, in the Tea pot drown'd?

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXVIII

No, Traytor, angry Love replies,
He's hid somewhere about Your Breast,
A Place, nor God, nor Man denies,
For VENUS' DOVE the proper Nest

XXIX

Search then, She said, put in your Hand,
And CYNTHIA, dear Protectress, guard Me
As guilty I, or free may stand,
Do Thou, or punish, or reward Me

XXX

But ah! what Maid to Love can trust?
He scorns, and breaks all Legal Power.
Into her Breast his Hand He thrust,
And in a Moment forc'd it lower

XXXI

O, whither do those Fingers rove,
Cries CLOE, treacherous Urchin, whither?
O VENUS! I shall find thy DOVE,
Says He, for sure I touch his Feather

A LOVER's ANGER.

AS CLOE came into the Room t'other Day,
A peevish began, Where so long cou'd You stay?
In your Life-time You never regarded your Hour
You promis'd at Two, and (pay look Child) 'tis Four.
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals
A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear
Thus far I went on with a resolute Air
Lord bless Me! said She, let a Body but speak
Here's an ugly hard Rose-Bud fall'n into my Neck
It has hurt Me, and vex't Me to such a Degree
See here, for You never believe Me, pay see,
On the left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made
So saying, her Bosom She careless display'd
That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

MERCURY and *CUPID*

IN sullen Humour one Day *Jove*
Sent *HERMES* down to *IDA*'s Grove,
Commanding *CUPID* to deliver
His Store of Darts, his total Quiver
That *HERMES* should the Weapons break,
Or throw em into *LETHE* [s] Lake

HERMES, You know, must do his Errand
He found his Man, produc'd his Warrant
CUPID, your Dart this very Hour
There's no contending against Power

How sullen *JUPITER*, just now
I think I said and You'll allow,
That *CUPID* was as bad as He
Hear but the Youngster's Repartee

Come Kinsman (said the little God)
Put off your Wings lay by your Rod
Retire with Me to yonder Bower
And rest your self for half an Hour
Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven
And You fly fast and tis but Seven
We'll take one cooling Cup of Nectar,
And drink to this Celestial Hector

He break my Darts, or hurt my Power!
He, *LEDA*'s Swan, and *DANAE*'s Show'r!
Go bid him his Wife's Tongue restrain
And mind his Thunder and his Rain
My Darts? O certainly I'll give em
From *CLOE*'s Eyes He shall receive em
There's One, the Best in all my Quiver,
Twang! thro' his very Heart and Liver
He then shall Pine and Sigh, and Rave
Good Lord! what Bustle shall We have!
NEPTUNE must straight be sent to Sea,
And *FLORA* summon'd twice a day

MATTHEW PRIOR

One must find Shells, and t'other Flow'rs,
For cooling Grotts, and fragrant Bow'rs,
That CLOE may be serv'd in State
The HOURS must at Her Toilet wait
Whilst all the reasoning Fools below,
Wonder their Watches go too slow
LYBS must fly South, and EURUS East,
For Jewels for Her Hair and Breast
No Matter tho' their cruel Haste
Sink Cities, and lay Forrests waste
No Matter tho' This Fleet be lost,
Or That he wind-bound on the Coast
What whis'pring in my Mother's Ear!
What Care, that JUNO shou'd not hear!
What Work among You Scholar Gods!
PHÆBUS must write Him am'rous Odes
And Thou, poor Cousin, must compose
His Letters in submissive Prose
Whilst haughty CLOE, to sustain
The Honour of My mystic Reign,
Shall all his Gifts and Vows disdain,
And laugh at your Old Bully's Pain

Dear Couz, said HERMES in a Fright,
For Heav'n sake keep Your Darts Good Night

On *BEAUTY*.

A RIDDLE

RESOLVE Me, CLOE, what is THIS
Or forfeit me One precious KISS
'Tis the first Off-spring of the Graces,
Bears diff'rent Forms in diff'rent Places,
Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld,
Yet fancy'd fine, when conceal'd
'Twas FLORA's Wealth, and CIRCE's Charm,
PANDORA's Box of Good and Harm

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Twas MARS s Wish, ENDYMION s Dream
 APelles Draught, and OVID s Theme
 THIS guided THESEUS thro the Maze
 And sent Him home with Life and Praise
 But THIS undid the PHRYGIAN Boy
 And blew the Flames that ruin d TROY
 THIS shew d great Kindness to old GREECE,
 And help d rich JASON to the Fleece
 THIS thro the East just Vengeance hurl d
 And lost poor ANTHONY the World
 Injur d, tho LUCRECE found her Doom
 THIS banish d Tyranny from ROME
 Appeas d tho LAIS gain d her Hire
 THIS set PERSEPOLIS on Fire
 For THIS ALCIDES learn d to Spin
 His Club laid down and Lion s Skin
 For THIS APOLLO deign d to keep,
 With servile Care, a Mortal s Sheep
 For THIS the Father of the Gods,
 Content to leave His high Abodes,
 In borrow d Figures loosely ran,
 EUROPA s Bull, and LEDA s Swan
 For THIS He reassumes the Nod
 (While SEMELE commands the God)
 Launces the Bolt, and shakes the Poles
 Tho MOMUS laughs, and JUNO scolds

Here list ning CLOE smil d, and said
 Your Riddle is not hard to read
 I Guess it Fair one, if You do
 Need I, alas ! the Theme pursue ?
 For THIS, Thou see st, for THIS I leave
 Whate er the World thinks Wise or Grave,
 Ambition, Business, Friendship News,
 My useful Books and serious Muse
 For THIS I willingly decline
 The Mirth of Feasts and Joys of Wine
 And chuse to sit and talk with Thee,
 (As Thy great Orders may decree)
 Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
 Of Idle Tales, and foolish Riddles

MATTHEW PRIOR

The QUESTION, to LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph shou'd I admire, or trust,
But CLOE Beauteous, CLOE Just?
What Nymph should I desire to see,
But Her who leaves the Plain for Me?
To Whom shou'd I compose the Lay,
But Her who listens, when I play?
To Whom in Song repeat my Cares,
But Her who in my Sorrow shares?
For Whom should I the Garland make,
But Her who joys the Gift to take,
And boasts She wears it for My Sake?
In Love am I not fully blest?
LISETTA, pr'ythee tell the rest

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE CLOE Just, and CLOE Fair
Deserves to be Your only Care
But when You and She to Day
Far into the Wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by,
Which way did You cast your Eye?
But when your Cares to Her You sing,
Yet dare not tell Her whence they spring,
Does it not more afflict your Heart,
That in those Cares She bears a Part?
When You the Flow'rs for CLOE twine,
Why do You to Her Garland join
The meanest Bud that falls from Mine?
Simplest of Swains! the World may see,
Whom CLOE loves, and Who loves Me

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

The GARLAND

I

THE Pride of ev ry Grove I chose,
The Violet sweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappld Pink and blushing Rose,
To deck my charming CLOE'S Hair

II

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf't to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath
The Flow'rs less blooming than Her Face
The Scent less fragrant than Her Breath

III

The Flow'rs She wore along the Day
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her Hair they lookt more gay,
Than glowing in their Native Bed

IV

Undrest at Evening, when She found
Their Odours lost, their Colours past
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye She cast

V

That Eye dropt Sense distinct and clear,
As any MUSE'S Tongue cou'd speak
When from it's Lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek

VI

Dissembling, what I knew too well,
My Love my Life said I, explain
This Change of Humour prythee tell
That falling Tear—What does it mean?

MATTHEW PRIOR

VII

She sigh'd, She smil'd and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the Lovely Moralist said
See! Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made

VIII

Ah Me! the blooming Pride of MAY,
And That of Beauty are but One
At Morn Both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone

IX

At Dawn poor SREIA danc'd and sung,
The am'rous Youth around Her bow'd
At Night her fatal Knell was rung,
I saw, and kiss'd Her in her Shroud

X

Such as She is, who dy'd to Day,
Such I, alas! may be to Morrow
Go, DAMON, bid Thy Muse display
The Justice of thy CIOE's Sorrow

*The LADY who offers her Looking-
Glass to VENUS.*

VENUS, take my Votive Glass.
Since I am not what I was,
What from this Day I shall be,
VENUS, let Me never see

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

CLOE JEALOUS

I

FORBEAR to ask Me, why I weep
Vext *CLOE* to her Shepherd said
Tis for my Two poor stragling Sheep
Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead

II

For mind I what You late have writ?
Your subtle Questions, and Replies
Emblems to teach a Female Wit
The Ways, where changing *CUPID* flies

III

Your Riddle, purpos'd to rehearse
The general Pow'r that Beauty has
But why did no peculiar Verse
Describe one Charm of *CLOE*'s Face?

IV

The Glass, which was at *VENUS* Shrine,
With such Mysterious Sorrow laid
The Garland (and You call it Mine)
Which show'd how Youth and Beauty fade

V

Ten thousand Trifles light as These
Nor can my Rage, nor Anger move
She should be humble, who would please
And She must suffer, who can love

VI

When in My Glass I chanc'd to look
Of *VENUS* what did I implore?
That ev'ry Grace which thence I took,
Should know to charm my *DAMON* more

MATTHEW PRIOR

VII

Reading Thy Verse, who heeds, said I,
If here or there his Glances flew?
O free for ever be His Eye,
Whose Heart to Me is always true

VIII

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r
Of Beauty quickly lost it's Pride
For sever'd from it's Native Bow'r,
It on Thy glowing Bosom dy'd

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might presage
Or withering Wreath, or fleeting Youth.
Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
And Time less permanent than Truth

X

Why then I weep, forbear to know
Fall uncontroll'd my Tears, and free
O DAMON, 'tis the only Woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from Thee.

[XI]

The secret Wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my Herse
But on my Tomb-stone Thou shalt read
My Answer to Thy dubious Verse

ANSWER to *CLOE* JEALOUS,
in the same STILE.

The AUTHOR *sick*.

I

YES, fairest Proof of Beauty's Pow'r,
Dear Idol of My panting Heart,
Nature points This my fatal Hour
And I have liv'd, and We must part

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

II

While now I take my last Adieu,
Heave Thou no Sigh, nor shed a Tear,
Lest yet my half-clos'd Eye may view
On Earth an Object worth its Care

III

From Jealousy's tormenting Strife
For ever be Thy Bosom freed
That nothing may disturb Thy Life,
Content I hasten to the Dead

IV

Yet when some better fated Youth
Shall with his am'rous Parly move Thee
Reflect One Moment on His Truth,
Who dying Thus, persists to love Thee

A BETTER ANSWER

I

DEAR CLOE, how blubber'd is that pretty Face?
Thy Cheek all on Fire, and Thy Hair all uncurl'd
Prythee quit this Caprice and (as old FALSTAF says)
Let Us e'en talk a little like Folks of This World

II

How canst Thou presume, Thou hast leave to destroy
The Beauties which VENUS but lent to Thy keeping?
Those Looks were design'd to inspire Love and Joy
More ord'nary Eyes may serve People for weeping

III

To be vext at a Trifle or two that I writ,
Your Judgment at once, and my Passion You wrong
You take that for Fact, which will scarce be found Wit
Ods Life! must One swear to the Truth of a Song?

IV

What I speak, my fair CLOE, and what I write, shews
The Difference there is betwixt Nature and Art
I court others in Verse but I love Thee in Prose
And They have my Whimsies, but Thou hast my Heart

MATTHEW PRIOR

V

The God of us Verse-men (You know Child) the SUN,
How after his Journeys He sets up his Rest
If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run,
At Night he reclines on his THIRIS's Breast

VI

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day,
To Thee my Delight in the Evening I come
No Matter what Beauties I saw in my Way
They were but my Visits, but Thou art my Home

VII

Then finish, Dear CLOE, this Pastoral War,
And let us like HORACE and LYDIA agree
For Thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,
As He was a Poet sublimer than Me

PALLAS and *VENUS*.

AN

EPIGRAM

THE TROJAN Swain had judg'd the great Dispute,
And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit,
When VENUS, loose in all Her naked Charms,
Met JOVE's great Daughter clad in shining Arms
The wanton Goddess view'd the Warlike Maid
From Head to Foot, and Tauntingly She said
Yield, Sister, Rival, yield, Naked, You see,
I vanquish Guess how Potent I should be,
If to the Field I came in Armour drest,
Dreadful, like Thine, my Shield, and terrible my Crest
The Warrior Goddess with Disdain reply'd,
Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride
Let a brave Enemy for once advise,
And VENUS (if 'tis possible) be Wise
Thou to be strong must put off every Dress
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedness
And more than once, (or Thou art much bely'd)
By MARS himself That Armour has been try'd

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN *in* LOVE

A TALE

FROM publick Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busie Ills of Life,
Take me, My CELIA, to Thy Breast
And lull my wearied Soul to Rest
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell
None enter else, but LOVE and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key

To painted Roofs, and shining Spires
(Uneasie Seats of high Desires)
Let the unthinking Many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud
In golden Bondage let Them wait,
And barter Happiness for State
But Oh! My CELIA, when Thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again
May Heaven around This destin'd Head
The choicest of it's Curses shed
To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
In the Two Things I dread and hate
May st Thou be False, and I be Great

Thus on his CELIA's panting Breast,
Fond CELADON his Soul exprest,
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows She thus repaid

MATTHEW PRIOR

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Blest Miracle of Love and Truth !
All that cou'd e'er be counted Mine,
My Love and Life long since are Thine
A real Joy I never knew ,
'Till I believ'd Thy Passion true
A real Grief I ne'er can find ,
'Till Thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with Thy Presence, I can bear
Thro' Waters, and thro' Flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and Solace of Thy Woe
Trace Me some yet unheard-of Way,
That I Thy Ardour may repay ,
And make My constant Passion known,
By more than Woman yet has done

Had I a Wish that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear ,
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Die to let it out again
No VENUS shall my Witness be,
(If VENUS ever lov'd like Me)
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
To be the PERSIAN Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride ,
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of Jove

O happy these of Human Race !
But soon, alas ! our Pleasures pass
He thank'd her on his bended Knee ,
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea ,
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Hasten'd to Court, to beg a Place
While She, his Absence to bemoan,
The very Moment He was gone,
Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the Bed ,
Where all this time He had been hid

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

MORAL

W HILE Men have these Ambitious Fancies
And wanton Wenches read Romances
Our Sex will What? Out with it Lye
And Theirs in equal Strains reply
The Moral of the Tale I sing
(A Posy for a Wedding Ring)
In this short Verse will be confin'd
Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind

AN

ENGLISH PADLOCK

M ISS DANAE, when Fair and Young
(As HORACE has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from JOVE'S Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass
The Reason of the Thing is clear
Would JOVE the naked Truth aver
CUPID was with Him of the Party
And show'd himself sincere and hearty
For, give That Whipster but his Errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Justice Warrant
Dauntless as Death away He walks
Breaks the Doors open snaps the Locks
Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study
Nor stops till He has CULPRIT'S Body

Since This has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth
Tell us, mistaken Husband tell us,
Why so Mysterious why so Jealous?
Does the Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar
Make Us less Curious, Her less Fair?

MATTHEW PRIOR

The Spy, which does this Treasure keep,
Does She ne'er say her Pray'rs, nor sleep?
Does She to no Excess incline?
Does She fly Musick, Mirth, and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r,
To purchase One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend
That Spy is guarded by your Friend
But has This Friend nor Eye, nor Heart?
May He not feel the cruel Dart,
Which, soon or late, all Mortals feel?
May He not, with too tender Zeal,
Give the Fair Pris'ner Cause to see,
How much He wishes, She were free?
May He not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendship too severe,
Which chain Him to a hated Trust,
Which make Him Wretched, to be Just?
And may not She, this Darling She,
Youthful and healthy, Flesh and Blood,
Easie with Him, ill-us'd by Thee,
Allow this Logic to be good?

Sir, Will your Questions never end?
I trust to neither Spy nor Friend
In short, I keep Her from the Sight
Of ev'ry Human Face She'll write
From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd
Has She a Bodkin and a Card?
She'll prick her Mind - She will, You say
But how shall She That Mind convey?
I keep Her in one Room I lock it
The Key (look here) is in this Pocket
The Key-hole, is That left? Most certain
She'll thrust her Letter thro' SIR MARTIN

Dear angry Friend, what must be done?
Is there no Way? There is but One.
Send Her abroad, and let Her see,
That all this mingled Mass, which She

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Being forbidden longs to know,
 Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
 Powder, and Pocket Glass, and Beau,
 A Staple of Romance and Lies,
 False Tears, and real Perjuries
 Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold
 And Love is made but to be told
 Where the fat Bawd, and lavish Heir
 The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share
 And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame,
 Must give up Age to Want and Shame
 Let Her behold the Frantick Scene,
 The Women wretched, false the Men
 And when, these certain Ills to shun,
 She would to Thy Embraces run,
 Receive Her with extended Arms
 Seem more delighted with her Charms
 Wait on Her to the Park and Play
 Put on good Humour make Her gay
 Be to her Virtues very kind
 Be to her Faults a little blind
 Let all her Ways be unconfin'd
 And clap your *PADLOCK* on her *Mind*

HANS CARVEL

HANS CARVEL, Impotent and Old
 Married a Lass of LONDON Mould
 Handsome? enough extreamly Gay
 Lov'd Musick, Company, and Play
 High Flights She had, and Wit at Will
 And so her Tongue lay seldom still
 For in all Visits who but She,
 To Argue, or to Repartée?

She made it plain, that Human Passion
 Was order'd by Predestination
 That, if weak Women went astray,
 Their Stars were more in Fault than They

MATTHEW PRIOR

Whole Tragedies She had by Heart,
Enter'd into ROXANA's Part
To Triumph in her Rival's Blood,
The ACTION certainly was good
How like a Vine young AMMON curl'd !
Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World !
She pity'd BEILLION in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage

She, first of all the Town, was told,
Where newest INDIA Things were sold
So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs THODY's,
To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen
What else cou'd so much Virtue mean ?
For to prevent the least Reproach,
BEILY went with Her in the Coach

But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care,
She without fail was wak'd at Ten,
Drank Chocolate, then slept again
At Twelve She rose with much ado
Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two
Then, Does my Lady Dine at home ?
Yes sure, but is the Colonel come ?
Next, how to spend the Afternoon,
And not come Home again too soon,
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day,
A Turn in Summer to HYDE-PARK,
When it grew tolerably Dark

Wife's Pleasure causes Husband's Pain
Strange Fancies come in HANS's Brain
He thought of what He did not name,
And wou'd reform, but durst not blame
At first He therefore Preach'd his Wife
The Comforts of a Pious Life
Told Her, how Transient Beauty was,
That All must die, and Flesh was Grass

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

He bought Her Sermons, Psalms, and Graces
 And doubled down the useful Places
 But still the Weight of worldly Care
 Allow'd Her little time for Pray'r
 And CLEOPATRA was read o'er,
 While SCOT, and WAKE, and Twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the Shelf
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet
 No fear that Thumb of Hers should spoil it
 In short, the Trade was still the same
 The Dame went out the Colonel came

What's to be done? poor CARVEL cry'd
 Another Batt'ry must be try'd
 What if to Spells I had Recourse?
 'Tis but to hinder something Worse
 The End must justify the Means
 He only Sins who Ill intends
 Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil,
 'Tis lawful to employ the Devil

Forthwith the Devil did appear
 (For name Him and He's always near)
 Not in the Shape in which He plies
 At Miss's Elbow when She lies
 Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors,
 To take the naughty Boy that roars
 But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
 Like a grave Barrister at Law

HANS CARVEL, lay aside your Grief
 The Devil says I bring Relief
 Relief says HANS pray let me crave
 Your Name, Sir SATAN Sir, your Slave
 I did not look upon your Feet
 You'll pardon Me Ay, now I see't
 And pray, Sir, when came You from Hell?
 Our Friends there, did You leave Them well?
 All well but prythee, honest HANS,
 (Says SATAN) leave your Complaisance

MATTHEW PRIOR

The Truth is this I cannot stay
Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day
For, *entre Nous*, We Hellish Sprites,
Love more the Fresco of the Nights,
And oft'ner our Receipts convey
In Dreams, than any other Way
I tell You therefore as a Friend,
E'er Morning dawns, your Fears shall end
Go then this Ev'ning, Master CARRY,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel,
Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care,
Whilst I the great Receipt prepare
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith,
Believe for once what SATAN saith

Away went HANS glad? not a little,
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle,
Invited Friends some half a Dozen,
The Colonel, and my Lady's Cousin
The Meat was serv'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
Catches were sung, and Healths went round
Barbadoes Waters for the Close,
'Till HANS had fairly got his Dose
The Colonel toasted to the best
The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest
The Chimes went Twelve the Guests withdrew.
But when, or how, HANS hardly knew
Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his Elbow Chair,
From thence was carry'd off to Bed
JOHN held his Heels, and NAN his head
My Lady was disturb'd new Sorrow!
Which HANS must answer for to Morrow

In Bed then view this happy Pair,
And think how HYMEN Triumph'd there
HANS, fast asleep, as soon as laid,
The Duty of the Night unpaid
The waking Dame, with Thoughts opprest,
That made Her Hate both Him and Rest

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

By such a Husband, such a Wife !
'Twas ACME'S and SEPTIMIUS' Life
The Lady sigh'd the Lover snor'd
The punctual Devil kept his Word
Appear'd to honest HANS again
But not at all by MADAM seen
And giving Him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King,
Dear HANS, said He, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for SATAN'S Sake
'Twill do your Business to a Hair
For long as You this Ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over LINCOLN,
That ne'er shall happen which You think on

HANS took the Ring with Joy extream
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thrusting it beyond his Joint,
'Tis done He cry'd I've gain'd my Point
What Point, said She You ugly Beast?
You neither give Me Joy nor Rest
'Tis done What's done, You drunken Bear?
You've thrust your Finger G d knows where

A Dutch Proverb

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin
Says wise Professor VANDER BRUIN
By Flames a House I hir'd was lost
Last Year and I must pay the Cost
This Spring the Rains overflow'd my Ground
And my best Flanders Mare was drown'd
A Slave I am to CLARA'S Eyes
The Gipsy knows her Power, and flies
Fire Water, Woman, are My Ruin
And great Thy Wisdom, VANDER BRUIN

MATTHEW PRIOR

PAULO PURGANI I

AND

HIS WIFE :

An Honest, but a Simple Pair.

*Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute,
quod Deceat quod Cogitatione magis à Virtute potest
quam Re separari* Cic de Officiis Lib I

BEYOND the fix'd and settl'd Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe,
The better Sort should set before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum,
Something, that gives their Acts a Light,
Makes 'em not only just, but bright,
And sets 'em in that open Fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame

For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting
Much may be Right, yet much be Wanting
From Lines drawn true, our Eye may trace
A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face
May justly own the Picture wrought
Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault
Yet if the Colouring be not there,
The TITIAN Stroke, the GUIDO Air,
To nicest Judgment show the Piece,
At best 'twill only not displease
It would not gain on JERSEY's Eye
BRADFORD would frown, and set it by

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Thus in the Picture of our Mind
The Action may be well design'd
Guided by Law, and bound by Duty
Yet want this *Je ne say quoy* of Beauty
And tho' its Error may be such
As KNAGS and BURGESS cannot hit
It yet may feel the nicer Touch
Of WICHERLEY'S or CONGREVE'S Wit

What is this Talk? replies a Friend
And where will this dry Moral end?
The Truth of what You here lay down
By some Example should be shown
With all my Heart, for once read on
An Honest, but a Simple Pair
(And Twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this THESIS clear

A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,
PAULO PURGANTI was his Name
Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife
No Woman led a better Life
She to Intrigues was ev'n hard hearted
She chuck'd when a Bawd was carted
And thought the Nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
Till all the Whores were burnt alive

On marry'd Men, that dare be bad,
She thought no Mercy should be had,
They should be hang'd, or starv'd or flead,
Or serv'd like ROMISH Priests in SWEDE
In short, all Lewdness She defy'd
And stiff was her Parochial Pride

Yet in an honest Way, the Dame
Was a great Lover of That same
And could from Scripture take her Cue,
That Husbands should give Wives their Due

Her Prudence did so justly steer
Between the Gay and the Severe,

MATTHEW PRIOR

That if in some Regards She chose
To curb poor PAULO in too close,
In others She relax'd again,
And govern'd with a loose Rein

Thus tho' She strictly did confine
The Doctor from Excess of Wine,
With Oysters, Eggs, and Vermicelli
She let Him almost burst his Belly
Thus drying Coffee was deny'd,
But Chocolate that Loss supply'd
And for Tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy Concomitant of Claret!
(Blest Revolution!) one might see
Eringo Roots, and Bohé Tea

- She often set the Doctor's Band,
And strok'd his Beard, and squeez'd his Hand
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
He went to pore on Books too soon
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the Couch
About his Waste in Bed a-nights
She clung so close for fear of Sprites

The Doctor understood the Call,
But had not always wherewithal

The Lion's Skin too short, you know,
(As PLUTARCH's Morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail
And Art supplies, where Strength may fail

Unwilling then in Arms to meet
The Enemy, He could not beat,
He strove to lengthen the Campaign,
And save his Forces by Chicane
FABIUS, the ROMAN Chief, who thus
By fair Retreat grew MAXIMUS,
Shows us, that all that Warrior can do
With Force inferior, is *Cunctando*.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

One Day then, as the Foe drew near,
 With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear
 Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle
 Did, sure as Trumpet, call to Battel
 Thought it extreemly *a propos*,
 To ward against the coming Blow
 To ward but how? Ay, there's the Question
 Fierce the Assault, unarm'd the Bastion

The Doctor feign'd a strange Surprise
 He felt her Pulse he view'd her Eyes
 That beat too fast These rowl'd too quick
 She was, He said, or would be Sick
 He judg'd it absolutely good,
 That She should purge and cleanse her Blood
 SPAW Waters for that end were got
 If they past easily or not,
 What matters it? the Lady's Feaver
 Continu'd violent as ever

For a Distemper of this Kind,
 (BLACKMORE and HANS are of my Mind)
 If once it youthful Blood infects,
 And chiefly of the Female Sex
 Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion
 What e'er might be our Doctor's Notion

One luckless Night then, as in Bed
 The Doctor and the Dame were laid
 Again this cruel Feaver came,
 High Pulse, short Breath, and Blood in Flame
 What Measures shall poor PAULO keep
 With Madam, in this piteous taking?
 She like MACBETH, has murder'd Sleep,
 And won't allow Him Rest, tho' waking
 Sad State of Matters! when We dare
 Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War
 Nor LIVY nor COMINES have shown,
 What in this Juncture may be done
 GROTIUS might own that PAULO's Case is
 Harder, than any which He places
 Amongst his BELLII and his PACIS

MATTHEW PRIOR

He strove, alas ! but strove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyship from EVE
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience,
Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,
Divines and Moralists, and run ye on
Quite thro' from SENECA to BUNYAN
As much in vain He bid Her try
To fold her Arms, to close her Eye,
Telling Her, Rest would do Her Good,
If any thing in Nature cou'd
So held the GREEKS quite down from GALEN,
Masters and Princes of the Calling
So all our Modern Friends maintain
(Tho' no great GREEKS) in WARWICK-LANE

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring Song
A Tale should never be too long

The more He talk'd, the more She burn'd,
And sigh'd, and tost, and groan'd, and turn'd
At last, I wish, said She, my Dear
(And whisper'd something in his Ear)
You wish ! wish on, the Doctor cries
Lord ! when will Womankind be wise ?
What, in your Waters ? are You mad ?
Why Poyson is not half so bad
I'll do it But I give You Warning
You'll die before To-morrow Morning
'Tis kind, my Dear, what You advise,
The Lady with a Sigh replies
But Life ! You know, at best is Pain
And Death is what We should disdain
So do it therefore, and Adieu
For I will die for Love of You
Let wanton Wives by Death be scar'd
But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

THE LADLE

THE Scepticks think, twas long ago
Since Gods came down *Incognito*,
To see Who were Their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or rose
That since They gave Things their Beginning,
And set this Whirligig a Spinning
Supine They in their Heaven remain,
Exempt from Passion, and from Pain
And frankly leave us Human Elves,
To cut and shuffle for our selves
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As Matter, and as Motion jumble

The Poets now, and Painters hold
This *Thesis* both absurd and bold
And your good natur'd Gods, They say,
Descend some twice or thrice a day
Else all these Things We toil so hard in,
Would not avail one single Farthing
For when the Hero We rehearse
To grace His Actions, and Our Verse
Tis not by dint of Human Thought,
That to his LATIUM He is brought
IRIS descends by FATE's Commands,
To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands
And AMPHITRITE clears his Way
From Rocks and Quick sands in the Sea

And if You see Him in a Sketch
(Tho' drawn by PAULO or CARACHE)
He shows not half his Force and Strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at Length

MATTHEW PRIOR

That He may make his proper Figure,
The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger
The NYMPHS conduct Him to the Field
One holds his Sword, and One his Shield
MARS standing by asserts his Quarrel
And FAME flies after with a Lawrel

These Points, I say, of Speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the Nation)
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms sustains the Fight,
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*

Is it in *Equilibrio*,
If Deities descend or no?
Then let th'Affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale
For by all Parties 'tis confest,
That those Opinions are the best,
Which in their Nature most conduce
To present Ends, and private Use

Two Gods came therefore from above,
One MERCURY, the t'other JOVE
The Humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the Favours They bestow,
Could from our own Perverseness ease Us,
And if our Wish enjoy'd would please Us

Discoursing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales Their Godships came,
'Till well nigh tir'd at almost Night,
They thought it proper to alight

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Disguise a God or Goddess
Exerts no supernat'ral Powers,
But acts on Maxims much like Ours

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

They spy'd it last a Country Farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm,
For Woods before, and Hills behind
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing
Good Grain was sow'd good Fruit was growing
Of last Year's Corn in Barns great Store,
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door
And Wealth (in short) with Peace consented,
That People here should live contented
But did They in Effect do so?
Have Patience, Friend and Thou shalt know

The honest Farmer and his Wife,
To Years declin'd from Prime of Life,
Had struggl'd with the Marriage Noose
As almost ev'ry Couple does
Sometimes, My Plague! sometimes My Darling!
Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling
Jointly submitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard
Thought They were Folks that lost their Way,
And ask'd them civilly to stay
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed
They might go on, and be worse sped

So said, so done the Gods consent
All three into the Parlour went
They complement They sit They chat
Fight o'er the Wars, reform the State
A thousand knotty Points They clear
Till Supper and my Wife appear

JOVE made his Leg and kiss'd the Dame
Obsequious HERMES did the same
JOVE kiss'd the Farmer's Wife, You say
He did but in an honest Way
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,
With which He kiss'd AMPHITRYON'S Wife

MATTHEW PRIOR

Well then, Things handsomly were serv'd
My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd
How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud They laught, how much They eat,
In Epic sumptuous would appear,
Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here
For I should grieve to have it said,
That by a fine Description led,
I made my Episode too long,
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song

The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his Play
Landlord and Landlady, He cry'd,
Folly and Jest'ing laid aside,
That Ye thus hospitably live,
And Strangers with good Chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors
To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof,
You have to Night beneath your Roof
A Pair of Gods (nay never wonder)
This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder
I'm JUPITER, and He MERCURIUS,
My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious
Form then Three Wishes, You and Madam
And sure, as You already had 'em,
The Things desir'd in half an Hour
Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r

Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman says
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze
A Ladle for our Silver Dish
Is what I want, is what I Wish
A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!
'Odzooks, CORISCA, You have pray'd ill
What should be Great, You turn to Farce
I Wish the Ladle in your A

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

With equal Grief and Shame my Muse
The Sequel of the Tale pursues
The Ladle fell into the Room,
And stuck in old CORISCA'S Bum
Our Couple weep Two Wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last,
To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,
And get the Ladle out again

MORAL

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts
His Head aches for a Coronet
And Who is Bless'd that is not Great?

Some Sense and more Estate, kind Heaven
To this well lotted Peer has giv'n
What then? He must have Rule and Sway
And all is wrong, till He's in Play

The Miser must make up his Plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life

Against our Peace We arm our Will
Amidst our Plenty, *Something* still
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me to Him is wanting
That cruel *Something* unpossess'd
Corrodes and leavens all the rest
That *Something*, if We could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE

MATTHEW PRIOR

Written at PARIS, 1700.

In the Beginning of
ROBE's GEOGRAPHY.

OF All that WILLIAM Rules, or ROBE
Describes, Great RHEA, of Thy Globe,
When or on Post-Horse, or in Chaise,
With much Expence, and little Ease,
My destin'd Miles I shall have gone,
By THAMES or MAESE, by PO or RHONE,
And found no Foot of Earth my own,
GREAT MOTHER, let Me Once be able
To have a Garden, House, and Stable,
That I may Read, and Ride, and Plant,
Superior to Desire, or Want,
And as Health fails, and Years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in Peace
Oblige Thy Fav'rite Undertakers
To throw Me in but Twenty Acres
This Number sure They may allow,
For Pasture Ten, and Ten for Plow
'Tis all that I wou'd Wish, or Hope,
For ME, and JOHN, and NELL, and CROP

Then, as Thou wil't, dispose the rest
(And let not FORTUNE spoil the Jest)
To Those, who at the Market-Rate
Can barter Honour for Estate

Now if Thou grant'st Me my Request,
To make Thy Vot'ry truly blest,
Let curst Revenge, and sawcy Pride
To some bleak Rock far off be ty'd,
Nor e'er approach my Rural Seat,
To tempt Me to be Base, and Great

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And, GODDESS, This kind Office done,
Charge VENUS to command her Son,
(Where ever else She lets Him rove)
To shun my House, and Field, and Grove
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love

Hear, gracious RHEA, what I say
And Thy Petitioner shall Pray

Written in the Beginning of

MEZERAY's

HISTORY of *FRANCE*

I

WHATEER thy Countrymen have done
By Law and Wit, by Sword and Gun,
In Thee is faithfully recited
And all the Living World, that view
Thy Work, give Thee the Praises due,
At once Instructed and Delighted

II

Yet for the Fame of all these Deeds,
What Begger in the *Invalides*
With Lameness broke, with Blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either MEZERAY,
Or any Monarch He has written?

III

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is,
That down from PHARAMOND to LOUIS
All covet Life yet call it Pain
All feel the Ill, yet shun the Cure
Can Sense this Paradox endure?
Resolve me, CAMBRAY, or FONTAINE

MATTHEW PRIOR

IV

The Man in graver Tragic known
(Tho' his best Part long since was done)
Still on the Stage desires to tarry
And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,
After the Jest still loads the Scene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary

Written in the
Nouveaux Interests des PRINCES
de l'EUROPE.

BLEST be the Princes, who have fought
For Pompous Names, or wide Dominion,
Since by Their Error We are taught,
That Happiness is but Opinion

ADRIANI MORIENTIS

AD

Animam Suam.

A NIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca

By Monsieur FONTENELLE.

M A petite Ame, ma Mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu sçache où Tu vas
Tu pars seulette, nue, & tremblotante, Hélas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

IMITATED

POOR little, pretty, flutt ring Thing,
Must We no longer live together?
And dost Thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight Thou know st not whither?
Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly
Lyes all neglected, all forgot
And pensive, wav ring, melancholy,
Thou dread st and hop st Thou know st not what

A PASSAGE in the *MORIÆ ENCOMIUM* of ERASMUS *Imitated*

IN awful Pomp, and Melancholy State,
See settl'd REASON on the Judgment Seat
Around Her croud DISTRUST, and DOUBT, and FEAR,
And thoughtful FORESIGHT, and tormenting CARE
Far from the Throne, the trembling PLEASURES stand,
Chain'd up or Exil'd by her stern Command
Wretched her Subjects, gloomy sits the Queen
Till happy CHANCE reverts the cruel Scene
And apish FOLLY with her wild Resort
Of Wit and Jest disturbs the solemn Court

See the fantastic Minstrelsy advance
To breathe the Song, and animate the Dance
Blest the Usurper! happy the Surprise!
Her Mimic Postures catch our eager Eyes
Her Jingling Bells affect our captive Ear
And in the Sights We see and Sounds We hear
Against our Judgment She our Sense employs
The Laws of troubl'd REASON She destroys
And in Their Place rejoyces to indite
Wild Schemes of Mirth, and Plans of loose Delight

MATTHEW PRIOR
TO
Dr. *SHERLOCK*,
ON HIS
PRACTICAL DISCOURSE
Concerning DEATH

FORGIVE the Muse, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his GOD detains
For sure, whate'er You do, where-e'er You are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one constant Pray'r
Forgive Her, and intreat That GOD, to Whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind Acceptance come,
To raise her Notes to that sublime Degree,
Which suits a Song of Piety and Thee

Wond'rous good Man! whose Labours may repel
The Force of Sin, may stop the Rage of Hell
Thou, like the BAPTIST, from thy GOD wast sent
The crying Voice, to bid the World repent

Thee YOUTH shall study, and no more engage
Their flatt'ring Wishes for uncertain AGE,
No more with fruitless Care, and cheated Strife
Chace fleeting Pleasure thro' this Maze of Life,
Finding the wretched All They here can have,
But present Food, and but a future Grave
Each, great as PHILIP'S Victor Son, shall view
This abject World, and weeping, ask a New

Decrepit AGE shall read Thee, and confess,
Thy Labours can assuage, where Med'cines cease
Shall bless thy Words, their wounded Souls Relief,
The Drops that sweeten their last Dregs of Life
Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath;
Own Riches gather'd, Trouble, Fame, a Breath,
And LIFE an Ill, whose only Cure is DEATH

Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
Their Sense untutor'd INFANCY may know

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Yet to such height is all That Plainness wrought,
WIT may admire, and letter'd PRIDE be taught
Easie in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime

On its blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise
Tis like the Ladder in the PATRIARCH'S Dream,
Its Foot on Earth, its Height above the Skies
Diffus'd its Virtue, boundless is its Pow'r
Tis Publick Health, and Universal Cure
Of Heav'nly MANNA, tis a second Feast,
A Nation's Food, and All to ev'ry Taste

To its last Height mad BRITAIN'S Guilt was rear'd
And various DEATH for various Crimes She fear'd
With your kind Work her drooping Hopes revive
You bid Her read, repent, adore, and live
You wrest the Bolt from Heav'n's avenging Hand
Stop ready DEATH, and save a sinking Land

O! save Us still, still bless Us with thy Stay
O! want thy Heav'n, till We have learnt the Way
Refuse to leave thy destin'd Charge too soon
And for the Church's Good, defer thy own
O! live, and let thy Works urge our Belief
Live to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life
Till future INFANCY, baptiz'd by Thee
Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety
Till CHRISTIANS, yet unborn, be taught to die

Then in full Age, and hoary Holiness
Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd Bliss
Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Dust,
As thy own Fame among the future Just
Till in last Sounds the dreadful Trumpet speaks
Till JUDGMENT calls and quick'n'd NATURE wakes
Till thro' the utmost Earth, and deepest Sea
Our scatter'd ATOMS find their destin'd Way,
In haste to cloath their Kindred Souls again
Perfect our State and build immortal Man
Then fearless Thou who well sustain'st the Fight,
To Paths of Joy, and Tracts of endless Light
Lead up all those who heard Thee, and believ'd
Midst thy own Flock great Shepherd be receiv'd
And glad all Heav'n with Millions Thou hast sav'd

CARMEN SECULARE,

For the Year 1700

TO THE
KING.

*Aspice, venturo latentur ut Omnia Sæc'lo :
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus & quantum sat est tua dicere facta !*
Virg Eclog. 4

I.

WHY elder Look, Great JANUS, cast
Into the long Records of Ages past :
Review the Years in fairest Action drest
With noted White, Superior to the rest,
ÆRA's deriv'd, and Chronicles begun
From Empires founded, and from Battels won
Show all the Spoils by valiant Kings achiev'd,
And groaning Nations by Their Arms reliev'd,
The Wounds of Patriots in their Country's Cause,
And happy Pow'r sustain'd by wholesom Laws
In comely Rank call ev'ry Merit forth
Imprint on ev'ry Act it's Standard Worth
The glorious Parallels then downward bring
To Modern Wonders, and to BRITAIN's King
With equal Justice and Historic Care
Their Laws, Their Toils, Their Arms with His compare
Confess the various Attributes of Fame
Collected and compleat in WILLIAM's Name
To all the list'ning World relate
(As Thou dost His Story read)
That nothing went before so Great,
And nothing Greater can succeed

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

II

Thy Native LATIUM was Thy darling Care,
Prudent in Peace, and terrible in War
The boldest Virtues that have govern'd Earth
From LATIUM's fruitful Womb derive their Birth

Then turn to Her fair written Page
From dawning Childhood to establish'd Age,
The Glories of Her Empire trace
Confront the Heroes of Thy ROMAN Race
And let the justest Palm the Victor's Temples grace

III

The Son of MARS reduc'd the trembling Swains,
And spread His Empire o'er the distant Plains
But yet the SABINS violated Charms
Obscur'd the Glory of His rising Arms
NUMA the Rights of strict Religion knew
On ev'ry Altar laid the Incense due

Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear
Or lead the forward Youth to noble War
Stern BRUTUS was with too much Horror good
Holding his *Fasces* stain'd with Filial Blood
FABIUS was Wise but with Excess of Care
He sav'd his Country but prolonged the War
While DECIVS, PAULUS, CURIUS greatly fought

And by Their strict Examples taught
How wild Desires should be controll'd
And how much brighter Virtue was, than Gold
They scarce Their swelling Thirst of Fame could hide
And boasted Poverty with too much Pride
Excess in Youth made SCIPIO less rever'd
And CATO dying seem'd to own He fear'd
JULIVS with Honor tam'd ROME's foreign Foes
But Patriots fell e'er the Dictator rose
And while with Clemency AUGUSTUS reign'd
The Monarch was ador'd the City chain'd

IV

With justest Honour be Their Merits drest
But be Their Failings too confest

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Then see the Kindred Blood of ORANGE flow,
 From warlike CORNER, thro the LOINS of BEAU
 Thro CHALON next and there with NASSAW join,
 From RHONE's fair Banks transplanted to the RHINE
 Bring next the Royal List of STUARTS forth,
 Undaunted Minds, that rul'd the rugged North
 Till HEAVEN'S Decrees by ripning Times are shown
 Till SCOTLAND'S Kings ascend the ENGLISH Throne
 And the fair Rivals live for ever One

VIII

JANUS, mighty Deity,
 Be kind and as Thy searching Eye
 Does our Modern Story trace,
 Finding some of STUART'S Race
 Unhappy, pass Their Annals by
 No harsh Reflection let Remembrance raise
 Forbear to mention, what Thou canst not praise
 But as Thou dwellest upon that Heavenly *Name,
 To Grief for ever Sacred, as to Fame
 Oh! read it to Thy self in Silence weep
 And Thy convulsive Sorrows inward keep,
 Lest BRITAIN'S Grief should waken at the Sound,
 And Blood gush fresh from Her eternal Wound

IX

Whither wouldst Thou further look?
 Read WILLIAM'S Acts, and close the ample Book
 Peruse the Wonders of His dawning Life
 How, like ALCIDES, He began
 With Infant Patience calm'd Seditious Strife
 And quell'd the Snakes which round his Cradle ran

X

Describe His Youth, attentive to Alarms,
 By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms
 When Conquering mild when Conquer'd not disgrac'd
 By Wrongs not lessen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd

* MARY

MATTHEW PRIOR

Superior to the blind Events
Of little Human Accidents,
And constant to His first Decree,
To curb the Proud, to set the Injur'd free,
To bow the haughty Neck, and raise the suppliant Knece }

XI

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring,
And see the Hero perfect in the King
Imperious Arms by Manly Reason sway'd,
And Power Supreme by free Consent obey'd
With how much Haste His Mercy meets his Foes
And how unbounded His Forgiveness flows
With what Desire He makes His Subjects bless'd,
His Favours granted ere His Throne address'd
What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts He rears,
By Arts of Peace more potent, than by Wars
How o'er Himself, as o'er the World, He Reigns,
His Morals strength'ning, what His Law ordains

XII

Thro' all His Thread of Life already spun,
Becoming Grace and proper Action run
The Piece by VIRTUE's equal Hand is wrought,
Mix'd with no Crime, and shaded with no Fault
No Footsteps of the Victoi's Rage
Left in the Camp, where WILLIAM did engage
No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride
Upon the Royal Purple spy'd
His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more shall its intrinsic Worth proclaim,
Shall pass the Combat of the searching Flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd Heat,
For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor it's Lustre, nor it's Weight

XIII

JANUS be to WILLIAM just,
To faithful HISTORY His Actions trust
Command Her, with peculiar Care
To trace each Toil, and comment ev'ry War

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

His saving Wonders bid Her write
In Characters distinctly bright
That each revolving Age may read
The Patriot's Piety, the Hero's Deed
And still the Sire inculcate to his Son
Transmissive Lessons of the King's Renown
That WILLIAM'S Glory still may live
When all that present Art can give,
The Pillar'd Marble, and the Tablet Brass,
Mould ring drop the Victor's Praise
When the great Monuments of His Power
Shall now be visible no more
When SAMBRE shall have chang'd her winding Flood
And Children ask, where NAMUR stood

XIV

NAMUR, proud City, how her Towers were arm'd !
How She contemn'd th' approaching Foe !
Till She by WILLIAM'S Trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath His Blow
JOVE and PALLAS, mighty Powers,
Guided the Hero to the hostile Towers
PERSEUS seem'd less swift in War,
When, wing'd with Speed, he flew thro' Air
Embattl'd Nations strive in vain
The Hero's Glory to restrain
Streams arm'd with Rocks, and Mountains red with Fire
In vain against His Force conspire
Behold Him from the dreadful Height appear !
And lo ! BRITANNIA'S Lions waving there

XV

EUROPE freed, and FRANCE repell'd
The Hero from the Height beheld
He spake the Word that War and Rage should cease
He bid the MAESE and RHINE in Safety flow
And dictat'd a lasting Peace
To the rejoicing World below
To rescu'd States, and vindicated Crowns
His Equal Hand prescrib'd their ancient Bounds

MATTHEW PRIOR

Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province should obey,
How far each Monarch should extend His Sway
Taught 'em how Clemency made Pow'r rever'd,
And that the Prince Belov'd was truly Fear'd
Firm by His Side unspotted HONOUR stood,
Pleas'd to confess Him not so Great as Good
His Head with brighter Beams fair VIRTUE deck't,
Than Those which all His num'rous Crowns reflect
Establish'd FREEDOM clap'd her joyful Wings,
Proclaim'd the First of Men, and Best of Kings

XVI

Whither would the Muse aspire
With PINDAR's Rage without his Fire?
Pardon me, JANUS, 'twas a Fault,
Created by too great a Thought
Mindless of the God and Day,
I from thy Altars, JANUS, stray,
From Thee, and from My self born far away
The fiery PEGASUS disdains
To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins
When glorious Fields and opening Camps He views,
He runs with an unbounded Loose
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong Horse
Nor would She, if She could, check his impetuous Force
With the glad Noise the Cliffs and Vallies ring,
While She thro' Earth and Air pursues the King

XVII

She now beholds Him on the BELGIC Shoar,
Whilst BRITAIN's Tears His ready Help implore,
Dissembling for Her sake his rising Cares,
And with wise Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars.
She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views Him advancing his auspicious Prow,
Combating adverse Winds and Winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments that defer Our Ease,
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to save the State
Tho' e'er the doubtful Gift can be secur'd,
New Wars must be sustain'd, new Wounds endur'd

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XVIII

Thro' rough IERUSALEM'S Camp She sounds Alarms,
And Kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by Arms
In the dank Marshes finds her glorious Theme
And plunges after Him thro' BOON'S fierce Stream
She bids the NERFIDS run with trembling Hail,
To tell old OCEAN how the Hero pass
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praise
Worthy that Arm, Whose Empire He obeys

XIX

Back to His ALBION She delights to bring
The humblest Victor and the kindest King
ALBION, with open Triumph would receive
Her Hero, nor obtains His Leave
Firm He rejects the Altars She would raise
And thanks the Zeal while He declines the Praise
Again She follows Him thro' BELGIA'S Land
And Countries often sav'd by WILLIAM'S Hand
Hears joyful Nations bless those happy Toils,
Which freed the People, but return'd the Spoils
In various Views She tries her constant Theme
Finds Him in Councils, and in Arms the Same
When certain to overcome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to Vengeance, and with Mercy, Brave.

XX

Sudden another Scene employs her Sight
She sets her Hero in another Light
Paints His great Mind Superior to Success,
Declining Conquest, to establish Peace
She brings ASTREA down to Earth again,
And Quiet, brooding o'er His future Reign

XXI

Then with unwearied Wing the Goddess soars
East, over DANUBE and PROPONTIS Shoars,
Where jarring Empires ready to engage,
Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage,

MATTHEW PRIOR

'Till WILLIAM's Word, like That of Fate, declares,
If They shall study Peace, or lengthen Wars
How sacred His Renown for equal Laws,
To whom the World defers it's Common Cause !
How fair His Friendships, and His Leagues how just,
Whom ev'ry Nation courts, Whom all Religions trust !

XXII.

From the MÆOTIS to the Northern Sea,
The Goddess wings her desp'rate Way ,
Sees the young MUSCOVITE, the mighty Head,
Whose Sov'reign Terror forty Nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater Monarch's Praise,
And passing half the Earth to His Embrace
She in His Rule beholds His VOLGA's Force,
O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
Breaking, and as He rows his rapid Course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his Way
But her own King She likens to His THAMES,
With gentle Course devolving fruitful Streams
Serene yet Strong, Majestic yet Sedate,
Swift without Violence, without Terror Great
Each ardent Nymph the rising Current craves
Each Shepherd's Pray'r retards the parting Waves
The Vales along the Bank their Sweets disclose
Fresh Flow'rs for ever rise and fruitful Harvest grows

XXIII

Yet whither would th'advent'rous Goddess go ?
Sees She not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below ?
Minds She the Dangers of the LYCIAN Coast,
And Fields, where mad BELEROPHON was lost ?
Or is Her tow'ring Flight reclaim'd
By Seas from ICARUS's Downfall nam'd ?
Vain is the Call, and useless the Advice
To wise Perswasion Deaf, and human Cries,
Yet upward She incessant flies ,
Resolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere,
And tell Great JOVE, She sings His Image here ,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To ask for WILLIAM an Olympic Crown,
 To CHROMIUS Strength, and THERON'S Speed unknown
 Till lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,
 Unable to discern the Way
 Which NASSAW'S Virtue only could explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,
 She, from the noble Precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down
 Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!
 The Song too daring and the Theme too great!
 Yet rather thus She wills to die,
 Than in continu'd Annals live, to sing
 A second Heroe, or a vulgar King
 And with ignoble Safety fly
 In sight of Earth, along a middle Sky

XXIV

To JANUS Altars, and the numerous Throng,
 That round his mystic Temple press,
 For WILLIAM'S Life, and ALBION'S Peace,
 Ambitious Muse reduce the roving Song
 JANUS, cast Thy forward Eye
 Future, into great RHEA'S pregnant Womb
 Where young Ideas brooding lye
 And tender Images of Things to come
 Till by Thy high Commands releas'd
 Till by Thy Hand in proper Atoms dress'd,
 In decent Order They advance to Light
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human Sight
 And meditate too soon their everlasting Flight

XXV

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
 Nor Standards from the hostile Ramparts torn,
 Nor Trophies brought from Battles won,
 Nor Oaken Wreath, nor Mural Crown
 Can any future Honours give
 To the Victorious Monarch's Name
 The Plenitude of WILLIAM'S Fame
 Can no accumulated Stores receive

MATTHEW PRIOR

Shut then, auspicious God, Thy Sacred Gate,
And make Us Happy, as our King is Great
Be kind, and with a milder Hand,
Closing the Volume of the finish'd Age,
(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page)
A more delightful Leaf expand,
Free from Alarms, and fierce BELLONA's Rage
Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,
By FLORA some, and some by CERES Crown'd
Teach the glad Hours to scatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endless Joy
Lead forth the Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,
From SATURN's Rule, and better Metal nam'd

XXVI

Secure by WILLIAM's Care let BRITAIN stand,
Nor dread the bold Invader's Hand
From adverse Shoars in Safety let Her hear
Foreign Calamity, and distant War, }
Of which let Her, great Heav'n, no Portion bear
Betwixt the Nations let Her hold the Scale,
And as She wills, let either Part prevail
Let her glad Vallies smile with wavy Corn
Let fleecy Flocks her rising Hills adorn
Around her Coast let strong Defence be spread }
Let fair Abundance on her Breast be shed
And Heav'nly Sweets bloom round the Goddess' Head }

XXVII

Where the white Towers and ancient Roofs did stand,
Remains of WOLSEY's or great HENRY's Hand,
To Age now yielding, or devour'd by Flame,
Let a young PHENIX raise her tow'ring Head
Her Wings with lengthen'd Honour let Her spread,
And by her Greatness show her Builder's Fame.
August and Open, as the Hero's Mind,
Be her capacious Courts design'd
Let ev'ry Sacred Pillar bear
Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

The King shall there in *PARIAN* Marble breath,
 His Shoulder bleeding fresh and at His Feet
 Disarm'd shall lye the threatning *DEATH*
 (For so was saving *JOVE*'s Decree compleat)
 Behind, That Angel shall be plac'd, whose Shield
 Sav'd *EUROPE*, in the Blow repell'd
 On the firm Basis, from his Oozy Bed
BOYN shall raise his Laurell'd Head
 And his Immortal Stream be known,
 Artfully waving thro' the wounded Stone

XXVIII

And Thou, Imperial *WINDSOR*, stand enlarg'd,
 With all the Monarch's Trophies charg'd
 Thou, the fair Heav'n, that dost the Stars inclose,
 Which *WILLIAM*'s Bosom wears, or Hand bestows
 On the great Champions who support his Throne,
 And Virtues nearest to His own

XXIX

Round *ORMOND*'s Knee Thou ty'st the Mystic String,
 That makes the Knight Companion to the King
 From glorious Camps return'd, and foreign Fields,
 Bowing before thy sainted Warrior's Shrine,
 Fast by his great Forefather's Coats, and Shields
 Blazon'd from *BOHUN*'s, or from *BUTLER*'s Line,
 He hangs His Arms, nor fears those Arms should shine
 With an unequal Ray or that His Deed

With paler Glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by *Theirs* or lessend by the Fame
 Ev'n of His own Maternal *NASSAW*'s Name

XXX

Thou smiling see'st great *DORSET*'s Worth confest,
 The Ray distinguishing the Patriot's Breast
 Born to protect and love, to help and please
 Sovereign of Wit, and Ornament of Peace
 O! long as Breath informs this fleeting Frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in Silence *DORSET*'s Name
 Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd Debt,
 Which the great Patron only would forget,
 And Duty, long as Life, must study to acquit

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXXI.

Renown'd in Thy Records shall CA'NDISH stand,
Asserting Legal Pow'r, and just Command
To the great House thy Favour shall be shown,
The Father's Star transmissive to the Son.
From Thee the TALBOT's and the SEYMOUR's Race
Inform'd, Their Sire's immortal Steps shall trace
Happy may their Sons receive
The bright Reward, which Thou alone canst give

XXXII

And if a God these lucky Numbers guide,
If sure APOLLO o'er the Verse preside,
JERSEY, belov'd by all (For all must feel
The Influence of a Form and Mind,
Where comely Grace and constant Virtue dwell,
Like mingl'd Streams, more forcible when join'd)
JERSEY shall at Thy Altars stand,
Shall there receive the Azure Band,
That fairest Mark of Favour and of Fame,
Familiar to the VILIER's Name

XXXIII

Science to raise, and Knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great Master's future Charge,
To write His own Memoirs, and leave His Heirs
High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars,
By fair Rewards our Noble Youth to raise
To emulous Merit, and to Thirst of Praise,
To lead Them out from Ease e'er opening Dawn,
Through the thick Forest and the distant Lawn,
Where the fleet Stag employs their ardent Care,
And Chases give Them Images of War
To teach Them Vigilance by false Alarms,
Inure Them in feign'd Camps to real Arms,
Practise Them now to curb the turning Steed,
Mocking the Foe, now to his rapid Speed
To give the Rein, and in the full Career,
To draw the certain Sword, or send the pointed Spear.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

XXXIV

Let Him unite His Subjects Hearts,
Planting Societies for peaceful Arts
Some that in Nature shall true Knowledge found,
And by Experiment make Precept sound
Some that to Morals shall recal the Age,
And purge from vitious Dross the sinking Stage
Some that with Care true Eloquence shall teach,
And to just Idioms fix our doubtful Speech
That from our Writers distant Realms may know,
The Thanks We to our Monarch owe
And Schools profess our Tongue through ev'ry Land,
That has invoc'd His Aid, or blest His Hand

XXXV

Let His high Pow'r the drooping MUSES rear
The MUSES only can reward His Care
Tis They that guard the great ATRIDES Spoils
Tis They that still renew ULYSSES Toils
To Them by smiling JOVE twas giv'n, to save
Distinguish'd Patriots from the Common Grave
To them, Great WILLIAM'S Glory to recal
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall
Nor let the MUSES, with ungrateful Pride,
The Sources of their Treasure hide
The Heroes Virtue does the String inspire,
When with big Joy They strike the living Lyre
On WILLIAM'S Fame their Fate depends
With Him the Song begins with Him it ends
From the bright Effluence of His Deed
They borrow that reflected Light,
With which the lasting Lamp They feed,
Whose Beams dispel the Damps of envious Night

XXXVI

Through various Climes, and to each distant Pole
In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl
Let BRITAIN'S Ships export an Annual Fleece,
Richer than ARGOS brought to ancient GREECE

MATTHEW PRIOR

Returning loaden with the shining Stores,
Which lye profuse on either INDIA's Shores
As our high Vessels pass their wat'ry Way,
Let all the Naval World due Homage pay,
With hasty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
Confessing the asserted Power,
To Whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy Sway
To calm the Earth, and vindicate the Sea

XXXVII

Our Pray'rs are heard, our Master's Fleets shall go,
As far as Winds can bear, or Waters flow,
New Lands to make, new INDIES to explore,
In Worlds unknown to plant BRITANNIA's Power,
Nations yet wild by Precept to reclaim,
And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in WILLIAM's Name

XXXVIII

With humble Joy, and with respectful Fear
The list'ning People shall His Story hear,
The Wounds He bore, the Dangers He sustain'd,
How far he Conquer'd, and how well he Reign'd,
Shall own his Mercy equal to His Fame,
And form their Children's Accents to His Name,
Enquiring how, and when from Heav'n He came
Their Regal Tyrants shall with Blushes hide
Their little Lusts of Arbitrary Pride,
Nor bear to see their Vassals ty'd
When WILLIAM's Virtues raise their opening Thought,
His forty Years for Publick Freedom fought,
EUROPE by His Hand sustain'd,
His Conquest by His Piety restrain'd,
And o'er Himself the last great Triumph gain'd

XXXIX

No longer shall their wretched Zeal adore
Ideas of destructive Power,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour
New Incense They shall bring, new Altars raise,
And fill their Temples with a Stranger's Praise,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

When the Great Father's Character They find
Visibly stamp't upon the Hero's Mind
And own a present Deity confest,
In Valour that preserv'd, and Power that bless'd

XL

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky
(For thither Nature casts our common Eye)
Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light
And Comets march with lawless Horror bright
These hear no Rule, no righteous Order own
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown
Thro' threaten'd Lands They wild Destruction throw,
Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe
But the bright Orb that blesses all above,
The sacred Fire the real Son of Jove,
Rules not His Actions by Capricious Will,
Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill
Fix'd by just Laws He goes for ever right
Man knows His Course, and thence adores His Light

XLI

O JANUS! would intreated Fate conspire
To grant what BRITAIN'S Wishes could require
Above That Sun should cease his Way to go,
E'er WILLIAM cease to rule, and bless below
But a relentless Destiny
Urges all that e'er was born
Snatch'd from her Arms, BRITANNIA once must mourn
The Demi God The Earthly Half must die
Yet if our Incense can Your Wrath remove
If human Prayers avail on Minds above
Exert, great God, Thy Interest in the Sky
Gain each kind Power, each Guardian Deity,
That conquer'd by the publick Vow,
They bear the dismal Mischief far away
O! long as utmost Nature may allow,
Let Them retard the threaten'd Day
Still be our Masters Life Thy happy Care
Still let His Blessings with His Years increase

MATTHEW PRIOR

To His laborious Youth consum'd in War,
Add lasting Age, adorn'd and crown'd with Peace
Let twisted Olive bind those Laurels fast,
Whose Verdure must for ever last

XLII.

Long let this growing ÆRA bless His Sway
And let our Sons His present Rule obey
On His sure Virtue long let Earth rely
And late let the Imperial Eagle fly,
To bear the Hero thro' His Father's Sky,
To LEDA's Twins, or He whose glorious Speed
On Foot prevail'd, or He who tam'd the Steed,
To HERCULES, at length absolv'd by Fate
From Earthly Toil, and above Envy great,
To VIRGIL's Theme, bright CYNTHIA'S Son,
Sire of the LATIAN, and the BRITISH Throne,
To all the radiant Names above,
Rever'd by Men, and dear to JOVE
Late, JANUS, let the NASSAW-Star
New born, in rising Majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd Night,
And guide the prosp'rous Mariner
With everlasting Beams of friendly Light

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

An ODE

Inscribed to the Memory of the

Hon^{ble} Col *George Villiers,*

Drowned in the River *Piava*, in the
Country of *Friuli* 1703

In Imitation of *Horace*, Ode 28 Lib 1

*Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cobibent, Archyta &c*

SAY, dearest VILLIERS, poor departed Friend
(Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail,
That anxious Thou from Pole to Pole didst sail
E'er on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Mian?
What profited thy Thoughts and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
To wake e'er Morning dawn to loud Alarms
And march till close of Night in heavy Arms?
To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows,
And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
That Thou might'st Fortune to thy Side ingage,
That gentle Peace might quell BELLONA's Rage
And ANNA's Bounty crown Her Soldier's hoary Age?

In vain We think, that free will'd Man has Pow'r
To hasten or protract th' appointed Hour
Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed
Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor misled by Chance,
Imperious Death directs His Ebon Lance
Peoples great HENRY's Tombs, and leads up HOLBEN's Dance }

MATTHEW PRIOR

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage
For neither WILLIAM's Pow'r, nor MARY's Charms
Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms
Young CHURCHILL fell, as Life began to bloom
And BRADFORD's trembling Age expects the Tomb
Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One Moment's Respite for the learned Head
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd,
MECÆNAS, SACKVILLE, SOCRAITS, and HIND
And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led

The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,
That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
With all the Births and Deaths He had in Store,
Went out PYTHAGORAS, and came no more
And modern ASYLUS, whose capricious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notion fraught,
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death

Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea
Some who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave
In Journeys or at home, in War or Peace,
By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease
Each changing Season does it's Poison bring
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r
And when obedient Nature knows His Will,
A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill

For restless PROSERPINE for ever treads
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads,
And on the spacious Land, and liquid Main
Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain
Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

On curst PIAVA'S Banks the Goddess stood,
 Show'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood,
 When What I long must love and long must mourn,
 With fatal Speed was urging his Return
 In his dear Country to disperse his Care,
 And arm himself by Rest for future War
 To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
 And promise to their Joys his elder Years

Oh! destin'd Head and oh! severe Decree
 Nor native Country Thou, nor Friend shalt see
 Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come
 Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom

Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd
 Winds murmur Snows descend and Waters spread
 Oh! Kinsman, Friend, O! vain are all the Cries
 Of human Voice strong Destiny replies
 Weep You on Earth for He shall sleep below
 Thence None return and thither All must go

Whoe'er Thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
 To this sad River, or the neighboring Meads
 If Thou may'st happen on the dreary Shores
 To find the Object which This Verse deplores
 Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand
 From the polluting Weed and common Sand
 Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave
 (The only Honor He can now receive)
 And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw
 And plant the Warrior Lawrel o'er his Brow
 Light lye the Earth and flourish green the Bough

So may just Heaven secure thy future Life
 From foreign Dangers and domestic Strife
 And when th' Infernal Judges dismal Pow'r
 From the dark Urn shall throw Thy destin'd Hour
 When yielding to the Sentence breathless Thou
 And pale shalt lye as what Thou buriest now
 May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
 And equal Rites perform to That which once was Thee

PROLOGUE,
SPOKEN AT
COURT before the QUEEN,
On Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704

SHINE forth, Ye Planets, with distinguish'd Light,
As when Ye hallow'd first this Happy Night
Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
As when BRITANNIA joy'd for ANNA's Birth
And Thou, propitious Star, whose sacred Pow'r
Presided o'er the Monarch's Natal Hour,
Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but CYNTHIA, and the Sun
With Thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n
Kindly preserve what Thou hast greatly giv'n
Thy Influence for thy ANNA We implore
Prolong One Life, and BRITAIN asks no more
For Virtue can no ampler Power express,
Than to be Great in War, and Good in Peace
For Thought no higher Wish of Bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that Virtue STILL THE SAME
Entire and sure the Monarch's Rule must prove,
Who founds Her Greatness on Her Subjects Love,
Who does our Homage for our Good require,
And Orders that which We should first Desire
Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey
Her Goodness takes our Liberty away
And haughty BRITAIN yields to Arbitrary Sway

Let the young AUSTRIAN then Her Terrors bear,
Great as He is, Her Delegate in War
Let Him in Thunder speak to both his SPAINS,
That in these Dreadful Isles a Woman Reigns
While the Bright Queen does on Her Subjects show'r
The gentle Blessings of Her softer Pow'r,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Gives sacred Morals to a vicious Age,
To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage,
Bids the chaste Muse without a Blush appear,
And Wit be that which Heaven and She may hear

MINERVA thus to PERSEUS lent Her Shield
Secure of Conquest sent Him to the Field
The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd
So was His Fame compleat and ANDROMEDA unchain'd

Mean time amidst Her Native Temples sate
The Goddess, studious of Her GRECIAN'S Fate
Taught em in Laws and Letters to excell
In Acting justly, and in Writing well
Thus whilst She did Her various Power dispose,
The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes
Virtue was taught in Verse, and ATHENS Glory rose }

A LETTER TO Monsieur Boileau Despreaux, Occasion'd by the VICTORY at *BLENHEIM*,

1704

*Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt neque enim Quivis horrentia Pilis
Agmina, nec Fraëta pereuntes cuspidè Gallos*

Hor Sat 1 L. 2

SINCE hir'd for Life, thy Servile Muse must sing
Successive Conquests, and a glorious King
Must of a Man Immortal vainly boast
And bring him Lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost

MATTHEW PRIOR

What Turn wilt Thou employ, what Colours lay
On the Event of that Superior Day,
In which one ENGLISH Subject's prosp'rous Hand
(So Jove did will, so ANNA did command)
Broke the proud Column of thy Master's Praise,
Which sixty Winters had conspir'd to raise ?

From the lost Field a hundred Standards brought
Must be the Work of Chance, and Fortune's Fault
BAVARIA'S Stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal Day the mighty Work was done,
With Rays oblique upon the GALLIC Sun
Some DÆMON envying FRANCE mis-led the Fight
And MARS mistook, tho' LOUIS order'd right

When thy* young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To say how LOUIS did not pass the RHINE,
What Work had We with WAGENINGHEN, ARNHEIM,
Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime ?
And tho' the Poet made his last Efforts,
WURTS who could mention in Heroic WURTS ?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough Triumphs of the last Campaign ?
The DANUBE rescu'd, and the Empire sav'd,
Say, is the Majesty of Verse retriev'd ?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the Princes, LOUIS and EUGENE ?
Is it too hard in happy Verse to place
The VANS and VANDERS of the RHINE and MAES ?
Her Warriors ANNA sends from TWEED and THAMES,
That FRANCE may fall by more harmonious Names
Can'st thou not HAMILTON or LUMLY bear ?
Would INGOLDSBY or PALMES offend thy Ear ?
And is there not a Sound in MARLBRO'S Name,
Which Thou and all thy Brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to Verse, and sure of endless Fame ?

CUTTS is in Meeter something harsh to read
Place me the Valiant GOURAM in his stead

* Epistre 4 du Sr Boileau Dépreaux au Roy
En vain, pour Te Louer, &c

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Let the Intention make the Number good
 Let generous SYLVIVS speak for honest WOOD
 And tho' rough CHURCHILL scarce in Verse will stand,
 So as to have one Rhime at his Command
 With Ease the Bard reciting BLENHEIM'S Plain,
 May close the Verse, remembering but the DANE

I grant, old Friend, old Foe (for such We are
 Alternate, as the Chance of Peace and War)
 That we Poetic Folks, who must restrain
 Our measur'd Sayings in an equal Chain,
 Have Troubles utterly unknown to Those,
 Who let their Fancy loose in rambling Prose

For Instance now, how hard it is for Me
 To make my Matter and my Verse agree?
In one great Day on HOCHSTET'S fatal Plain
FRENCH and BAVARIANS twenty thousand slain,
Push'd thro' the DANUBE to the Shoars of Stryx
Squadrons eighteen, Battalions twenty six,
Officers Captive made and private Men,
Of these twelve hundred of those thousands ten
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons, and Kettle Drums sweet Numbers these
 But is it thus You ENGLISH Bards compose?
 With RUNICK Lays thus tag insipid Prose?
 And when you should your Heroes Deeds rehearse,
 Give us a Commissary's List in Verse?

Why Faith, DEPREAUX, there's Sense in what You say
 I told You where my Difficulty lay
 So vast, so numerous were great BLENHEIM'S Spoils,
 They scorn the Bounds of Verse, and mock the Muse's Toils
 To make the rough Recital aptly chime,
 Or bring the Sum of GALLIA'S Loss to Rhime,
 'Tis mighty hard What Poet would essay
 To count the Streamers of my Lord Mayor's Day?
 To number all the several Dishes drest
 By honest LAMB, last Coronation Feast?
 Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
 And NEWTON'S Thoughts in DRYDEN'S Stile repeat?

MATTHEW PRIOR

O Poet, had it been APOLLO's Will,
That I had shar'd a Portion of thy Skill,
Had this poor Breast receiv'd the Heav'nly Beam,
Or could I hope my Voice might reach my Theam,
Yet, BOILEAU, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive,
Beneath the Shades of MARLBORÔ's Wreaths to live
Should call aspiring Gods to bless her Choice,
And to their Fav'rite's Strain exalt her Voice,
Arms and a Queen to Sing, Who, Great and Good,
From peaceful THAMES to DANUBE's wond'ring Flood
Sent forth the Terror of her high Commands,
To save the Nations from invading Hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining Cause,
And fix the jarring World with equal Laws

The Queen should sit in WINDSOR's sacred Grove,
Attended by the Gods of War, and Love
Both should with equal Zeal Her Smiles implore,
To fix Her Joys, or to extend Her Pow'r

Sudden, the NYMPHS and TRITONS should appear,
And as great ANNA's Smiles dispel their Fear,
With active Dance should Her Obscervance claim,
With Vocal Shell should sound Her happy Name
Their Master THAMES should leave the neighb'ring Shoar,
By his strong Anchor known, and Silver Oar,
Should lay his Ensigns at his Sov'raign's Feet,
And Audience mild with humble Grace intreat

To Her, his dear Defence, He should complain,
That whilst He blesses Her indulgent Reign,
Whilst furthest Seas are by his Fleets survey'd,
And on his happy Banks each INDIA laid,
His Breth'ren MAES, and WAAL, and RHINE, and SAAR
Feel the hard Burthen of oppressive War,
That DANUBE scarce retains his rightful Course
Against two Rebel Armies neighb'ring Force,
And All must weep sad Captives to the SEIN,
Unless unchain'd and freed by BRITAIN's Queen

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

The valiant Sovereign calls Her General forth
 Neither recites Her Bounty nor His Worth
 She tells Him, He must EUROPE'S Fate redeem,
 And by That Labour merit Her Esteem
 She bids Him wait Her to the Sacred Hall
 Shows Him Prince EDWARD, and the conquer'd GAUL
 Fixing the bloody Cross upon His Breast,
 Says, He must Dye, or succour the Distress'd
 Placing the Saint an Emblem by His Side
 She tells Him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride

The Hero bows obedient, and retires
 The Queen's Commands exalt the Warrior's Fires
 His Steps are to the silent Woods inclin'd,
 The great Design revolving in his Mind
 When to his Sight a Heavenly Form appears
 Her Hand a Palm, her Head a Laurel wears

Me, She begins, the fairest Child of Jove,
 Below for ever sought, and bless'd above
 Me, the bright Source of Wealth and Power, and Fame
 (Nor need I say, VICTORIA is my Name)
 Me the great Father down to Thee has sent
 He bids Me wait at Thy distinguish'd Tent,
 To execute what ANNA'S Wish would have
 Her Subject Thou, I only am Her Slave

Dare then, Thou much belov'd by smiling Fate
 For ANNA'S Sake, and in Her Name, be Great
 Go forth, and be to distant Nations known,
 My future Favorite and My darling Son
 At SCHELLENBERG I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious Cause and spread my Wings again,
 Conspicuous o'er Thy Helm, in BLENHEIM'S Plain

The Goddess said nor would admit Reply
 But cut the liquid Air, and gain'd the Sky

His high Commission is thro' BRITAIN known
 And thronging Armies to His Standard run
 He marches thoughtful and He speedy sails
 (Bless Him, ye Seas! and prosper Him, ye Gales!)

MATTHEW PRIOR

BELGIA receives Him welcome to her Shores,
 And WILLIAM's Death with lessen'd Grief deploras
 His Presence only must retrieve That Loss
 MARLBORÔ to Her must be what WILLIAM was
 So when great ATLAS, from these low Abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his Kindred-Gods,
 ALCIDES respited by prudent Fate,
 Sustain'd the Ball, nor droop'd beneath the Weight.

Secret and Swift behold the Chief advance,
 Sees half the Empire join'd, and Friend to FRANCE
 The BRITISH General dooms the Fight His Sword
 Dreadful He draws The Captains wait the Word
 ANNE and St. GEORGE, the charging Hero cries
 Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring Wood replies
 ANNE and St GEORGE At That auspicious Sign
 The Standards move, the adverse Armies join.
 Of Eight great Hours, Time measures out the Sands,
 And EUROPE's Fate in doubtful Balance stands
 The Ninth, VICTORIA comes o'er MARLBORÔ's Head
 Confess'd She sits the Hostile Troops recede
 Triumphs the GODDESS, from her Promise freed.

The Eagle, by the BRITISH Lion's Might
 Unchain'd and Free, directs her upward Flight
 Nor did She e'er with stronger Pinions soar
 From TYBER's Banks, than now from DANUBE's Shoar

Fir'd with the Thoughts which these Ideas raise,
 And great Ambition of my Country's Praise,
 The ENGLISH Muse should like the MANICAN rise,
 Scornful of Earth and Clouds, should reach the Skies,
 With Wonder (tho' with Envy still) pursu'd by human Eyes

But We must change the Style Just now I said,
 I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade
 Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast,
 In Prose and Business lies extinct and lost
 Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite,
 Point out the Game, and animate the Flight
 That from *Marseilles* to *Calais* FRANCE may know,
 As We have Conqu'rors, We have Poets too,
 And either Laurel does in BRITAIN grow

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

That, tho' amongst our selves, with too much Heat,
 We sometimes wrangle, when We should debate,
 (A consequential Ill which Freedom draws,
 A bad Effect, but from a Noble Cause)
 We can with universal Zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless Arrogance of FRANCE
 Nor ever shall BRITANNIA'S Sons refuse
 To answer to thy Master, or thy Muse
 Nor want just Subject for victorious Strains,
 While MARLBOROUGH'S Arm Eternal Laurel gains,
 And where old SPENCER sung, a new ELISA reigns

}

FOR

The PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

On which is

*The Effigies of the QUEEN on a
 Triumphal Arch,*

The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH,
 beneath,

and

*The Chief Rivers of the World round the whole
 Work*

YE active Streams, where-e'er your Waters flow,
 Let distant Climes and furthest Nations know,
 What Ye from THAMES and DANUBE have been taught,
 How ANNE Commanded, and how MARLBORO Fought

*Quacunque æterno properatis, Flumina, lapsu,
 Divinis latè Terris, Populisque remotis
 Dicite, nam vobis TAMISIS narravit & ISTER,
 ANNA quid Imperius potuit, quid MARLBURUS Armis*

THE
CHAMELEON.

AS the Chameleon, who is known
To have no Colors of his own,
But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue
His White or Black, his Green or Blew,
And struts as much in ready Light,
Which Credit gives Him upon Sight,
As if the Rain-bow were in Tail
Settl'd on Him, and his Heirs Male
So the young 'Squire, when first He comes
From Country School to WILL's or TOM's,
And equally, in Truth, is fit
To be a Statesman, or a Wit,
Without one Notion of his own,
He SanTERS wildly up and down,
'Till some Acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring Lad,
Admits Him in among the Gang
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue
He acts and talks, as They befriend Him,
Smear'd with the Colors, which They lend Him.

Thus merely, as his Fortune chances,
His Merit, or his Vice advances

If happily He the Sect pursues,
That read and comment upon News,
He takes up Their mysterious Face
He drinks his Coffee without Lace
This Week his Mimic-Tongue runs o'er
What They have said the Week before
His Wisdom sets all EUROPE right,
And teaches MARLBRO' when to Fight

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Or if it be his Fate to meet
 With Folks who have more Wealth than Wit
 He loves cheap *Port*, and double Bub
 And settles in the *Hum Drum Club*
 He learns how Stocks will Fall or Rise,
 Holds Poverty the greatest Vice
 Thinks Wit the Bane of Conversation,
 And says, that Learning spoils a Nation

But if, at first, He minds his Hits,
 And drinks *Champaign* among the Wits,
 Five deep He toasts the tow ring Lasses
 Repeats you Verses wrote on Glasses
 Is in the Chair prescribes the Law
 And Lies with Those he never saw

MERRY ANDREW

SLY MERRY ANDREW, the last *Southwark Fair*
 (At *Barthol mew* He did not much appear
 So peevish was the Edict of the May r)
 At *Southwark*, therefore as his Tricks He show d,
 To please our Masters and his Friends, the Croud
 A huge Neats Tongue He in his Right Hand held
 His Left was with a good Black Pudding fill d
 With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,
 The clownish Mimic traverses the Stage
 Why how now, ANDREW¹ cries his Brother Droll,
 To Day s Conceit, methinks, is something dull
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,
 What does Your Emblematic Worship mean?
 Quoth ANDREW Honest English let Us speak
 Your Emble (what d ye call t?) is Heathen Greek
 To Tongue or Pudding Thou hast no Pretence
 Learning Thy Talent is but Mine is Sense
 That busie Fool I was which Thou art now
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how

MATTHEW PRIOR

With very good Design, but little Wit,
Blaming or praising Things, as I thought fit
I for this Conduct had what I deserv'd,
- And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd
But Thanks to my indulgent Stars, I Eat,
Since I have found the Secret to be Great
O dearest ANDREW, says the humble Droll,
Henceforth may I Obey, and Thou Controll
Provided Thou impart Thy useful Skill
Bow then, says ANDREW, and, for once, I will
Be of your Patron's Mind, what'e'r He says,
Sleep very much, Think little, and Talk less
Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong,
But Eat your Pudding, Slave, and Hold your Tongue

A Rev'rend Prelate stopt his Coach and Six,
To laugh a little at our ANDREW's Tricks
But when He heard him give this Golden Rule,
Drive on, (He cry'd) This Fellow is no Fool

A

SIMILE.

DEAR THOMAS, didst Thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tin-man's Shop?
There, THOMAS, didst Thou never see
('Tis but by way of Simile)
A SQUIRREL spend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rowling Cage?
The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top?

Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under PINDUS' Shades
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods
Still Dancing in an airy Round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verses Sound,
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring always low

The *FLIES*

SAY, Sire of Insects mighty SOL
(A Fly upon the Chariot Pole
Cries out) what Blew Bottle alive
Did ever with such Fury drive?
Tell, BELZEBUB, Great Father, tell
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the Wheel)
Did ever any Mortal Fly
Raise such a Cloud of Dust, as I?

My Judgement turn'd the whole Debate
My Valor sav'd the sinking State
So talk two idle buzzing Things
Toss up their Heads, and stretch their Wings
But let the Truth to Light be brought
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought
No Merit in their own Behav'or
Both rais'd, but by their Party's Favor

From the Greek

GREAT BACCHUS, born in Thunder and in Fire,
By Native Heat asserts His dreadful Sire
Nourish'd near shady Rills and cooling Streams,
He to the Nymphs avows his Am'rous Flames
To all the Brethren at the *Bell* and *Vine*
The Moral says Mix Water with your Wine

MATTHEW PRIOR

EPIGRAM.

FRANK Carves very ill, yet will palm all the Meats
He Eats more than Six, and Drinks more than he Eats
Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes,
And seasons his Whifs with impertinent Jokes
Yet sighing, he says, We must certainly break,
And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak
For of late I invite Him but Four Times a Week }

ANOTHER.

TO JOHN I ow'd great Obligation,
But JOHN, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the Nation
Sure JOHN and I are more than Quit

ANOTHER.

YES, every Poet is a Fool
By Demonstration NED can show it
Happy, cou'd NED's inverted Rule
Prove every Fool to be a Poet

ANOTHER.

WHY Naggs (the leanest Things alive)
So very hard Thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious Coach-man say,
It costs Thee more in Whips, than Hay

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To a Person who wrote Ill, and spake Worse against Me

LYE, PHILO, untouch'd on my perccable Shelf
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed Thee
I've no Envy to Thee, and some Love to my Self
Then why shou'd I answer since first I must read Thee?
Drunk with HELICON'S Waters and double brew'd Bub,
Be a Linguist, a Poet, a Critic a Wag
To the solid Delight of thy Well judging Club
To the Damage alone of thy Bookseller BRAC
Pursue me with Satyr what Harm is there in t?
But from all *viva voce* Reflection forbear
There can be no Danger from what Thou shalt Print
There may be a little from what Thou may'st swear

On the Same Person

WHILE faster than his costive Brain indites,
PHILO'S quick Hand in flowing Letters writes
His Case appears to Me like honest TEAGUE'S
When he was run away with by his Legs
PHOEBUS give PHILO o'er Himself Command
Quicken his Senses or restrain His Hand
Let Him be kept from Paper, Pen and Ink
So may He cease to Write, and learn to Think

Quid sit futurum Cras fuge quærere

FOR what To morrow shall disclose,
May spoil what You To night propose
ENGLAND may change or CLOE stray
Love and Life are for To-day

HENRY and *EMMA*,
A POEM,

Upon the Model of
'The NUT-BROWN MAID.
To *CLOE*.

THOU, to whose Eyes I bend, at whose Command,
(Tho' low my Voice, tho' artless be my Hand)
I take the sprightly Reed, and sing, and play,
Careless of what the cens'ring World may say
Bright *CLOE*, Object of my constant Vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious Brow?
Wilt thou with Pleasure hear Thy Lover's Strains,
And with one Heav'nly Smile o'erpay His Pains?
No longer shall *the Nut-brown Maid* be old,
Tho' since her Youth three hundred Years have roll'd
At Thy Desire, She shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving Charms in lasting Verse be prais'd

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
That He may Love, and not be Lov'd again
That We in vain the fickle Sex pursue,
Who change the Constant Lover for the New
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of Female Passion feign'd, or Faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my Verse refuted stand,
Be said to Winds, or writ upon the Sand
And while my Notes to future Times proclaim
Unconquer'd Love, and ever-during Flame,
O fairest of the Sex! be Thou my Muse
Deign on my Work thy Influence to diffuse
Let me partake the Blessings I rehearse,
And grant me Love, the just Reward of Verse

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

As Beauty's Potent Queen, with ev'ry Grace
 That once was EMMA's, has adorn'd Thy Face,
 And as Her Son has to My Bosom dealt
 That constant Flame, which faithful HENRY felt
 O let the Story with Thy Life agree
 Let Men once more the bright Example see
 What EMMA was to Him, be Thou to Me
 Nor send Me by thy Frown from Her I love,
 Distant and sad a banish'd Man to rove
 But oh! with Pity long intreated Crown
 My Pains and Hopes and when thou say'st that One
 Of all Mankind thou lov'st Oh! think on Me alone

WHERE beauteous ISIS and her Husband TAME
 With mingl'd Waves, for ever, flow the Same
 In Times of Yore, an antient Baron liv'd
 Great Gifts bestow'd, and great Respect receiv'd

When dreadful EDWARD with successful Care,
 Led his free BRITONS to the GALLIC War
 This Lord had Headed his appointed Bands,
 In firm Allegiance to his King's Commands
 And (all due Honors faithfully discharg'd)
 Has brought back his Paternal Coat, enlarg'd
 With a new Mark, the Witness of his Toil
 And no inglorious part of Foreign Spoil

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noisy Court,
 In Honorable Ease and Rural Sport,
 The Remnant of his Days He safely past
 Nor found they Lagg'd too slow, nor Flew too fast
 He made his Wish with his Estate comply
 Joyful to Live, yet not afraid to Dye

One Child He had, a Daughter chaste and fair
 His Age's Comfort and his Fortune's Heir
 They call'd her EMMA for the beauteous Dame
 Who gave the Virgin Birth, had born the Name
 The Name th' indulgent Father doubly lov'd
 For in the Child the Mother's Charms improv'd
 Yet, as when little round his Knees She plaid
 He call'd her oft, in Sport His *Nut brown Maid*

MATTHEW PRIOR

The Friends and Tenants took the fondling Word,
 (As still they please, who imitate their Lord)
 Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun
 The mutual Terms around the Lands were known,
 And EMMA and *the Nut-Brown Maid* were One

As with her Stature, still her Charms encreas'd,
 Thio' all the Isle her Beauty was confess'd
 Oh! what Perfections must that Virgin share,
 Who Fairest is esteem'd, where all are Fair?
 From distant Shires repair the noble Youth,
 And find, Report, for once, had lessen'd Truth
 By Wonder first, and then by Passion mov'd,
 They came, they saw, they marvell'd, and they lov'd
 By public Praises, and by secret Sighs,
 Each own'd the gen'ral Pow'r of EMMA's Eyes
 In Tilts and Turnaments the Valiant strove,
 By glorious Deeds, to purchase EMMA's Love
 In gentle Verse, the Witty told their Flame,
 And grac'd their choicest Songs with EMMA's Name
 In vain they Combated, in vain they Writ
 Useless their Strength, and impotent their Wit
 Great VENUS only must direct the Dart,
 Which else will never reach the Fair one's Heart,
 Spight of th' Attempts of Force, and soft Effects of Art
 Great VENUS must prefer the happy One
 In HENRY's Cause Her Favour must be shown
 And EMMA, of Mankind, must Love but Him alone

While These, in Public, to the Castle came,
 And by their Giandeur justify'd their Flame
 More secret Ways the careful HENRY takes,
 His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forsakes
 In borrow'd Name, and false Attire, array'd,
 Oft He finds Means to see the beauteous Maid

When EMMA hunts, in Huntsman's Habit drest,
 HENRY on Foot pursues the bounding Beast
 In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears
 And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears
 Still to the Glade, where She has bent her Way,
 With knowing Skill he dives the future Prey

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Bids her decline the Hill, and shun the Brake
And shews the Path her Steed may safest take
Directs her Spear to fix the glorious Wound
Pleas'd, in his Toils, to have her Triumph Crown'd
And blows her Praises in no common Sound

A Falcner HENRY is, when EMMA Hawks
With her of Tarsels, and of Lures he talk
Upon his Wrist the tow ring Merlin stands
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her Commands
And when Superior now the Bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down
With humble Re vrence he accosts the Fair
And with the honor'd Feather decks her Hair
Yet still, as from the sportive Field She goes
His down cast Eye reveals his inward Woes
And by his Look and Sorrow is exprest
A nobler Game pursu'd, than Bird or Beast

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves
And, with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves
The neighbring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his Song
While, with soft Sorrow, he renews his Lays,
Nor heedful of their Envy, nor their Praise
But soon as EMMA's Eyes adorn the Plain,
His Notes he raises to a nobler Strain
With dutiful Respect, and studious Fear,
Lest any careless Sound offend her Ear

A frantick Gipse y now the House He haunts
And in wild Phrases, speaks dissembled Wants
With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals
They Tell the Secret first, which he Reveals
Says who shall Wed and who shall be Beguil'd
What Groom shall Get, and Squire maintain the Child
But when bright EMMA wou'd her Fortune know
A softer Look unbends his op ning Brow
With trembling Awe, he gazes on her Eye
And in soft Accents forms the kind Reply
That She shall prove as Fortunate as Fair,
And HYMEN's choicest Gifts are All reserv'd for Her

MATTHEW PRIOR

Now oft had HENRY chang'd his sly Disguise,
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous EMMA's Eyes
Oft had found Means alone to see the Dame,
And at her Feet to breath his am'rous Flame,
And oft, the Pangs of Absence to remove
By Letters, soft Interpreters of Love
'Till Time and Industry (the mighty Two
That bring our Wishes nearer to our View)
Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair
Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant Ear,
That VENUS had confirm'd her equal Reign,
And dealt to EMMA's Heart a share of HENRY's Pain

While CUPID smil'd, by kind Occasion bless'd,
And, with the Secret kept, the Love increas'd,
The am'rous Youth frequents the silent Groves;
And much He meditates, for much He loves
He loves 'tis true, and is belov'd again
Great are his Joys but will they long remain?
EMMA with Smiles receives his present Flame,
But smiling, will She ever be the same?
Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds,
And Summer Seas are turn'd by sudden Winds
Another Love may gain her easie Youth
Time changes Thought, and Flatt'ry conquers Truth

O impotent Estate of human Life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal Strife
Where fleeting Joy does lasting Doubt inspire,
And most We Question, what We most Desire
Amongst thy various Gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
Our Cup of Love unmix'd, forbear to throw
Bitter Ingredients in, nor pall the Draught
With nauseous Grief for our ill-judging Thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable Taste,
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last

With Wishes rais'd, with Jealousies oppress
(Alternate Tyrants of the Human Breast)
By one great Tryal He resolves to prove
The Faith of Woman, and the Force of Love.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

If scanning EMMA'S Virtues He may find
 That beauteous Frame inclose a steady Mind
 He'll fix his Hope, of future Joy secure,
 And live a Slave to HYMEN'S happy Pow'r
 But if the Fair one, as he fears, is frail
 If pois'd aright in Reason's equal Scale,
 Light fly her Merits, and her Faults prevail
 His Mind He vows to free from am'rous Care,
 The latent Mischief from his Heart to tear,
 Resume his Azure Arms, and shine again in War

South of the Castle, in a verdant Glade,
 A spreading Beach extends her friendly Shade
 Here oft the Nymph His breathing Vows had heard
 Here oft Her Silence had Her Heart declar'd
 As active Spring awak'd her Infant Buds
 And genial Life inform'd the verdant Woods
 HENRY, in Knots involving EMMA'S Name,
 Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his Flame
 Upon This Tree and as the tender Mark
 Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the Bark
 VENUS had heard the Virgin's soft Address,
 That, as the Wound, the Passion might increase
 As potent Nature shed her kindly Show'rs,
 And deck'd the various Mead with opening Flow'rs,
 Upon This Tree the Nymph's obliging Care
 Had left a frequent Wreath for HENRY'S Hair
 Which as with gay Delight the Lover found
 Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present crown'd,
 Glorious thro' all the Plains He oft had gone,
 And to each Swain the Mystic Honor shown
 The Gift still prais'd, the Giver still unknown

His secret Note the troubled HENRY writes,
 To the known Tree the Lovely Maid invites
 Imperfect Words and dubious Terms express,
 That unforeseen Mischance disturb'd his Peace
 That He must something to Her Ear commend,
 On which Her Conduct, and His Life depend

MATTHEW PRIOR

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd,
The remnant of the Day alone She griev'd
For diff'rent This from ev'ry former Note,
Which VENUS dictated, and HENRY wrote,
Which told her all his future Hopes were laid
On the dear Bosom of *his Nut-brown Maid*,
Which always bless'd her Eyes, and own'd her Pow'r,
And bid her oft Adieu, yet added more

Now Night advanc'd The House in Sleep were laid,
The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid,
And last That Sprite, which does incessant haunt
The Lover's Steps, the ancient Maiden Aunt
To her dear HENRY EMMA wings her Way,
With quicken'd Pace repairing forc'd Delay
For Love, fantastic Pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad 'till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then, o'er Cliffs and Valleys strays,
And leads his Vot'ries safe thro' pathless Ways
Not ARGUS with his hundred Eyes shall find,
Where CUPID goes, tho' He poor Guide is blind

The Maiden first arriving, sent her Eye,
To ask, if yet it's Chief Delight were nigh
With Fear, and with Desire, with Joy, and Pain
She sees, and runs to meet Him on the Plain
But oh! his Steps proclaim no Lover's Haste
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are cast
His artful Bosom heaves dissembl'd Sighs,
And Tears suborn'd fall copious from his Eyes

With Ease, alas! we Credit what we Love
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair, Adown her Cheek
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph the Man
Broke Silence first the Tale alternate ran

HENRY

SINCERE O tell me, hast thou felt a Pain,
EMMA, beyond what Woman knows to feign?
Has Thy uncertain Bosom ever strove
With the first Tumults of a real Love?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Hast Thou now dreaded, and now blest his Sway
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy Virgin Softness hast Thou e'er bewail'd,
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent God's resistless Dart,
 His killing Pleasure, his Ecstatic Smart
 And heav'nly Poison thrilling thro' thy Heart?
 If so with Pity view my wretched State
 At least deplore, and then forget my Fate
 To some more happy Knight reserve thy Charms,
 By Fortune favor'd, and successful Arms
 And only, as the Sun's revolving Ray
 Brings back each Year this melancholy Day
 Permit one Sigh, and set apart one Tear,
 To an abandon'd Exile's endless Care
 For Me, alas! Out-cast of Human Race
 Love's Anger only waits, and dire Disgrace
 For lo! these Hands in Murther are imbru'd
 These trembling Feet by Justice are pursu'd
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away
 A shameful Death attends my longer Stay
 And I this Night must fly from Thee and Love,
 Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man to rove

EMMA

What is our Bliss, that changeth with the Moon
 And Day of Life, that darkens e'er tis Noon?
 What is true Passion if unblest it dies?
 And where is EMMA'S Joy, if HENRY flies?
 If Love, alas! be Pain, the Pain I bear,
 No Thought can figure, and no Tongue declare
 Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The Flames which long have in my Bosom reign'd
 The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his Rage, and Dread and Grief, and Care,
 His Complement of Stores, and total War

O! cease then coldly to suspect my Love
 And let my Deed at least my Faith approve
 Alas! no Youth shall my Endearments share
 Nor Day nor Night shall interrupt my Care

MATTHEW PRIOR

No future Story shall with Truth upbraid
The cold Indiff'rence of *the Nut-brown Maid*
Nor to hard Banishment shall HENRY run,
While careless EMMA sleeps on Beds of Down
View Me resolv'd, where-e'er Thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe
For I attest fair VENUS, and her Son,
That I, of all Mankind, will love but Thee alone

HENRY

Let Prudence yet obstruct Thy vent'rous Way,
And take good heed, what Men will think and say,
That Beauteous EMMA vagrant Courses took,
Her Father's House and civil Life forsook,
That full of youthful Blood, and fond of Man,
She to the Wood-land with an Exile ran
Reflect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd,
And Virgin Honor once, is always stain'd
Timely advis'd, the coming Evil shun
Better not do the Deed, than weep it done
No Penance can absolve our guilty Fame,
Nor Tears, that wash out Sin, can wash out Shame
Then fly the sad Effects of desperate Love,
And leave a banish'd Man thro' lonely Woods to rove

EMMA

Let EMMA's hapless Case be falsely told
By the rash Young, or the ill-natur'd Old
Let ev'ry Tongue it's various Censures chuse,
Absolve with Coldness, or with Spight accuse
Fair Truth, at last, her radiant Beams will raise,
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's Praise
Let then thy Favour but indulge my Flight,
O! let my Presence make thy Travels light,
And potent VENUS shall exalt my Name
Above the Rumors of censorious Fame
Nor from that busie Demon's restless Pow'r
Will ever EMMA other Grace implore,
Than that this Truth should to the World be known,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

HENRY

But canst Thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow?
With active Force repel the sturdy Foe?
When the loud Tumult speaks the Battel nigh,
And winged Deaths in whistling Arrows fly
Wilt Thou, tho wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy Part, and share the dangerous Day?
Then, as thy Strength decays, thy Heart will fail,
Thy Limbs all trembling, and thy Cheeks all pale
With fruitless Sorrow Thou, inglorious Maid,
Wilt weep thy Safety by thy Love betray'd
Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless Aid, and Coward fly
Then wilt thou curse the Chance that made Thee love
A banish'd Man, condemn'd in lonely Woods to rove

EMMA

With fatal Certainty THALESTRIS knew
To send the Arrow from the twanging Yew
And great in Arms, and foremost in the War,
BONDUCA brandished high the BRITISH Spear
Could Thirst of Vengeance, and Desire of Fame
Excite the Female Breast with Martial Flame?
And shall not Love's diviner Pow'r inspire
More hardy Virtue, and more generous Fire?

Near Thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy Side
Tho my Inferior Strength may not allow,
That I should bear, or draw the Warrior Bow,
With ready Hand I will the Shaft supply,
And joy to see thy Victor Arrows fly
Touch'd in the Battel by the Hostile Reed,
Shouldst Thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst Thou bleed
To stop the Wounds my finest Lawn I'd tear
Wash them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair
Blest, when my Dangers and my Toils have shown,
That I, of all Mankind, could love but Thee alone

HENRY

But canst Thou, tender Maid, canst Thou sustain
Afflictive Want, or Hunger's pressing Pain?

MATTHEW PRIOR

Those Limbs, in Lawn and softest Silk array'd,
 From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid,
 Can they bear angry JovI? Can they resist
 The parching Dog-star, and the bleak North-East?
 When chill'd by adverse Snows, and beating Rain,
 We tread with weary Steps the longsorne Plain,
 When with hard Toil We seek our Ev'ning Food,
 Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring Wood,
 And find among the Cliffs no other House,
 But the thin Covert of some gather'd Boughs,
 Wilt Thou not then reluctant send thine Eye
 Around the dreary Waste, and weeping try
 (Tho' then, alas! that Tryal be too late)
 To find thy Father's Hospitable Gate,
 And Seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding sate?
 Those Seats, whence long excluded Thou must mourn
 That Gate, for ever barr'd to thy Return
 Wilt Thou not then bewail ill-fated Love,
 And hate a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove?

EMMA

Thy Rise of Fortune did I only wed,
 From it's Decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with Thee,
 On the smooth Surface of a Summer's Sea,
 While gentle ZEPHYRS play in prosp'rous Gales,
 And Fortune's Favour fills the swelling Sails
 But would forsake the Ship, and make the Shoar,
 When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests roar?
 No, HENRY, no One Sacred Oath has ty'd
 Our Loves, One Destiny our Life shall guide,
 Nor Wild, nor Deep our common Way divide

When from the Cave Thou risest with the Day,
 To beat the Woods, and rouse the bounding Prey,
 The Cave with Moss and Branches I'll adorn,
 And chearful sit, to wait my Lord's Return
 And when Thou frequent bring'st the smitten Deer,
 (For seldom, Archers say, Thy Arrows err)
 I'll fetch quick Fewel from the neighb'ring Wood,
 And strike the sparkling Flint, and dress the Food

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

With humble Duty and officious Haste,
 I'll cull the furthest Mead for Thy Repast
 The choicest Herbs I to Thy Board will bring
 And draw Thy Water from the freshest Spring
 And when at Night with weary Toil oppress'd,
 Soft Slumbers Thou enjoy'st and wholesome Rest
 Watchful I'll guard Thee, and with Midnight Prayer
 Weary the Gods to keep Thee in their Care,
 And joyous ask, at Morn's returning Ray,
 If Thou hast Health, and I may bless the Day
 My Thought shall fix, my latest Wish depend
 On Thee, Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend
 By all these sacred Names be HENRY known
 To EMMA's Heart and grateful let Him own,
 That She, of all Mankind could love but Him alone

HENRY

Vainly thou tell'st Me, what the Woman's Care
 Shall in the Wilderness of the Wood prepare
 Thou, e'er thou goest, unhappiest of thy Kind,
 Must leave the Habit, and the Sex behind
 No longer shall thy comely Tresses break
 In flowing Ringlets on thy snowy Neck
 Or sit behind thy Head, an ample Round,
 In graceful Breeds with various Ribbon bound
 No longer shall the Boddice, aptly laced,
 From thy full Bosom to thy slender Waste
 That Air and Harmony of Shape express,
 Fine by Degrees, and beautifully less
 Nor shall thy lower Garments artful Pleat,
 From thy fair Side dependent to thy Feet
 Arm their chaste Beauties with a modest Pride,
 And double every Charm they seek to hide
 Th' Ambrosial Plenty of Thy shining Hair
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than Thy Ear
 Shall stand uncouth a Horseman's Coat shall hide
 Thy taper Shape, and Comeliness of Side
 The short Trunk Hose shall show Thy Foot and Knee
 Licentious, and to common Eye sight free
 And with a bolder Stride, and looser Air,
 Mingled with Men, a Man Thou must appear

MATTHEW PRIOR

Nor Solitude, nor gentle Peace of Mind,
Mistaken Maid, shalt Thou in Forests find
'Tis long, since CYNTHIA and her Train were there,
Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their Care
Vagrants and Out-laws shall offend Thy View,
For such must be my Friends, a hideous Crew,
By adverse Fortune mix'd in Social Ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill
Their common Loves, a lewd abandon'd Pack,
The Beadle's Lash still flagrant on their Back,
By Sloth corrupted, by Disorder fed,
Made bold by Want, and prostitute for Bread
With such must EMMA hunt the tedious Day,
Assist their Violence, and divide their Prey
With such She must return at setting Light,
Tho' not Partaker, Witness of their Night
Thy Ear, inur'd to charitable Sounds,
And pitying Love, must feel the hateful Wounds
Of Jest obscene, and vulgar Ribaldry,
The ill-bred Question, and the lewd Reply,
Brought by long Habitude from Bad to Worse,
Must hear the frequent Oath, the direful Curse,
That latest Weapon of the Wretches War,
And Blasphemy, sad Comrade of Despair

Now, EMMA, now the last Reflection make,
What Thou would'st follow, what Thou must forsake
By our ill-omen'd Stars, and adverse Heav'n,
No middle Object to thy Choice is given
O! yield thy Virtue, to attain thy Love,
Or leave a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove

EMMA

O Grief of Heart! that our unhappy Fates
Force Thee to suffer what thy Honor hates
Mix Thee amongst the Bad, or make Thee run
Too near the Paths, which Virtue bids Thee shun
Yet with her HENRY still let EMMA go,
With Him abhor the Vice, but share the Woe
And sure My little Heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if HENRY still be there

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Our outward Act is prompted from within
 And from the Sinner's Mind proceeds the Sin
 By her own Choice free Virtue is approv'd
 Nor by the Force of outward Objects mov'd
 Who has assay'd no Danger, gains no Praise
 In a small Isle, amidst the widest Seas
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her Seat
 In vain the Syrens sing, the Tempests beat
 Their Flattery She rejects, nor fears their Threat

For Thee alone these little Charms I drest
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy Test
 In comely Figure rang'd, my Jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd for Thee alone
 For Thee again they shall be laid aside
 The Woman, HENRY, shall put off her Pride
 For Thee my Cloaths, my Sex exchange'd for Thee,
 I'll mingle with the People's wretched Lee,
 O Line extream of human Infamy!
 Wanting the Scissors with these Hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my Flight) this load of Hair
 Black Soot, or yellow Walnut shall disgrace
 This little Red and White of EMMA's Face
 These Nails with Scratches shall deform my Breast,
 Lest by my Look, or Color be express'd
 The Mark of ought High born, or ever better dress'd
 Yet in this Commerce under this Disguise,
 Let Me be grateful still to HENRY's Eyes
 Lost to the World, let Me to Him be known
 My Fate I can absolve if He shall own
 That leaving all Mankind, I love but Him alone

HENRY

O wildest Thought of an abandon'd Mind!
 Name Habit, Parents Woman left behind,
 Ev'n Honor dubious, Thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the Woods with Me Said EMMA so?
 Or did I dream what EMMA never said?
 O guilty Error! and O wretched Maid!

MATTHEW PRIOR

Whose roving Fancy would resolve the same
With Him, who next should tempt her easie Fame,
And blow with empty Words the susceptible Flame
Now why should doubtful Terms thy Mind perplex?
Confess thy Frailty, and avow the Sex
No longer loose Desire for constant Love
Mistake, but say, 'tis Man, with whom Thou long'st to rove

EMMA

Are there not Poisons, Racks, and Flames, and Swords,
That EMMA thus must die by HENRY's Words?
Yet what could Swords or Poison, Racks or Flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle Frame?
More fatal HENRY's Words, they murder EMMA's Fame

And fall these Sayings from that gentle Tongue,
Where civil Speech, and soft Persuasion hung,
Whose artful Sweetness and harmonious Strain,
Courting my Grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wishes to it's Aid,
And, whilst it HENRY's glowing Flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the Coldness of *the Nut-brown Maid*?

Let envious Jealousie, and canker'd Spight
Produce my Action to severest Light,
And tax my open Day, or secret Night
Did e'er my Tongue speak my unguarded Heart
The least inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?
Did e'er my Eye One inward Thought reveal,
Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell?
And hast Thou, HENRY, in my Conduct known
One Fault, but That which I must ever own,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone?

HENRY

Vainly thou talk'st of loving Me alone
Each Man is Man, and all Our Sex is One
False are our Words, and fickle is our Mind
Nor in Love's Ritual can We ever find
Vows made to last, or Promises to bind

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
 Alike by Strength or Cunning We invade
 When arm'd with Rage We march against the Foe
 We lift the Battel Ax and draw the Bow
 When fir'd with Passion We attack the Fair
 Delusive Sighs and brittle Vows We bear
 Our Falshood and our Arms have equal Use
 As they our Conquest, or Delight produce

The foolish Heart Thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only Boon departing Love can give
 To be less Wretched be no longer True
 What strives to fly Thee, why should'st Thou pursue? }
 Forget the Present Flame, indulge a New
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous Youth
 Ask for his Vow but hope not for his Truth
 The next Man (and the next Thou shalt believe) }
 Will pawn his Gods intending to deceive
 Will kneel, implore, persist, overcome, and leave }
 Hence let Thy CUPID aim his Arrows right
 Be Wise and False, shun Trouble, seek Delight, }
 Change Thou the first, nor wait Thy Lover's Flight }

Why should'st Thou weep? let Nature judge our Case
 I saw Thee Young, and Fair pursu'd the Chase
 Of Youth and Beauty I another saw
 Fairer, and Younger yielding to the Law
 Of our all ruling Mother, I pursu'd
 More Youth, more Beauty Blest Vicissitude!
 My active Heart still keeps it's pristine Flame
 The Object alter'd, the Desire the same

This Younger Fairer pleads her rightful Charms
 With present Power compels me to her Arm
 And much I fear, from my subjected Mind
 (If Beauty's Force to constant Love can bind)
 That Years may roll, e'er in Her turn the Maid
 Shall weep the Fury of my Love decay'd
 And weeping follow Me as Thou dost now,
 With idle Chmours of a broken Vow

MATTHEW PRIOR

Nor can the wildness of thy Wishes err
 So wide, to hope that Thou may'st live with Her
 Love, well Thou know'st, no Partnership allows
 CUPID averse rejects divided Vows
 Then from thy foolish Heart, vain Maid, remove
 A useless Sorrow, and an ill-starr'd Love,
 And leave me, with the Fair, at large in Woods to rove }

EMMA.

Are we in Life thro' one great Error led?
 Is each Man perjur'd, and each Nymph betray'd?
 Of the Superior Sex art Thou the worst?
 Am I of Mine the most compleatly Curst?
 Yet let me go with Thee, and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love

This potent Beauty, this Triumphant Fair,
 This happy Object of our diff'rent Care,
 Her let me follow, Her let me attend,
 A Servant (She may scorn the Name of Friend)
 What She demands, incessant I'll prepare
 I'll weave Her Garlands, and I'll pleat Her Hair
 My busie Diligence shall deck Her Board,
 (For there, at least, I may approach my Lord)
 And when Her HENRY's softer Hours advise
 His Servant's Absence, with dejected Eyes
 Far I'll recede, and Sighs forbid to rise }

Yet when encreasing Grief brings slow Disease,
 And ebbing Life, on Terms severe as these,
 Will have it's little Lamp no longer fed,
 When HENRY's Mistress shows him EMMA dead,
 Rescue my poor Remains from vile Neglect
 With Virgin Honors let my Herse be deckt,
 And decent Emblem, and at least persuade
 This happy Nymph, that EMMA may be laid,
 Where Thou, dear Author of my Death, where She
 With frequent Eye my Sepulchre may see
 The Nymph amidst her Joys may haply breath
 One pious Sigh, reflecting on my Death,
 And the sad Fate which She may one Day prove,
 Who hopes from HENRY's Vows Eternal Love

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And Thou forsworn, Thou cruel, as Thou art,
 If EMMA'S Image ever touch'd thy Heart
 Thou sure must give one Thought, and drop one Tear
 To Her, whom Love abandon'd to Despair
 To Her, who dying, on the wounded Stone
 Bid it in lasting Characters be known,
 That, of Mankind, She lov'd but Thee alone

HENRY

Hear, solemn JOVE and, conscious VENUS, hear
 And Thou, bright Maid, believe Me, whilst I swear
 No Time, no Change, no future Flame shall move
 The well plac'd Basis of my lasting Love
 O Powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair!
 At least excuse a Trial too severe
 Receive the Triumph, and forget the War

No banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove
 Intreats thy Pardon, and implores thy Love
 No perjur'd Knight desires to quit thy Arms,
 Fairest Collection of thy Sex's Charms
 Crown of my Love and Honor of my Youth
 HENRY, thy HENRY with Lternal Truth
 As Thou may'st wish, shall all his Life employ,
 And found his Glory in his EMMA'S Joy

In Me behold the Potent EDGAR'S Heir,
 Illustrious Earl Him terrible in War
 Let LOYRE confess for She has felt His Sword,
 And trembling fled before the BRITISH Lord
 Him great in Peace and Wealth fair DEVA knows,
 For she amidst his spacious Meadows flows
 Inclines her Urn upon his fatten'd Lands
 And sees his numerous Herd imprint her Sands

And Thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy Thought
 To Greatness next to Empire, shalt be brought
 With solemn Pomp to my Paternal Seat,
 Where Peace and Plenty on Thy Word shall wait
 Music and Song shall wake the Marriage Day
 And while the Priests accuse the Bride's Delay
 Myrtles and Roses shall obstruct Her Way

MATTHEW PRIOR

Friendship shall still Thy Evening Feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever bless Thy Morn.
Succeeding Years their happy Race shall run,
And Age unheeded by Delight come on,
While yet Superior Love shall mock his Pow'r
And when old Time shall turn the fated Hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd Knot unfold,
What rests of Both, One Sepulchre shall hold

Hence then, for ever, from my EMMA's Breast
(That Heav'n of Softness, and that Seat of Rest)
Ye Doubts and Fears, and All that know to move
Tormenting Grief, and All that trouble Love,
Scatter'd by Winds recede, and wild in Forests rove

EMMA

O Day the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and End of anxious EMMA's Woes !
Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight,
O ! wing'd with Pleasure take thy happy Flight,
And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White
Yet tell thy Votary, potent Queen of Love,
HENRY, my HENRY, will He never rove ?
Will He be ever Kind, and Just, and Good ?
And is there yet no Mistress in the Wood ?
None, none there is The Thought was rash and vain,
A false Idea, and a fancy'd Pain
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd Heart,
And anxious Jealousie's corroding Smart,
Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care

Hence let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
And FORTUNE's various Gale unheeded blow
If at my Feet the Suppliant Goddess stands,
And sheds her Treasure with unwearied Hands,
Her present Favor cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd Grace
If She reclaims the Temporary Boon,
And tries her Pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
 And unconcern'd return the Goods She lent
 Nor Happiness can I, nor Misery feel,
 From any Turn of her Fantastic Wheel
 Friendship's great Laws, and Love's superior Powers
 Must mark the Colour of my future Hours
 From the Events which Thy Commands create
 I must my Blessings or my Sorrows date
 And HENRY'S Will must dictate EMMA'S Fate

Yet while with close Delight and inward Pride
 (Which from the World my careful Soul shall hide)
 I see Thee, Lord and End of my Desire,
 Exalted high as Virtue can require
 With Power invested, and with Pleasure chear'd
 Sought by the Good, by the Oppressor fear'd
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent Store,
 Which human Vows at smoking Shrines implore
 Grateful and humble grant Me to employ
 My Life, subservient only to thy Joy
 And at my Death to bless thy Kindness shown
 To Her, who of Mankind could love but Thee alone

WHILE thus the constant Pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive LOVES, a numerous Crowd
 Smiling They clapt their Wings, and low They bow'd
 They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
 To chuse propitious Shafts, a precious Store
 That when their God should take his future Darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts
 His happy Skill might proper Arms employ,
 All tipt with Pleasure, and all wing'd with Joy
 And Those, They vow'd whose Lives should imitate
 These Lovers Constancy, should share their Fate

The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridled Doves
 Approv'd the little Labour of the LOVES
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear
 And to the Triumph call'd the God of War
 Soon as She calls, the God is always near

MATTHEW PRIOR

Now MARS, she said, let FAME exalt her Voice,
Nor let thy Conquests only be her Choice
But when She sings great EDWARD from the Field
Return'd, the Hostile Spear and Captive Shield
In CONCORD's Temple hung, and GALLIA taught to yield }
And when, as prudent SATURN shall compleat
The Years design'd to perfect BRITAIN's State,
The swift-wing'd Power shall take her Trump again,
To sing Her Fav'rite ANNA's wond'rous Reign,
To recollect unweary'd MARLBOROUGH's Toils,
Old RUFUS' Hall unequal to his Spoils,
The BRITISH Soldier from his high Command
Glorious, and GAUL thrice Vanquish'd by his Hand
Let Her at least perform what I desire,
With second Breath the Vocal Brass inspire
And tell the Nations in no Vulgar Strain,
What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I gain

And when Thy Tumults and Thy Fights are past,
And when Thy Lawrels at my Feet are cast,
Faithful may'st Thou like *British* HENRY prove,
And EMMA-like let me return Thy Love

Renown'd for Truth let all Thy Sons appear,
And constant Beauty shall reward their Care

MARS smil'd, and bow'd, the CYPRIAN Deity
Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky
And Thou, She smiling said, Great God of Days
And Verse, behold my Deed, and sing my Praise
As on the *British* Earth, my Fav'rite Isle,
Thy gentle Rays and kindest Influence smile,
Thro' all her laughing Fields and verdant Groves,
Proclaim with Joy these memorable Loves
From ev'ry annual Course let One great Day,
To celebrated Sports and Floral Play
Be set aside, and, in the softest Lays
Of Thy Poetic Sons, be solemn Praise,
And everlasting Marks of Honour paid,
To *the true Lover*, and *the Nut-brown Maid*

AN
ODE,
Humbly Inscrib'd to the
QUEEN.
ON THE
Glorious Success
OF
Her MAJESTY's Arms,
1706

Written in Imitation of SPENCER'S Style

*Te non parentis funera Gallæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur Armis*

Hor

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of Poetry I therefore set HORACE before Me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, &c

which He wrote in Praise of DRUSUS after his Expedition into GERMANY, and of AUGUSTUS upon his happy Choice of That General And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to imitate all the great Strokes of that Ode, I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd Me As to the Style, the Choice I made of following the Ode in Latin, determin'd Me in English to the Stanza, and herein it was impossible not to have a Mind to follow our great Countryman SPENCER, which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the Manner of my Expression, and the Turn of my Number Having only added one Verse to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number more Harmonious, and avoided such of his Words, as I found too obsolete I have however retain'd some few of them, to make the Colouring look more like SPENCER's Behest, Command, Band, Army, Prowess, Strength, I weet, I know, I ween, I think, whilom, heretofore, and Two or Three more of that Kind, which I hope the Ladies will pardon me, and not judge my MUSE less handsome, though for once she appears in a Farthingal I have also, in SPENCER's Manner, used Cæsar for the Emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that Prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c

That noble Part of the Ode which I just now mention'd,

Gens, quæ cremato Fortis ab Illo

Jaçtata Tuscis æquoribus, &c

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

where HORACE praises the Romans, as being descended from ÆNEAS, I have turn'd to the Honor of the BRITISH Nation, descended from BRUTE, likewise a TROJAN That this BRUTE, Fourth or Fifth from ÆNEAS, settled in ENGLAND, and built LONDON, which he call'd Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a Story which (I think) owes it's Original, if not to GEOFFRY of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish Writers, yet is not rejected by Our great CAMDEN, and is told by MILTON, as if (at least) He was pleas'd with it though possibly He does not believe it However it carries a Poetical Authority, which is sufficient for our Purpose It is as certain that BRUTE came into ENGLAND, as that ÆNEAS went into ITALY and upon the Supposition of these Facts, VIRGIL wrote the best Poem that the World ever read, and SPENCER paid Queen ELIZABETH the greatest Compliment

I need not obviate one piece of Criticism, that I bring my Hero From burning Troy, and Lanthus red with Blood whereas He was not born, when that City was destroy'd VIRGIL, in the Case of His own ÆNEAS relating to DIDO, will stand as a sufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology

My Two Great Examples, HORACE and SPENCER, in many Things resemble each other Both have a Height of Imagination, and a Majesty of Expression in describing the Sublime, and Both know to temper those Talents, and sweeten the Description, so as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous Both have equally That agreeable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and That Curiousa Felicitas in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and so very few have reach'd Both are particularly Fine in their Images and Knowing in their Numbers Leaving therefore our Two Masters to the Consideration and Study of Those, who design to Excel in Poetry, I only beg Leave to add, That it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted PARNASSUS and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country tho I thought myself indispensably oblig'd, upon the present Occasion, to take a little Journey into Those Parts

MATTHEW PRIOR

AN ODE,

Humbly Inscrib'd to the
QUEEN.

I.

WHEN Great AUGUSTUS govern'd Antient ROME,
And sent his Conqu'ring Bands to Foreign Wars,
Abroad when Dreaded, and Belov'd at Home,
He saw his Fame encreasing with his Years,
HORACE, Great Bard (so Fate ordain'd) arose,
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Prose,
And set their Battels in Eternal Light
High as their Trumpets Tune His Lyre he strung,
And with his Prince's Arms He moraliz'd his Song

II

When bright ELIZA rul'd BRITANNIA's State,
Widely distributing Her high Commands,
And boldly Wise, and fortunately Great,
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands,
An equal Genius was in SPENSER found
To the high Theme He match'd his Noble Lays
He travell'd ENGLAND o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Mystic Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praise
Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleasing Dreams,
He deck'd ELIZA's Head with GLORIANA's Beams

III

But, Greatest ANNA ! while Thy Arms pursue
Paths of Renown, and climb Ascents of Fame,
Which nor AUGUSTUS, nor ELIZA knew,
What Poet shall be found to sing Thy Name ?
What Numbers shall record, what Tongue shall say
Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main ?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

O Fairest Model of Imperial Sway !
What Equal Pen shall write Thy wondrous Reign ?
Who shall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearse,
Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verse ?

IV

Me all too mean for such a Task I weet
Yet if the Sovereign Lady deigns to Smile,
I'll follow HORACE with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verse in SPENSER'S Native Style
By these Examples rightly taught to sing,
And Smit with Pleasure of my Country's Praise,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
High as OLYMPUS I my Flight will raise
And latest Times shall in my Numbers read
ANNA'S Immortal Fame, and MARLBOROUGH'S hardy Deed

V

As the strong Eagle in the silent Wood,
Mindless of warlike Rage, and hostile CURE,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or crystal Flood
Till by JOVE'S high Behests call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Bosom with the vengeful Message glows
Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing,
And tow'ring round his Master's Earth-born Foes,
Swift He collects his fatal Stock of Ire
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire

VI

Sedate and calm thus VICTOR MARLBOROUGH sate,
Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land
Till ANNA calls Him from his soft Retreat,
And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand
Then leaving sweet Repose, and gentle Ease,
With ardent Speed He seeks the distant Foe
Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
He meditates and strikes the wondrous Blow
Our Thought flies slower than Our General's Fame
Grasps He the Bolt ? (We ask) when He has hurl'd the Flame

MATTHEW PRIOR

VII

When fierce BAVAR on JUDOIGN's spacious Plain
Did from afar the BRITISH Chief behold,
Betwixt Despair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
Something within his warring Bosom roll'd
He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom He had met on ISTIER's Shoar
Too well, alas! the Man He knows the same,
Whose Prowess there repell'd the BOYAN Pow'r,
And sent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
Swift as the Whirlwind drives ARABIA's scatter'd Sands

VIII

His former Losses He forgets to grieve,
Absolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
It now would shine, and only give Him leave
To Balance the Account of BLENHEIM's Day
So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
His Side still smarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War,
In sullen Fury traverses the Plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel Him again

IX

Misguided Prince! no longer urge Thy Fate,
Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War,
Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,
Confess the Force of MARLBRO's stronger Star
Those Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)
Which Thou from MAHOMET didst greatly gain,
While bold Assertor of resistless Truth,
Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,
Must from thy Brow their falling Honors shed,
And their transplanted Wreaths must deck a worthier Head

X

Yet cease the Ways of Providence to blame,
And Human Faults with Human Grief confess
'Tis Thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same
From Thy ill Councils date Thy ill Success

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Impartial Justice holds Her equal Scales
Till stronger Virtue does the Weight incline
If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails
He now Defends the Cause, that once was Thine
Righteous the War, the Champion shall subdue
For Jove's great Handmaid Power, must Jove's Decrees pursue

XI

Hark ! the dire Trumpets sound their shrill Alarms
AUVERQUERQUE, branch'd from the renown'd NASSAUS,
Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms
His Glorious Sword with Dauntless Courage draws
When anxious BRITAIN mourn'd her parting Lord,
And all of WILLIAM that was Mortal Dy'd
The faithful Hero had receiv'd This Sword
From His expiring Master's much lov'd Side
Oft from it's fatal Ire has LOUIS flown,
Where'er Great WILLIAM led, or MAFSE and SAMBRE run

XII

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour
To Thee, proud GAUL, behold thy justest Fear,
The Master Sword, Disposer of thy Power
Tis That which CÆSAR gave the BRITISH Peer
He took the Gift Nor ever will I sheath
This Steel, (so ANNA's high Behests ordain)
The General said, unless by Glorious Death
Absolv'd, till Conquest has confirm'd Your Reign
Returns like these Our Mistress bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her BRITONS take

XIII

And now fierce GALLIA rushes on her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the BOYAN Bands
So VOLGA's Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' RUSSIA's Lands
Like two great Rocks against the raging Tide,
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's We compare)
Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide
Sustain the Impulse and receive the War
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempest beats
And still the foaming Wave with lessen'd Pow'r retreats

MATTHEW PRIOR

XIV

The Rage dispers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
To turn the War, and tell aggressing FRANCE,
How BRITAIN'S Sons and BRITAIN'S Friends can fight
On Conquest fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
Behold Them rushing thro' the GALLIC Host
Thro' standing Corn so runs the sudden Flame,
Or Eastern Winds along SICILIA'S Coast
They deal their Terrors to the adverse Nation
Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghastly Desolation

XV

But while with fiercest Ire BELLONA glows,
And EUROPE rather Hopes than Fears Her Fate,
While BRITAIN presses Her afflicted Foes,
What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks dismay'd and pale?
Erst ever dreadful, know They now to dread?
The Hostile Troops, I ween, almost prevail,
And the Pursuers only not recede
Alas! their lessen'd Rage proclaims their Grief!
For anxious, lo! They croud around their falling Chief!

XVI

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce BAVAR,
Let BOYA'S Trumpet grateful Io's sound
I saw Him fall, their Thunderbolt of War
Ever to Vengeance sacred be the Ground
Vain Wish! short Joy! the Hero mounts again
In greater Glory, and with fuller Light
The Ev'ning Star so falls into the Main,
To rise at Morn more prevalently bright
He rises safe but near, too near his Side,
A good Man's grievous Loss, a faithful Servant dy'd

XVII

Propitious MARS! the Battel is regain'd
The Foe with lessen'd Wrath disputes the Field
The BRITON fights, by fav'ring Gods sustain'd
Freedom must live, and lawless Power must yield

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Vain now the Tales which fabling Poets tell,
That wav'ring CONQUEST still desires to rove!
In MARLBRO'S Camp the Goddess knows to dwell
Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love
Again FRANCE flies again the Duke pursues
And on RAMILLIUS Plains He BLENHEIM'S Fame renews

XVIII

Great Thanks O Captain great in Arms! receive
From thy Triumphant Country's public Voice
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
To ANNE, to Her who made those Arms Her Choice
Recording SCHELLENBERG'S, and BLENHEIM'S Toils,
We dreaded lest Thou should'st those Toils repeat
We view'd the Palace charg'd with GALLIC Spoils
And in those Spoils We thought thy Praise compleat
For never GREEK, We deem'd, nor ROMAN Knight,
In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite

XIX

Yet mindless still of Ease Thy Virtue flies
A Pitch to Old and Modern Times unknown
Those goodly Deeds which We so highly prize,
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to Thee alone
Those Heights, where WILLIAM'S Virtue might have stood,
And on the Subject World look'd safely down,
By MARLBRO pass'd, the Props and Steps were made,
Sublimed yet to raise his Queen's Renown
Still gaining more, still slighting what He gain'd,
Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone remain'd

XX

When swift-wing'd RUMOR told the mighty GAUL,
How less'n'd from the Field BAVAR was fled
He wept the Swift'ness of the Champion's Fall
And thus the Royal Treaty Breaker said
And lives He yet the Great, the Lost BAVAR,
Ruin to GALLIA in the Name of Friend?
Tell Me how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there of the Fifty Thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd Realm, or guard our shatter'd Coast?

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXI

To the close Rock the frighted Raven flies,
Soon as the rising Eagle cuts the Air
The shaggy Wolf unseen and trembling lyes,
When the hoarse Roar proclaims the Lion near
Ill-stair'd did We our Forts and Lines forsake,
To dare our BRITISH Foes to open Fight
Our Conquest We by Stratagem should make
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight
'Tis Our's, by Craft and by Surprize to gain
'Tis Their's, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain

XXII

The ancient Father of this Hostile Blood,
Their boasted BRUTE, undaunted snatch'd his Gods
From burning TROY, and XANTHUS red with Blood,
And fix'd on Silver THAMIS his dire Abodes,
And this be TROYNOVANII, He said, the Seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, My Sons, Your lasting Place
Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
Whom neither GREECE, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
Nor Great PELEIDES' Arm, nor JUNO's Rage could tame

XXIII

Their TUDOR's hence, and SIUARI's Off-spring flow
Hence EDWARD, dreadful with his Sable Shield,
TALBOT, to GALLIA's Pow'r Eternal Foe,
And SEYMOUR, fam'd in Council, or in Field
Hence NEVIL, Great to Settle or Dethrone,
And DRAKE, and CA'NDISH, Terrors of the Sea
Hence BUTLER's Sons, o'ei Land and Ocean known,
HERBERT's, and CHURCHILL's Warring Progeny
Hence the long Roll which GALLIA should conceal
For, oh! Who vanquish'd, loves the Victor's Fame to tell?

XXIV

Envy'd BRITANNIA, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-Top She proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax, and sprouts against the Stroke,
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wais.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And as Those Teeth, which CADMUS sow'd in Earth,
 Produc'd new Youth, and furnish'd fresh Supplies
 So with young Vigor, and succeeding Birth,
 Her Losses more than recompens'd arise,
 And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
 For Letters more Polite, in Battels more Renown'd

XXV

Obstinate Pow'r, whom Nothing can repel
 Not the fierce SAXON, nor the cruel DANE,
 Nor deep Impression of the NORMAN Steel,
 Nor EUROPE'S Force amass'd by envious SPAIN,
 Nor FRANCE on universal Sway intent,
 Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars,
 Nor (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government)
 Their own intestine Feuds, and mutual Jars
 Those Feuds and Jars, in which I trusted more,
 Than in My Troops, and Fleets, and all the GALLIC Pow'r

XXVI

To fruitful RHEIMS, or fair LURETIA'S Gate
 What Tidings shall the Messenger convey?
 Shall the loud Herald our Success relate,
 Or mitred Priest appoint the Solemn Day?
 Alas! my Praises They no more must Sing
 They to my Statue now must Bow no more
 Broken, repuls'd is their Immortal King
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the GALLIC Pow'r
 The *Woman Chief* is Master of the War
 Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n by Prayer

XXVII

While thus the ruin'd Foe's Despair commends
 Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
 What shall Thy Subjects say, and what Thy Friends?
 How shall Thy Triumphs in Our Joy be seen?
 Oh! daign to let the Eldest of the NINE
 Recite BRITANNIA Great, and GALLIA Free
 Oh! with her Sister SCULPTURE let her join
 To raise, Great ANNE, the Monument to Thee
 To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring
 To Thee, our dearest Dread, to Thee, our softer KING

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXVIII

Let EUROPE sav'd the Column high erect,
Than TRAJAN's higher, or than ANTONINE's,
Where sembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
And full Atchievement of Thy great Designs
In a calm Heav'n, and a serener Air,
Sublime the QUEEN shall on the Summit stand,
From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
And pointing down to Earth Her dread Command
All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
Shall sink beneath Her Feet, and spread their Rage below

XXIX

There Fleets shall strive by Winds and Waters tost,
'Till the young AUSTRIAN on IBERIA's Strand,
Great as ÆNEAS on the LATIAN Coast,
Shall fix his Foot and This, be This the Land,
Great JOVE, where I for ever will remain
(The Empire's other Hope shall say) and here
Vanguish'd, Intomb'd I'll lye, or Crown'd I'll Reign
O Virtue, to thy BRITISH Mother dear!
Like the fam'd TROJAN suffer and abide,
For ANNE is Thine, I ween, as VENUS was His Guide

XXX

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
VIGO, and GIBRALTAR, and BARCELONE,
Their Force destroy'd, their Privileges sav'd,
Shall ANNA's Terrors, and Her Mercies own
SPAIN, from th'Usurper BOURBON's Arms retriev'd,
Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
Numb'ring the Wonders which That Youth atchiev'd,
Whom ANNA clad in Arms, and sent to War,
Whom ANNA sent to claim IBERIA's Throne,
And made Him more than King, in calling Him Her Son

XXXI

There ISTER pleas'd, by BLENHEIM's glorious Field
Rolling, shall bid his Eastern Waves declare
GERMANIA sav'd by BRITAIN's ample Shield,
And bleeding GAUL afflicted by her Spear

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Shall bid Them mention MARLBRO, on that Shore
Leading his Islanders renown d in Arms,
Thro Climes, where never BRITISH Chief before
Or pitch d his Camp, or sounded his Alarms
Shall bid Them bless the QUEEN, who made his Streams
Glorious as those of BOYN, and safe as those of THAMES

XXXII

BRABANTIA, clad with Fields and crown d with Tow rs,
With decent Joy shall her Deliver meet
Shall own Thy Arms, Great QUEEN, and bless Thy Pow rs,
Laying the Keys beneath Thy Subject's Feet
FLANDRIA, by Plenty made the Home of War,
Shall weep her Crime, and bow to CHARLES restor d
With double Vows shall bless Thy happy Care,
In having drawn and having sheath d the Sword
From these their Sister Provinces shall know
How ANNE supports a Friend, and how forgives a Foe

XXXIII

Bright Swords, and crested Helms, and pointed Spears
In artful Piles around the Work shall lye
And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
Blazon d with Signs of GALLIC Heraldry,
And Standards with distinguish d Honors bright,
Marks of high Pow r and National Command,
Which VALOIS Sons, and BOURBONS bore in Fight
Or gave to FOIX or MONTMORANCY's Hand
Great Spoils, which GALLIA must to BRITAIN yield,
From CRESSY's Battel sav d, to grace RAMILLIA's Field

XXXIV

And as fine Art the Spaces may dispose,
The knowing Thought and curious Eye shall see
Thy Emblem, Gracious QUEEN the BRITISH Rose,
Type of sweet Rule and gentle Majesty
The NORTHERN Thistle whom no Hostile Hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween
HIBERNIA's Harp Device of Her Command,
And Parent of Her Mirth, shall there be seen
Thy vanquish d Lillies, FRANCE, decay d and torn
Shall with disorder d Pomp the lasting Work adorn

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXXV

Beneath, Great QUEEN, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the Ground, and on the humble Base,
To save Her self from Darkness, and from Death,
That MUSE desires the last, the lowest Place,
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String,
For the fair Fame of ANNE and ALBION's Land,
Who durst of War and Martial Fury Sing
And when Thy Will, and when Thy Subject's Hand
Had quell'd those Wars, and bid that Fury cease,
Hangs up her grateful Harp to Conquest, and to Peace

CANTATA.

Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

RECIT

BENEATH a verdant Lawrel's ample Shade,
His Lyre to mournful Numbers strung,
HORACE, immortal Bard, supinely laid,
To VENUS thus address'd the Song
Ten thousand little LOVES around
List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry Sound

ARIET

Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms
Youth on silent Wings is flown
Graver Years come rolling on
Spare my Age, unfit for Arms
Safe and humble let Me rest,
From all am'rous Care releas'd
Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

RECIT

Yet, VENUS, why do I each Morn prepare
The fragrant Wreath for CLOE'S Hair?
Why, why do I all Day lament, and sigh,
Unless the beauteous Maid be nigh?
And why all Night pursue Her in my Dreams,
Thro Flow'ry Meads, and Crystal Streams?

RECIT

Thus sung the Bard and thus the Goddess spoke
Submissive bow to LOVE'S imperious Yoke
Ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Shall own My Rule, and fear My Rage
Compell'd by Me Thy Muse shall prove,
That all the World was born to love

ARIET

Bid Thy destin'd Lyre discover
Soft Desire, and gentle Pain
Often praise, and always love Her
Thro her Ear her Heart obtain
Verse shall please, and Sighs shall move Her
CUPID does with PHOEBUS reign

Her Right Name

AS NANCY at Her Toylet sat,
Admiring This and blaming That
Tell Me, She said but tell Me true,
The Nymph who cou'd your Heart subdue,
What Sort of Charms does She possess?
Absolve Me Fair One I'll confess
With Pleasure I reply'd Her Hair,
In Ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her Iv'ry Bosom roll
And hiding Half, adorns the Whole

MATTHEW PRIOR

In her high Forehead's fair half-round
Love sits in open Triumph crown'd
He in the Dimple of her Chin,
In private State by Friends is seen
Her Eyes are neither black, nor grey,
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their Ray
Their dubious Lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No
Her Lips no living Bard, I weat,
May say, how Red, how Round, how Sweet
Old HOMER only cou'd indite
Their vagrant Grace, and soft Delight
They stand Recorded in his Book,
When HIPPUS smil'd, and HIPPIA spoke—
The Gipsy turning to her Glee,
Too plainly show'd, She knew the Face
And which am I most like, She said,
Your Cior, or Your Nut-crack Maid?

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest Guide,
You can name, to show the Way
To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who resolves to go astray

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no, for my Vuginity,
When I lose that, says ROSE, I'll dye
Behind the Elms, last Night, cry'd DICK,
ROSE, were You not extremamly Sick?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

ANOTHER

TEN Months after FLORIMEL happen d to wed,
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed
She warbl d Her Groans with so charming a Voice
That one half of the Parish was stund with the Noise
But when FLORIMEL deign d to lie privately in,
Ten Months before She and her Spouse were a kin
She chose with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurse, nay her Midwife, scarce heard her once squeal
Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
That Maids make not half such a Tumult, as Wives

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION

ON His Death Bed poor LUBIN lies
His Spouse is in Despair
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They Both express their Care
A diff rent Cause, says Parson SLY,
The same Effect may give
Poor LUBIN fears, that He shall Die
His Wife, that He may Live

Another REASONABLE AFFLICTION

FROM her own Native FRANCE as old ALISON past,
She reproach d *English* NELL with Neglect or with Malice,
That the Slattern had left, in the Hurry and Hast,
Her Lady s Complexion, and Eye brows at CALAIS

MATTHEW PRIOR

ANO'THER.

I HER Eye-brow-Box one Morning lost,
(The best of Folks are oft'nest crost)
Sad HELEN thus to JENNY said,
Her careless but afflicted Maid,
Put me to Bed then, wretched JANE
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no Mortal now
For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the same Subject.

IN a dark Corner of the House,
Poor HELEN sits, and sobs and cries
She will not see her Loving Spouse,
Nor her more dear *Picquet*-Allies
Unless She finds her Eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her Eyes

On the Same.

I ELLEN was just slipt into Bed
Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As Fees belonging to her Prey
For this Misfortune careless JANE,
Assure your self, was loudly rated
And Madam getting up again,
With her own Hand the Mouse-Trap baited
On little Things, as Sages write,
Depends our Human Joy, or Sorrow
If We don't catch a Mouse To-night,
Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

PHYLLIS's AGE

HOW old my PHYLLIS be, You ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To Answer is no easie Task
For She has really two Ages

Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on
All Day let Envy view her Face
And PHYLLIS is but Twenty one

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At Night Astronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd,
And PHYLLIS is some Forty three

Forma Bonum Fragile

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, says Baron LE CRAS,
Perceiving his Mistress had one Eye of Glass
And scarcely had He spoke it
When She more confus'd, as more angry She grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true
She dropt the Eye, and broke it

A Critical Moment

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor NELL?
She was painting her Checks at the time her Nose fell

MATTHEW PRIOR

An EPIGRAM.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the Concern which You express,
That uncall'd ALARD will possess
Your House and Coach, both Day and Night,
And that MACKBERH was haunted less
By BANQUO's restless Spright
With Fifteen Thousand Pound a Year,
Do You complain, You cannot bear
An Ill, You may so soon retrieve?
Good ALARD, faith, is modester
By much, than You believe
Lend Him but fifty *Louis d'or*,
And You shall never see Him more
Take the Advice, *Probatum est*
Why do the Gods indulge our Store,
But to secure our Rest?

EPILOGUE

TO

PHÆDRA.

Spoken by Mrs OLDFIELD, who acted ISMENA.

LADIES, to Night your Pity I implore
For One, who never troubled You before
An OXFORD-Man, extreamly read in GREEK,
Who from EURIPIDES makes PHÆDRA speak,
And comes to Town, to let Us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play
I' gad! We know all that, as well as They
Show Us the youthful, handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the antient GRECIAN Dames
Ev'ry ISMENA would resign her Breast
And ev'ry dear HIPPOLYTUS be blest

But, as it is, SIX flouncing FLANDERS Mares
Are e'en as good, as any Two of Theirs
And if HIPPOLYTUS can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot JOHN can drive

Now of the Bustle You have seen to Day,
And PHÆDRA'S Morals in this Scholar's Play,
Something at least in Justice should be said
But this HIPPOLYTUS so fills One's Head
Well! PHÆDRA liv'd as chastly as She cou'd,
For she was Father JOVE'S own Flesh and Blood
Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated
She and her POLY were too near related
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest THESEUS had but fairly dy'd
But when He came, what needed He to know,
But that all Matters stood in *Statu quo*?
There was no harm, You see, or grant there were
She might want Conduct but He wanted Care
Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude
He should have sent a Night or two before,
That He would come exact at such an Hour
Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest
Found ev'ry Thing contribute to his Rest,
The *Picquet* Friend dismiss'd, the Coist all clear,
And Spouse alone impatient for her Dear

But if these gay Reflections come too late
To keep the guilty PHÆDRA from her Fate
If your more serious Judgment must condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame
Yet, Ye chaste Matrons, and Ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care
My spotless Flames to your Protection take
And spare poor PHÆDRA, for ISMENA'S sake

MATTHEW PRIOR

EPILOGUE

TO

LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON

THE Female Author who recites to Day,
Trusts to her Sex the Merit of her Play
Like Father BAYES securely She sits down
Pitt, Box and Gallery, Gad! All's our Own
In antient GREECE, She says, when SAPPHO writ,
By their Applause the Critics show'd their Wit
They tun'd their Voices to her LYRIC String,
Tho' they cou'd All do something more, than Sing
But one Exception to this Fact we find,
That Booby PHAON only was unkind,
An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as Waves and Wind
From SAPPHO down thro' all succeeding Ages,
And now on FRENCH, or on ITALIAN Stages,
Rough Satyrs, sly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets, that wear Breeches
Arm'd with LONGINUS, or with RAPIN, No Man
Drew a sharp Pen upon a Naked Woman
The blust'ring Bully in our neighb'ring Streets,
Scorns to attack the Female that He meets
Fearless the Petticoat contemns his Frowns
The Hoop secures, whatever it surrounds
The many-color'd Gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by Tumult, and by Love
And while their Sweet-hearts their Attention fix,
Suspend the Din of their damn'd clatt'ring Sticks
Now Sirs
To You our Author makes Her soft Request,
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best
Your *Sympathetic* Hearts She hopes to move,
From tender Friendship, and endearing Love.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

If PETRARCH'S Muse did LAURA'S Wit rehearse,
 And COWLEY flatter'd dear ORINDA'S Verse
 She hopes from You Pox take her Hopes and Tears,
 I plead her Sex's Claim what matters Hers?
 By Our full Pow'r of Beauty We think fit,
 To damn this *Salique* Law impos'd on Wit
 We'll try the Empire You so long have boasted
 And if We are not Prais'd, We'll not be Toasted
 Approve what One of us presents to Night
 Or ev'ry Mortal Woman here shall write
 Rural, Pathetic, Narrative, Sublime,
 We'll write to You, and make You write in Rhime
 Female Remarks shall take up all Your Time
 Your Time, poor Souls! we'll take your very Money
 Female Third Days shall come so thick upon Ye
 As long as We have Eyes, or Hands, or Breath,
 We'll Look, or Write, or Talk You All to Death
 Unless Ye yield for Better and for Worse
 Then the She-PEGASUS shall gain the Course
 And the Grey Mare will prove the better Horse

The THIEF AND THE CORDELIER, *A* BALLAD

To the Tune of

King JOHN, and the ABBOT of CANTERBURY

WHO has e'er been at PARIS, must needs know the *Greve*,
 The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave,
 Where Honor and Justice most odly contribute,
 To ease Hero's Pains by a Halter and Gibbet
Derry down, down, hey derry down

MATTHEW PRIOR

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on,
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more crost
Derry down, &c

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known,
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has His own.
But my Hearers cry out, What a duce dost Thou ayl?
Cut off thy Reflections, and give Us thy Tale
Derry down, &c

'Twas there, then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
And for want of false Witness, to back a bad Cause,
A NORMAN, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear
And Who to assist, but a grave CORDIER?
Derry down, &c

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scent,
Seem'd not in great Haste, that the Show shou'd begin.
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart,
And often took Leave, but was loath to Depart
Derry down, &c

What frightens You thus, my good Son? says the Priest
You Murther'd, are Sorry, and have been Confest
O Father! My Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken
Derry down, &c

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy Head with such Fancies.
Rely on the Aid You shall have from Saint FRANCIS
If the Money You promis'd be brought to the Chest,
You have only to Dye let the Church do the rest.
Derry down, &c

And what will Folks say, if they see You afraid?
It reflects upon Me, as I knew not my Trade
Courage, Friend, To-day is your Period of Sorrow,
And Things will go better, believe Me, To-morrow
Derry down, &c

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To night
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up
For You surely To night shall in PARADISE Sup
Derry down, &c

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,
Parblew, I shall have little Stomach to Eat
I should therefore esteem it great Favor, and Grace
Wou'd You be so kind, as to go in my Place
Derry down, &c

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot
But our Actions, You know, with our Duty must suit
The Feist I propos'd to You, I cannot taste
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast
Derry down, &c

Then turning about to the Hangman, He said
Dispatch me, I pry thee, this troublesome Blade
For Thy Cord, and My Cord both equally tie
And We Live by the Gold, for which other Men Dye
Derry down, &c

An EPITAPH

*Stet quicumque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c*

Senec

INTERR'D beneath this Marble Stone,
Lie Sauntering JACK, and Idle JOAN
While rolling Threescore Years and One
Did round this Globe their Courses run,
If Human Things went Ill or Well
If changing Empires rose or fell
The Morning past, the Evening came,
And found this Couple still the same

MATTHEW PRIOR

They Walk'd and Eat, good Folks What then ?
Why then They Walk'd and Eat again
They soundly slept the Night away
They did just Nothing all the Day
And having bury'd Children four,
Would not take Pains to try for more
Nor Sister either had, nor Brother
They seem'd just Tally'd for each other

Their Moral and Oeconomy
Most perfectly They made agree
Each Virtue kept it's proper Bound,
Nor Trespass'd on the other's Ground
Nor Fame, nor Censure They regarded
They neither Punish'd, nor Rewarded
He car'd not what the Footmen did
Her Maids She neither prais'd, nor chid
So ev'ry Servant took his Course,
And bad at First, They all grew worse
Slothful Disorder fill'd His Stable,
And sluttish Plenty deck'd Her Table
Their Beer was strong, Their Wine was *Port*,
Their Meal was large, Their Grace was short
They gave the Poor the Remnant-meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat

They paid the Church and Parish-Rate,
And took, but read not the Receipt
For which They claim'd their *Sunday's Due*,
Of slumb'ring in an upper Pew

No Man's Defects sought They to know,
So never made Themselves a Foe
No Man's good Deeds did They commend,
So never rais'd Themselves a Friend
Nor cherish'd They Relations poor
That might decrease Their present Store
Nor Barn nor House did they repair
That might oblige Their future Heir

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

They neither Added, nor Confounded
 They neither Wanted, nor Abounded
 Each *Christmas* They Accompts did clear,
 And wound their Bottom round the Year
 Nor Tear, nor Smile did They imploy
 At News of Public Grief, or Joy
 When Bells were Rung, and Bonfires made
 If ask'd They ne'er deny'd their Aid
 Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd
 Who ever either Dy'd, or Marry'd
 Their Billet at the Fire was found,
 Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd

Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise
 They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise
 Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
 They led a kind of as it were
 Nor Wish'd nor Car'd, nor Laugh'd, nor Cry'd
 And so They liv'd, and so They dy'd

Horace Lib I Epist IX

*Septimius Claudius, nimirum intelligit unus,
 Quanti me facias &c*

Imitated

To the RIGHT HONORABLE

MR *HARLEY*

DEAR DICK, how e'er it comes into his Head,
 Believes, as firmly as He does his Creed,
 That You and I, SIR are extremely great,
 Tho I plain MAT, You *Minister of State*
 One Word from Me, without all doubt, He says,
 Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place

MATTHEW PRIOR

Thus better than My self, it seems, He knows,
How far my Interest with my Patron goes,
And answering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake

From this wild Fancy, SIR, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread,
That I, in Fact, a real Interest have,
Which to my own Advantage I wou'd save,
And, with the usual Courtier's Trick, intend
To serve My self, forgetful of my Friend

To shun this Censure, I all Shame lay by,
And make my Reason with his Will comply,
Hoping, for my Excuse, 'twill be confest,
That of two Evils I have chose the least
So, SIR, with this Epistolary Scroll,
Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul
Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws
Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cause,
Warm in the Glorious Interest You pursue,
And, in one Word, a Good Man and a True

'T'o Mr. *HARLEY*.

Wounded by GUISCARD. 1711.

ab ipso

Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor

I

I N one great *Now*, Superior to an Age,
The full Extremes of Nature's Force We find
How Heav'nly Virtue can exalt, or Rage
Infernal, how degrade the Human Mind

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

II

While the fierce Monk does at his Trial stand
He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence
Guile in his Tongue, and Murther in his Hand,
He stabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence

III

The guilty Stroke and Torture of the Steel
Infix'd, our dauntless BRITON scarce perceives
The Wounds His Countrey from His Death must feel,
The PATRIOT views, for those alone He grieves

IV

The barbarous Rage that durst attempt Thy Life,
HARLEY, great Counsellor, extends Thy Fame
And the sharp Point of cruel GUISCARD'S Knife,
In Brass and Marble carves Thy deathless Name

V

Faithful Assertor of Thy Country's Cause,
BRITAIN with Tears shall bath Thy glorious Wound
She for thy Safety shall enlarge Her Laws
And in Her Statutes shall Thy Worth be found

VI

Yet midst Her Sighs She Triumphs, on the Hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the Publick Woe
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land
No Son of Hers could meditate this Blow

VII

Mean Time Thy Pain is gracious ANNA'S Care
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing Breath
Softens Thy Anguish In Her powerful Prayer
She pleads Thy Service, and forbids Thy Death

VIII

Great as Thou art, Thou canst demand no more,
O Breast bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heaven!
No higher can aspiring Virtue soar
Enough to Thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n

MATTHEW PRIOR

An *Extempore* INVITATION
TO THE
EARL of OXFORD,
Lord High Treasurer. 1712.

My LORD,

OUR Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
At MAITHW's Palace, in *Duke-street*,
To try for once, if They can Dine
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-chine
If weary'd with the great Affairs,
Which BRITAIN trusts to HARLEY's Cares,
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend,
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend,
To see Thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with Thy Health the sprightly Bowl
Among the Guests, which e'er my House
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious Proof
Tho' DORSFY us'd to bless the Roof

Erle ROBERT's

MICE.

In CHAUCER's *Stile*.

' I 'WAY Mice, full Blythe and Amicable,
Batten beside Erle ROBERT's Table
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch
Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish,
Feast-lyche as Heart of Mouse mote wish

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

As Guests sat Jovial at the Board,
 Forth leap'd our Mice Eftsoons the Lord
 Of BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT,
 Who maketh oft Propos full quaint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud He cry'd,
 To MATTHEW seated on t'oth side
 To Thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
 To understand these Creatures Twaine
 Come frame Us now some clean Device,
 Or playsant Rhime on yonder Mice
 They seem, God shield Me, MAT and CHARLES

Bad as Sir TOPAZ, or Squire QUARLES
 (MATTHEW did for the nonce reply)
 At Emblem, or Device am I
 But could I Chaunt, or Rhyme pardie,
 Cleer as *Dan CHAUCER*, or as Thee
 Ne Verse from Me (so God me shrive)
 On Mouse, or other Beast alive
 Certes, I have these many Days
 Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze
 Ne Armed Knight ydrad in War
 With Lyon fierce will I compare
 Ne Judge unjust, with furred Fox,
 Harming in Secret Guise the Flocks
 Ne Priest unworth of Goddess Coat,
 To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat
 Elk Similè farwell for aye,
 From Elephant, I trow, to Flea

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,
 MATTHEW is angred on the Spleen
 Ne so, quoth MAT ne shall be e'er,
 With Wit that falleth all so fair
 Eftsoons, well weet Ye, mine Intent
 Boweth to your Commaundement
 If by these Creatures Ye have seen,
 Pourtrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW been
 Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
 The rest in Order to explain

MATTHEW PRIOR

That Cup-board, where the Mice disport,
I liken to St * STEPHEN's Court
Therein is Space enough, I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe
And therein eke may Both be fed
With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread
And when, as these mine Eyen survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play,
Return they may to different Cells,
AUDITING One, whilst t'other TELLS

Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINT, whose Mind
In Bounteous Deed no Mean can bind,
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this Matter well made out
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious Pray?
Let that be wrought which MAT doth say
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to Day

In the same Style.

I TULL oft doth MAT with TOPAZ dine,
Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh Greek Wine
But TOPAZ his own Werke rehearseth,
And MAT mote praise what TOPAZ verseth
Now sure as Priest did e'er shrive Sinner,
Full hardly eaineth MAR his Dinner

In the same Style.

I AIR SUSAN did her Wif-hede well menteine,
Algates assaulted soie by Letchours tweine,
Now, and I read aright that Auncient Song,
Olde were the Paramours, the Dame full yong
Had thilke same Tale in other Guise been tolde,
Had They been Yong (pardie) and She been Olde,
That, by St KIT, had wrought much sorer Tryal
Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk Denyal.

* Exchequer

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

A FLOWER,

Painted by

SIMON VARELST

WHEN fam'd VARELST this little Wonder drew,
FLORA vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand
And finishing the Piece, She smiling said
Behold One Work of Mine, that ne'er shall fade

TO THE

Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY,

Since Marchioness of CARMARTHEN,

On a Column of Her Drawing

WHEN future Ages shall with Wonder view
These glorious Lines, which HARLEY's Daughter drew
They shall confess, that BRITAIN could not raise
A fairer Column to the Father's Praise

PROTOGENES *and* APelles

WHEN Poets wrote and Painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the View
E'er GOTHIC Forms were known in GREECE,
To spoil the well proportion'd Piece
And in our Verse e'er Monkish Rhimes
Had jangl'd their fantastic Chimes

MATTHEW PRIOR

E'er on the flow'ry Lands of RHODIS
 Those Knights had fix'd their dull Abodes,
 Who knew not much to punt or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight
 PROTOGENIS, Historians note,
 Liv'd there, a Burgess Scot and Lot,
 And, as old PLINY'S Writings show,
 APELLES did the same at Co
 Agreed these Points of Time, and Place,
 Proceed We in the present Case

Piqu'd by PROTOGENIS'S Fame,
 From Co to RHODIS, APPELLES came,
 To see a Rival and a Friend,
 Prepar'd to Censure, or Commend,
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As Art with Candor might direct
 He sails, He lands, He comes, He rings
 His Servants follow with the Things
 Appears the Governante of th'House
 (For such in GRECE were much in use)
 If Young or Handsom, Yea or No,
 Concerns not Me, or Thee to know

Does 'Squire PROTOGENIS live here?
 Yes, Sir, says She with gracious Air,
 And Curt'sey low, but just call'd out
 By Lords peculiarly devout,
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our VENUS, for the Feast To-morrow,
 To grace the Church 'tis VENUS' Day
 I hope, Sir, You intend to stay,
 To see our VENUS 'tis the Piece
 The most renown'd throughout all GRECE,
 So like th'Original, they say
 But I have no great Skill that Way
 But, Sir, at Six ('tis now past Three)
 DROMO must make my Master's Tea
 At Six, Sir, if You please to come,
 You'll find my Master, Sir, at Home

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Tea, says a Critic big with Laughter,
Was found some twenty Ages after
Authors, before they write shou d read
Tis very true but We ll proceed

And, Sir, at present wou d you please
To leave your Name Fair Maiden yes
Reach me that Board No sooner spoke
But done With one judicious Stroke,
On the plain Ground APELLES drew
A Circle regularly true
And will you please, Sweet heart, said He,
To shew your Master this from Me?
By it He presently will know,
How Painters write their Names at Co

He gave the Pannel to the Maid
Smiling and Curt sing, Sir, She said,
I shall not fail to tell my Master
And, Sir, for fear of all Disaster
I ll keep it my own self Safe bind,
Says the old Proverb and Safe find
So Sir as sure as Key or Lock
Your Servant Sir at Six a Clock

Again at SIX APELLES came
Found the same prating civil Dame
Sir that my Master has been here,
Will by the Board it self appear
If from the perfect Line He found,
He has presum d to swell the Round,
Or Colors on the Draught to lay
Tis thus (He order d me to say)
Thus write the Painters of this Isle
Let those of Co remark the Style

She said and to his Hand restor d
The rival Pledge, the Missive Board
Upon the happy Line were laid
Such obvious Light, and easie Shade
That PARIS Apple stood confest,
Or LEDA s Egg, or CLOE s Breast

MATTHEW PRIOR

APHILS view'd the finish'd Piece,
And LIVE, said HE, the Arts of GREECE !
Howe'er PROTOGENES and I
May in our Rival Talents vie,
Howe'er our Works may have express'd,
Who truest draw, or color'd best,
When He beheld my flowing Line,
He found at least I cou'd design
And from his artful Round, I grant,
That He with perfect Skill can punt.

The dullest GENIUS cannot fail
To find the Moral of my Tale
That the distinguish'd Part of Men,
With Compass, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,
Shou'd in Life's Visit leave their Name,
In Characters, which may proclaim
That They with Ardor strove to raise
At once their Arts, and Countrey's Praise
And in their Working took great Care,
That all was Full, and Round, and Fair

DEMOCRITUS *and* HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear Droll, revisit Earth,
And with our Follies glut Thy heighten'd Mirth
Sad HERACLITUS, serious Wretch, return,
In louder Grief our greater Crimes to mourn
Between You both I unconcern'd stand by
Hurt, can I laugh ? and Honest, need I cry ?

For my own Tomb-stone.

'TWO Me 'twas giv'n to die to Thee 'tis giv'n
To live Alas ! one Moment sets us ev'n
Mark ! how impartial is the Will of Heav'n ?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS

Ad Amicos

DUM Studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis
ARCTOA florens Sophia SAMISQUE superbus
Discipulis Animas morte carere cano
Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico
Qualia conveniunt Divis queis fata volebant
Vitæ faciles molliter ire viis
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro
Sed fuerint nulli forsân quos spondeo cœli
Nullaque sint DITIS Numina nulla JOVIS
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relicta
Quique superstes Homo qui nihil esto Deus
Attamen esse hilares & inanes mittere curi
Proderit ac vitæ commoditate frui
Et festos agitasse dies ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus
Et Mors seu Divum seu nihil esse velit
Nam Sophia Ars illa est quæ fallere suaviter horas
Admonet atque Orci non timuisse minas

IMITATED

STUDIOUS the busie Moments to deceive,
That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave
I credit what the GREECIAN Dictates say,
And SAMIAN Sounds o'er SCOTIA'S Hills convey
When mortal Man resigns his transient Breath
The Body only I give o'er to Death
The Parts dissolv'd, and broken Frame I mourn
What came from Earth, I see to Earth return
The Immaterial Part, th' Æthereal Soul,
Nor can Change vanquish, nor can Death controul
Glad I release it from it's Partner's Cares
And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars

MATTHEW PRIOR

Then in the flowing Bowl I down those Sighs,
Which, Spight of Wisdom, from our Weakness rise
The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
And offer to the now immortal Friend
But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
Nor PLUTO's Rage there be, nor POW'r of JOVE,
On it's dark Side if Thou the Prospect take,
Grant all forgot beyond black LETHÉ's Lake
In total Death suppose the Mortal lye,
No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky
Yet bear thy Lot content, yet cease to grieve
Why, e'er Death comes, dost Thou forbear to live?
The little Time Thou hast, 'twixt Instant Now
And Fate's Approach, is All the Gods allow
And of this little hast Thou ought to spare
To sad Reflection, and corroding Care?
The Moments past, if Thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant Mem'ry of the Bliss they gave
The present Hours in present Mirth imploy,
And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy
The Future (few or more, how e'er they be)
Were destin'd e'rst, nor can by Fate's Decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and Thee

THE FIRST HYMN OF *CALLIMACHUS.* TO *JUPITER.*

WHILE we to JOVE select the holy Victim,
Whom apter shall we sing, than JOVE himself,
The God for ever Great, for ever King,
Who slew the Earth-born Race, and measures Right

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To Heav'n's great Habitants? DICTÆAN hear'st Thou
 More joyful, or LYCÆAN, long Dispute
 And various Thought has trac'd On IDA'S Mount,
 Or DICTE, studious of his Country's Praise,
 The CRETAN boasts Thy Natal Place but oft
 He meets Reproof deserv'd for He presumptuous
 Has built a Tomb for Thee, who never know'st
 To die, but liv'st the same To-day and I ver
 ARCADIAN therefore be Thy Birth Great RHEA
 Pregnant to high PARRHASIA'S Cliffs retir'd,
 And wild LYCÆUS black with shading Pines
 Holy Retreat! Sithence no Female hither,
 Conscious of Social Love and Nature's Rites
 Must dare approach, from the inferior Reptile
 To Woman, Form Divine There the blest Parent
 Ungirt her spacious Bosom, and discharg'd
 The pond'rous Birth She sought a neighb'ring Spring,
 To wash the recent Babe In vain ARCADIA
 (However streamy now) dust and dry
 Deny'd the Goddess Water where deep MELAS,
 And rocky CRATIS flow, the Chariot smok'd
 Obscure with rising Dust the thirsty Trav'ler
 In vain requir'd the Current, then imprison'd
 In subterranean Caverns Forests grew
 Upon the barren Hollows, high o'ershading
 The Haunts of Savage Beasts, where now IAEON,
 And ERIMANTH incline their friendly Urns

Thou too, O Earth, great RHËA said, bring forth
 And short shall be thy Pangs She said and high
 She rear'd her Arm, and with her Scepter struck
 The yawning Cliff from it's disparted Height
 Adown the Mount the gushing Torrent ran,
 And chear'd the Vallies There the Heav'nly Mother
 Bath'd mighty King Thy tender Limbs She wrapt them
 In purple Bands She gave the precious Pledge
 To prudent NEDA, charging her to guard Thee,
 Careful and secret NEDA of the Nymphs
 That tended the great Birth, next PHILËRE
 And STRYX, the eldest Smiling She receiv'd Thee,

MATTHEW PRIOR

And conscious of the Grace, absolv'd her Trust
Not uniewarded, since the River bore
The Fav'rite Virgin's Name fair NEDA rowls
By LEPRION's ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream
Fast by her flow'ry Bank the Sons of ARCAS,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy Care protect
Their fleecy Charge, and joyous drink her Wave

Thee, God, to CNOSSUS NEDA brought the Nymphs
And CORYBANTES Thee their sacred Charge
Receiv'd, ADRASRE rock'd Thy golden Cradle
The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow-Stars,
Kind AMALTHEA, reach'd her Tett distent
With Milk, Thy early Food the sedulous Bee
Distill'd her Honey on Thy purple Lips

Around, the fierce CURETES (Order solemn
To thy foreknowing Mother!) trod tumultuous
Their Mystic Dance, and clang'd their sounding Arms,
Industrious with the warlike Din to quell
Thy Infant-Cries, and mock the Eai of SATURN

Swift Growth and wond'rous Grace, O heav'nly JOVE,
Waited Thy blooming Years Inventive Wit,
And perfect Judgment crown'd Thy youthful Act
That SATURN's Sons receiv'd the three-fold Empire
Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
As the dark Urn and Chance of Lot determin'd,
Old Poets mention, fabling Things of Moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring Value
By Lot are parted But high Heav'n, Thy Share,
In equal Balance laid 'gainst Sea or Hell,
Flings up the adverse Scale, and shuns Proportion
Wherefore not Chance, but Pow'r, above Thy Biethren
Exalted Thee, their King When Thy great Will
Commands Thy Chariot forth, impetuous Strength,
And fiery Swiftmess wing the rapid Wheels,
Incessant, high the Eagle flies before Thee
And oh! as I and mine consult Thy Augur,
Grant the glad Omen, let Thy Fav'rite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the Right

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Thou to the lesser Gods hast well assign'd
Their proper Shares of Pow'r Thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal Those who labor
The sweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe,
Bend stubborn Steel, and harden gleening Armor,
Acknowledge VULCAN'S Aid The early Hunter
Blesses DIANA'S Hand, who leads Him safe
O'er hanging Cliffs who spreads his Net successful,
And guides the Arrow through the Panther's Heart
The Soldier from successful Camps returning
With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile Spoil,
Severs the Bull to MARS The skilful Bard,
Striking the THRACIAN Harp, invokes APOLLO,
To make his Hero and Himself Immortal
Those, mighty Jove, mean time, Thy glorious Care,
Who model Nations, publish Laws announce
Or Life or Death, and found or change the Empire
Man owns the Pow'r of Kings and Kings of Jove

And as their Actions tend subordinate
To what Thy Will designs, Thou giv'st the Means
Proportion'd to the Work Thou see'st impartial,
How They those Means employ Each Monarch rules
His different Realm, accountable to Thee,
Great Ruler of the World These only have
To speak and be obey'd to Those are giv'n
Assistant Days to ripen the Design
To some whole Months revolving Years to some
Others, ill fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious Life and mourn their Purpose blasted
With fruitless Act, and Impotence of Council

Hail! greatest Son of SATURN wise Disposer
Of ev'ry Good Thy Praise what Man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer,
Great Father! grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth
For without Virtue Wealth to Man avails not,
And Virtue without Wealth exerts less Pow'r,
And less diffuses Good Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue, and Wealth, for both are of Thy Gift

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE SECOND
HYMN
OF
CALJIMACHUS.
TO
APOLLO.

I AH! how the Laurel, great APOLLO's Tree,
And all the Cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The Man that is unhallow'd for the God,
The God approaches Hark! He knocks the Gates
Feel the glad Impulse and the sever'd Bars
Submissive clink against their brazen Portals
Why do the DELIAN Palms incline their Boughs,
Self-mov'd and hov'ring Swans, their Throats releas'd
From native Silence, carol Sounds harmonious?

Begin, young Men, the Hymn let all your Harps
Break their inglorious Silence, and the Dance,
In mystic Numbers trod, explain the Music
But first by ardent Pray'r, and clear Lustration
Purge the contagious Spots of Human Weakness
Impure no Mortal can behold APOLLO
So may Ye flourish, favor'd by the God,
In Youth with happy Nuptials, and in Age
With silver Hairs, and fair Descent of Children,
So lay Foundations for aspiring Cities,
And bless your spreading Colonies Encrease

Pay sacred Rev'rence to APOLLO's Song,
Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emitt
His fatal Arrows Silent Nature stands,
And Seas subside, obedient to the Sound
Of Io, Io PEAN! noi daies THEtis
Longer bewail Her lov'd ACHILLES' Death

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

For PHOEBUS was his Foe Nor must sad NIOBE
In fruitless Sorrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the PHRYGIAN Marble Hapless Mother !
Whose Fondness could compare her Mortal Offspring
To those which fair LATONA bore to JOVE
Io ! again repeat Ye, Io PEAN !

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive
He that resists the Power of PTOLEMY,
Resists the Pow'r of Heav'n for Pow'r from Heav'n
Derives and Monarchs rule by Gods appointed

Recite APOLLO'S Praise, till Night draws on,
The Ditty still unfinished and the Day
Unequal to the Godhead's Attributes
Various, and Matter copious of your Songs

Sublime at JOVE'S right Hand APOLLO sits,
And thence distributes Honor, gracious King,
And Theme of Verse perpetual From his Robe
Flows Light ineffable his Harp, his Quiver,
And LICTIAN Bow are Gold with golden Sandals
His Feet are shod how rich ! how beautiful !
Beneath his Steps the yellow Min'ral rises
And Earth reveals her Treasures Youth and Beauty
Eternal deck his Cheek from his fair Head
Perfumes distill their Sweets and chearful HEALTH,
His dutious Handmaid thro' the Air improv'd,
With lavish Hand diffuses Scents Ambrosial

The Spear man's Arm by Thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain Wound The Laurel'd Bard,
Inspir'd by Thee composes Verse Immortal
Taught by thy Art Divine the sage Physician
Eludes the Urn and chuns, or exiles Death

Thee NOMIAN We adore for that from Heav'n
Descending Thou on fair AMPHRYSUS Banks
Didst guard ADMETUS Herds Sithence the Cow
Produc'd an ample Store of Milk the She Goat
Not without Pain dragg'd her distended Udder
And Ewes, that erst brought forth but single Lambs,
Now drop'd their Two-fold Burdens Blest the Cattle,
On which APOLLO cast his fav'ring Eye !

MATTHEW PRIOR

But, PHOEBUS, Thou to Man beneficent,
Delight'st in building Cities Bright DIANA,
Kind Sister to thy infant-Deity
New-wean'd, and just arising from the Cradle,
Brought hunted wild Goats-Heads, and branching Antlers
Of Stags, The Fruit and Honor of her Toil
These with discerning Hand Thou knew'st to range,
(Young as Thou wast) and in the well-fram'd Models,
With Emblematic Skill, and mystic Order,
Thou shew'dst, where Towers, or Battlements should rise,
Where gates should open, or where Walls should compass
While from thy childish Pastime Man receiv'd
The future Strength, and Ornament of Nations

BATRUS, our great Progenitor, now touch'd
The LYBIAN Strand, when the fore-boding Crow
Flew on the Right before the People, marking
The Country destin'd the auspicious Seat
Of future Kings, and Favor of the God,
Whose Oath is sure, and Promise stands Eternal

Or BOEDROMIAN hear'st Thou pleas'd, or CLARIAN,
PHOEBUS, great King? for diff'rent are Thy Names,
As Thy kind Hand has founded many Cities,
Or dealt benign Thy various Gifts to Man
CARNEAN let Me call Thee, for my Country
Calls Thee CARNFAN the fair Colony
Thrice by Thy gracious Guidance was transported,
E'er settl'd in CYRENE, there W'appointed
Thy annual Feasts, kind God, and bless thy Altars
Smoaking with Hecatombs of slaughter'd Bulls,
As CARNUS, thy High-Priest, and favor'd Friend,
Had er'st ordain'd, and with mysterious Rites,
Our great Forefathers taught their Sons to worship
IO CARNEAN PHOEBUS! IO PEAN!

The yellow *Crocus* there, and fair *Narcissus*
Reserve the Honors of their Winter-Store,
To deck Thy Temple, 'till returning Spring
Diffuses Nature's various Pride, and Flow'rs
Innumerable, by the soft South-west
Open'd, and gather'd by Religious Hands,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Rebound their Sweets from th' odorif'rous Pavement
 Perpetual Fires shine hallow'd on Thy Altars
 When Annual the CARNEAN Feast is held,
 The warlike LIBYANS clad in Armor, lead
 The Dance, with clanging Swords and Shields They beat
 The dreadful Measure in the Chorus join
 Their Women, Brown but Beautiful such Rites
 To Thee well pleasing Nor had yet Thy Votaries,
 From GREECE transplanted, touch'd CYRENE'S Banks,
 And Lands determin'd for their last Abodes
 But wander'd thro' AZILIS horrid Forrest
 Dispers'd when from MYRTUSA'S craggy Brow,
 Fond of the Maid, auspicious to the City,
 Which must hereafter bear her favor'd Name,
 Thou Gracious deign'st to let the Fair One view
 Her *Type* People Thou with Pleasure taught'st Her
 To draw the Bow, to slay the shaggy Lyon,
 And stop the spreading Ruin of the Plains
 Happy the Nymph, who honor'd by Thy Passion,
 Was aided by thy Pow'r! The monstrous PYTHON
 Durst tempt Thy Wrath in vain for dead He fell
 To thy great Strength, and golden Arms unequal

Io! while Thy unerring Hand elanc'd
 Another, and another Dart The People
 Joyful repeated, Io! Io PEAN!
 Elance the Dart APOLLO for the Safety,
 And Health of Man, gracious Thy Mother bore Thee

ENVY Thy latest Foe suggested thus
 Like Thee I am a Pow'r Immortal therefore
 To Thee dare speak How can'st Thou favor partial
 Those Poets who write little? Vast and Great
 Is what I Love The far extended Ocean
 To a small Riv'let I prefer APOLLO
 Spurn'd ENVY with His Foot and thus the God
 DÆMON, the head long Current of EUPHRATES,
 ASSYRIAN River copious runs, but Muddy
 And carries forward with his stupid Force
 Polluting Dirt His Torrent still augmenting,
 His Wave still more defil'd mean while the Nymphs

MATTHEW PRIOR

MELISSAN, Saced and Recluse to CERES,
Studious to have their Off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for Heav'nly Use, from little Urns
Pour Streams select, and Purity of Waters

IO! APOLLO, mighty King, let ENVY
Ill-judging and Verbose, from LETHE's Lake
Draw Tons unmeasurable, while Thy Favor
Administers to my ambitious Thirst
The wholesome Draught from AGANIPPE's Spring
Genuine, and with soft Murmurs gently rilling
Adown the Mountains, where Thy Daughters haunt

CHARITY.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the Thirteenth CHAPTER *of the First* EPISTLE
TO THE
CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Man pronounc'd, or Angel sung
Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define,
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth
Did SHADRACH's Zeal my glowing Bieast inspire,
To weary Tortures, and rejoice in Fire
Or had I Faith like That which ISRAEL saw,
When MOSES gave them Miracles, and Law

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Yet, gracious CHARITY, indulgent Guest,
 Were not Thy Pow'r exerted in my Breast
 Those Speeches would send up unheeded Pray'r
 That Scorn of Life would be but wild Despair
 A Tymbal's Sound were better than my Voice
 My Faith were Form my Eloquence were Noise

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy kind
 Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind
 Knows with just Reins, and gentle Hand to guide,
 Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride
 Not soon provok'd She easily forgives,
 And much She suffers, as She much believes
 Soft Peace She brings where ever She arrives
 She builds our Quiet, as She forms our Lives
 Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature even
 And opens in each Heart a little HEAV'N

Each other Gift, which GOD on Man bestows,
 Its proper Bounds, and due Restriction knows
 To one fixt Purpose dedicates its Pow'r
 And finishing its Act, exists no more
 Thus, in Obedience to what HEAV'N decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease
 But lasting CHARITY's more ample Sway
 Nor bound by Time, nor subject to Decay,
 In happy Triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless Good diffuse, and endless Praise receive

As thro' the Artist's intervening Glass,
 Our Eye observes the distant Planets pass
 A little we discover but allow,
 That more remains unseen, than Art can show
 So whilst our Mind its Knowledge would improve,
 (Its feeble Eye intent on Things above)
 High as We may, We lift our Reason up,
 By FAITH directed, and confirm'd by HOPE
 Yet are We able only to survey
 Dawnings of Beams, and Promises of Day
 HEAV'N's fuller Effluence mocks our dazzl'd Sight,
 Too great its Swiftess, and too strong its Light

MATTHEW PRIOR

But soon the mediate Clouds shall be dispell'd ,
The Sun shall soon be Face to Face beheld,
In all His Robes, with all His Glory on,
Seated sublime on His Meridian Throne

Then constant FAITH, and holy HOPE shall dye,
One lost in Certainty, and One in Joy
Whilst Thou, more happy Pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,
Thy Office, and Thy Nature still the same,
Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,
Shalt still survive
Shalt stand before the Host of HEAV'N confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest

Engraven on a COLUMN

In the Church of HALSTEAD in ESSEX,

*The spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was
rebuilt at the Expense of Mr SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.*

VIEW not this Spire by Measure giv'n
To Buildings rais'd by common Hands
That Fabric rises high as Heav'n,
Whose *Basis* on Devotion stands
While yet We draw this vital Breath,
We can our FAITH and HOPE declare
But CHARITY beyond our Death,
Will ever in our Works appear
Best be He call'd among good Men,
Who to his GOD this Column rais'd
Tho' Lightning strike the Dome again,
The Man, who built it, shall be prais'd
Yet Spires and Towers in Dust shall lye,
The weak Efforts of Human Pains
And FAITH, and HOPE themselves shall dye,
While Deathless CHARITY remains

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Written in MONTAIGNE'S Essays,

*Given to the Duke of SHREWSBURY in FRANCE,
after the Peace, 1713*

DICTATE, O mighty Judge, what Thou hast seen
Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, and Men,
And deign to let Thy Servant hold the Pen

Thro Ages thus I may presume to live
And from the Transcript of Thy Prose receive,
What my own short liv'd Verse can never give

Thus shall fair BRITAIN with a gracious Smile
Accept the Work and the instructed Isle,
For more than Treaties made, shall bless my Toil

Nor longer hence the GALLIC Style prefer'd,
Wisdom in ENGLISH *Idiom* shall be heard
While TALBOT tells the World, where MONTAIGNE err'd

An EPISTLE,

Desiring the QUEEN'S Picture

*Written at PARIS, 1714 But left unfinish'd by the
sudden News of Her MAJESTY'S Death*

THE Train of Equipage and Pomp of State,
The shining Side board, and the burnish'd Plate
Let other Ministers, Great ANNE, require,
And partial fall Thy Gift to their Desire
To the fair Portrait of my Sov'reign Dame,
To That alone, eternal be my Claim

MATTHEW PRIOR

My bright Defender, and my dread Delight,
If ever I found Favor in Thy Sight,
If all the Pains that for Thy BRITAIN's Sake
My past has took, or future Life may take,
Be grateful to my QUEEN, permit my Pray'r,
And with This Gift reward my total Care

Will Thy indulgent Hand, fair Saint, allow
The Boon? and will Thy Ear accept the Vow?
That in despite of Age, of impious Flame,
And eating Time, Thy Picture like Thy Fame
Entire may last, that as their Eyes survey
The semblant Shade, Men yet unborn may say,
Thus Great, thus Gracious look'd BRITANNIA's Queen,
Her Brow thus smooth, Her Look was thus serene,
When to a Low, but to a Loyal Hand
The mighty Empress gave Her high Command,
That He to Hostile Camps, and Kings shou'd haste,
To speak Her Vengeance as Their Danger past,
To say, She Wills detested Wars to cease,
She checks Her Conquest, for Her Subjects Ease,
And bids the World attend Her Terms of Peace.

Thee, GRACIOUS ANNE, Thee present I adore,
Thee, QUEEN of PEACE If Time and Fate have Pow'r
Higher to raise the Glories of thy Reign,
In Words sublimer, and a nobler Strain,
May future Bards the mighty Theme rehearse
Here, STATOR JOVE, and PHOEBUS King of Verse,
The Votive Tablet I suspend * * * *

ALMA:
OR, THE
PROGRESS
OF THE
MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS

Παντα γελως και παντα κονις και παντα το μηδεν
Παντα γαρ εξ αλογων εστι τα γιγνομενα

Incert ap Stob[æ]um

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE FIRST CAN'TO.

MATTHEW met RICHARD, when or where
From Story is not mighty clear
Of many knotty Points They spoke,
And *Pro* and *Con* by turns They took
Ratts half the Manuscript have eat
Dire Hunger! which We still regret
O! may they ne'er again digest
The Horrors of so sad a Feast
Yet less our Grief, if what remains,
Dear JACOB, by thy Care and Pains
Shall be to future Times convey'd
It thus begins.

* * * * Here MATTHEW said

ALMA in Verse, in Prose, the MIND,
By ARISTOTLE's Pen defin'd,
Throughout the Body squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, All in All
And yet, slap dash, is All again
In every Sinew, Nerve, and Vein
Runs here and there, like HAMLET's Ghost,
While every where She rules the roast

This *System*, RICHARD, We are told,
The Men of OXFORD firmly hold
The CAMBRIDGE Wits, You know, deny
With *Ipsè dixit* to comply
They say (for in good truth They speak
With small Respect of that old GREEK)
That, putting all his Words together,
'Tis Three blew Beans in One blew Bladder.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

ALMA, They strenuously maintain,
Sits Cock horse on Her Throne, the Brain
And from that Seat of Thought dispenses
Her Sov reign Pleasure to the Senses
Two *Optic* Nerves, They say, She tyes,
Like Spectacles, 1 cross the Eyes
By which the Spirits bring her Word,
Wheneer the Balls are fix d, or stirr d
How quick at Park and Play they strike,
The Duke they court the Toast they like
And at St JAMES s turn their Grace
From former Friends, now out of Place

Without these Aids, to be more serious,
Her Pow r, They hold, had been precarious
The Eyes might have conspir d her Ruin,
And She not known, what They were doing
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That They shou d see, and She be blind

Wise Nature likewise, They suppose,
Has drawn two Conduits down our Nose
Cou d ALMA else with Judgment tell,
When *Cabbage* stinks, or *Roses* smell?
Or who wou d ask for her Opinion
Between an *Oyster*, and an *Onion*?
For from most Bodies, DICK, You know,
Some little Bits ask Leave to flow,
And, as thro these Canals They roll,
Bring up a Sample of the Whole
Like Footmen running before Coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches

By Nerves about our Palate plac d,
She likewise judges of the Taste
Else (dismal Thought!) our Warlike Men
Might drink thick *Port* for fine *Champagne*
And our ill judging Wives and Daughters
Mistake Small beer for *Citron* Waters

MATTHEW PRIOR

Hence too, that She might better hear,
She sets a Drum at either Ear,
And Loud or Gentle, Harsh or Sweet,
Are but th'*Alarums* which They beat.

Last, to enjoy her Sense of Feeling
(A thing She much delights to deal in)
A thousand little Nerves She sends
Quite to our Toes, and Fingers Ends,
And These in Gratitude again
Return their Spirits to the Brain,
In which their Figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
AIMA inform'd can try the Case,
As She had been upon the Place

Thus, while the Judge gives diff'rent Journeys
To Country Counsel, and Attornies,
He on the Bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as They bring the Writs
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from Home
Yet sending forth his Holy Spies,
And having heard what They advise,
He rules the Church's blest Dominions,
And sets Men's Faith by His Opinions

The Scholars of the *STAGIRIÆ*,
Who for the Old Opinion fight,
Would make their Modern Friends confess,
The difference but from More to Less
The MIND, say They, while You sustain
To hold her Station in the Brain,
You grant, at least, She is extended
Ergo the whole Dispute is ended
For, 'till To-morrow shou'd You plead
From Form and Structure of the Head,
The MIND as visibly is seen
Extended thro' the whole *Machine*
Why shou'd all Honor then be ta'en
From Lower Parts to load the Brain,
When other Limbs we plainly see,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Each in his way, as brisk as He?
For Music, grant the Head receives it
It is the Artist's Hand that gives it
And tho' the Scull may wear the Laurel
The Soldier's Arm sustains the Quarrel
Besides, the Nostrils, Ears, and Eyes
Are not his Parts, but his Allies
Ev'n what You hear the Tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab Origine* from them
What could the Head perform Alone,
If all Their friendly Aids were gone?
A foolish figure He must make,
Do nothing else, but sleep and ake

Nor matters it, that You can show,
How to the Head that Spirits go
Those Spirits started from some Goal,
Before they thro' the Veins cou'd roll
Now We shou'd hold Them much to blame,
If They went back, before They came

If therefore, as We must suppose,
They came from Fingers and from Toes,
Or Toes, or Fingers in this Case,
Of *Num scull's* Self shou'd take the Place
Disputing fair, You grant thus much,
That all Sensation is but Touch
Dip but your Toes into cold Water,
Their Correspondent Teeth will chatter
And strike the Bottom of your Feet
You set your Head into a Heat
The Bully beat, and happy Lover
Confess, that Feeling lies all over

Note here, LUCRETIVS dares to teach
(As all our Youth may learn from CREECH)
That Eyes were made, but cou'd not view
Nor Hands embrace, nor Feet pursue
But heedless Nature did produce
The Members first, and then the Use
What Each must act, was yet unknown,
Till All is mov'd by Chance alone

MATTHEW PRIOR

A Man first builds a Country Seat,
Then finds the Walls not good to eat
Another plants, and wond'ring sees
Nor Books, nor Medals on his Trees
Yet Poet and Philosopher
Was He, who durst such Whims aver
Blest, for his Sake, be human Reason,
That came at all, tho' late, in Season

But no Man sure e'er left his House,
And saddl'd *Ball*, with Thoughts so wild,
To bring a Midwife to his Spouse,
Before He knew She was with Child
And no Man ever reapt his Corn,
Or from the Oven drew his Bread,
E'er Hinds and Bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to Sow, and Knead
Before They're ask'd, can Maids refuse?
Can Pray, says DICK, hold in your Muse
While You *Pindaric* Truths rehearse,
She hobbles in *Alternate* Verse
Verse? MAT reply'd is that my Care?
Go on, quoth RICHARD, soft and fair

This looks, friend DICK, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *Salesman's* Trade
As if She haply had sat down,
And cut out Cloaths for all the Town,
Then sent them out to *Monmouth*-Street,
To try, what Persons they wou'd fit
But ev'ry Free and Licenc'd Taylor
Would in this *Thesis* find a Failure
Should Whims like these his Head perplex,
How could he work for either Sex?
His Cloaths, as Atomes might prevail,
Might fit a Pismire, or a Whale
No, no He views with studious Pleasure
Your Shape, before He takes your Measure
For real KATE He made the Boddice,
And not for an *Ideal* Goddess

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

No Error near his Shop board lurk'd
He knew the Folks for whom He work'd
Still to Their Size He aim'd his Skill
Else, pry thee, who would pry his Bill?

Next, Dick, if Chance her self shou'd vary
Observe, how Matters would miscarry
Across your Eyes, Friend, place your Shoes,
Your Spectacles upon your Toes
Then You and MEMMIUS shall agree,
How nicely Men would walk, or see

But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd to be sustain'd
And still your Knowledge will increase,
As You make other People's less
In Arms and Science 'tis the same
Our Rival's Hurts create our Fame
At FAUBERT's if Disputes arise
Among the Champions for the Prize
To prove, who gave the fairer Butt,
JOHN shows the Chalk on ROBERT's Coat
So for the Honor of your Book,
It tells, where other Folks mistook
And, as their Notions You confound,
Those You invent get farther Ground

The Commentators on old ARI
STOTLE ('tis urg'd) in Judgment vary
They to their own Conceits have brought
The Image of his general Thought
Just as the Melancholic Eye
Sees Fleets and Armies in the Sky
And to the poor Apprentice Ear
The Bells sound *Whittington* Lord May'r
The Conjurer thus explains his Scheme
Thus Spirits walk, and Prophets dream
NORTH BRITONS thus have *Second Sight*
And GERMANS free from Gunshot fight

THEODORET, and ORIGEN,
And fifty other Learned Men

MATTHEW PRIOR

Attest, that if their Comments find
The Traces of their Master's Mind,
ALMA can ne'er decay nor dye
This flatly t'other Sect deny,
SIMPLICIUS, THEOPHRAST, DURAND,
Great Names, but hard in Verse to stand
They wonder Men should have mistook
The *Tenets* of their Master's Book,
And hold, that ALMA yields her Breath,
O'ercome by Age, and seiz'd by Death
Now which were Wise? and which were Fools?
Poor ALMA sits between two Stools
The more She reads, the more perplex't,
The Comment ruining the Text
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful Fate
But, RICHARD, let her look to That
Whilst We our own Affairs pursue

These diff'rent *Systems*, Old or New,
A Man with half an Eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree
Now to bring Things to fair Conclusion,
And save much Christian Ink's Effusion,
Let me propose an Healing *Scheme*,
And sail along the Middle Stream
For, DICK, if We could reconcile
Old ARISTOTLE with GASSENDUS,
How many would admire our Toil,
And yet how few would comprehend us?

Here, RICHARD, let my *Scheme* commence
Oh! may my Words be lost in Sense,
While pleas'd THALIA deigns to write
The Slips and Bounds of ALMA's Flight

My simple *System* shall suppose,
That ALMA enters at the Toes,
That then She mounts by just Degrees
Up to the Ancles, Legs, and Knees
Next, as the Sap of Life does rise,
She lends her Vigor to the Thighs

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And, all these under Regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the Waste
Gives Pain or Pleasure, Grief or Laughter,
As We shall show at large hereafter
Mature, if not improv'd, by Time
Up to the Heart She loves to climb
From thence compell'd by Craft and Age,
She makes the Head her latest Stage

From the Feet upward to the Head
Pithy, and short, says DICK proceed

DICK, this is not an idle Notion
Observe the Progress of the Motion
First I demonstratively prove,
That Feet were only made to move
And Legs desire to come and go
For they have nothing else to do

Hence, long before the Child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl
To hinder which, your Midwife knows
To bind Those Parts extremely close
Lest ALMA newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own Christnings Din,
Fearful of future Grief and Pain,
Should silently sneak out again
Full piteous seems young ALMA's Case
As in a luckless Gamester's Place,
She would not play, yet must not pass

Again as She grows something stronger,
And Master's Feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the Night too oft He kicks,
Or shows his *Loco motive* Tricks
These first Assaults fat KATE repays Him,
When half asleep She overlays Him

Now mark, Dear RICHARD, from the Age
That Children tread this Worldly Stage,
Broom staff or Poaker they bestride,
And round the Parlor love to ride

MATTHEW PRIOR

'Till thoughtful Father's pious Care
Provides his Brood, next *Smithfield* Fair,
With Supplemental Hobby-Horses
And happy be their Infant Courses !

Hence for some Years they ne'er stand still
Their Legs, You see, direct their Will
From opening Morn 'till setting Sun,
A-round the Fields and Woods They run
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed, what FRIEND or SNAPE can say

To Her next Stage as ALMA flies,
And likes, as I have said, the Thighs
With *Sympathetic* Pow'r She warms,
Their good Allies and Friends, the Arms
While BETTY dances on the Green,
And SUSAN is at Stool-ball seen
While JOHN for Nine-pins does declare,
And ROGER loves to pitch the Bar,
Both Legs and Arms spontaneous move
Which was the Thing I meant to prove

Another Motion now She makes
O need I name the Seat She takes ?
His Thought quite chang'd the Stripling finds,
The Sport and Race no more He minds
Neglected *Tiay* and *Pointer* lye,
And Covies unmolested fly
Sudden the jocund Plain He leaves,
And for the Nymph in Secret grieves
In dying Accents He complains
Of cruel Fires, and raging Pains
The Nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the Swains, and sighs for One
The Nymph is warm'd with young Desire,
And feels, and dies to quench His Fire
They meet each Evening in the Grove
Their Parley but augments their Love
So to the Priest their Case They tell
He ties the Knot, and all goes well

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

But, O my Muse, just Distance keep
 Thou art a Maid, and must not peep
 In nine Months Time the Boddice loose,
 And Petticoats too short, disclose,
 That at This Age the active Mind
 About the Waste lies most confin'd
 And that young Life, and quickning Sense
 Spring from His Influence darted thence
 So from the Middle of the World
 The SUN's prolifick Rays are hurl'd
 'Tis from That Seat He darts those Beams,
 Which quicken Earth with genial Flames

DICK, who thus long had passive sat,
 Here stroak'd his Chin, and cock'd his Hat
 Then slapp'd his Hand upon the Board
 And thus the Youth put in his Word
 Love's Advocates, sweet Sir, would find Him
 A higher Place, than You assign'd Him
 Love's Advocates, DICK, who are those?
 The Poets You may well suppose
 I'm sorry, Sir, You have discarded
 The Men, with whom till now You herded
Prose Men alone, for private Ends,
 I thought, forsook their ancient Friends
In cor stillavit, crys LUCRETIVS
 If He may be allow'd to teach Us
 The self same Thing soft OVID says
 (A proper Judge in such a Case)
 HORACE his Phrase is *torret Jecur*
 And happy was that curious Speaker
 Here VIRGIL too has plac'd this Passion
 What signifies too long Quotation?
 In *Ode* and *Epic* plain the Case is,
 That Love holds One of these Two Places

DICK, without Passion or Reflection,
 Ill strait demolish this Objection

First Poets, all the World agrees,
 Write half to profit, half to please

MATTHEW PRIOR

Matter and Figure They produce,
For Garnish This, and That for Use,
And, in the Structure of their Feasts,
They seek to feed, and please their Guests
But One may balk this good Intent,
And take Things otherwise than meant
Thus, if You Dine with my Lord May'r,
Roast-Beef, and Ven'son is your Fare,
Thence You proceed to Swan, and Bustard,
And persevere in Tart, and Custard
But *Tulip-leaves*, and *Limon-peel*
Help only to adorn the Meal,
And painted Flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim You welcome to the Treat
The Man of Sense his Meat devours,
But only smells the Peel, and Flow'rs
And He must be an idle Dreamer,
Who leaves the Pie, and gnaws the Streamer

That CUPID goes with Bow and Arrows,
And VENUS keeps her Coach and Sparrows,
Is all but Emblem, to acquaint One,
The Son is sharp, the Mother wanton
Such Images have sometimes shown
A *Mystic* Sense, but oft'ner None
For who conceives, what Bards devise,
That Heav'n is plac'd in CELIA's Eyes?
Or where's the Sense, direct or moral,
That Teeth are Pearl, or Lips are Coral?

Your HORACE owns, He various writ,
As wild, or sober Maggots bit
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The Sage Philosopher recanted
His grave *Epistles* may disprove
The wanton *Odes* He made to LOVE

LUCRETIVS keeps a mighty Pother
With CUPID, and his fancy'd Mother
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares, that Winds and Seas obey Her,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And, while Her Honor he rehearses,
Implores Her to inspire his Verses

Yet, free from this Poetic Madness,
Next Page, He says in sober Sadness,
That She and all her fellow Gods
Sit idling in their high Abodes,
Regardless of this World below,
Our Health or Hanging Weal or Woe,
Nor once disturb their Heavenly Spirits
With SCAPIN'S Cheats, or CESAR'S Merits

Nor e'er can LATIN Poets prove,
Where lies the real Seat of Love
Jeur they burn, and *Cer* they pierce,
As either best supplies their Verse
And, if Folks ask the Reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short
Thus, I presume, the BRITISH Muse,
May take the Freedom Strangers use
In Prose our Property is greater
Why should it then be less in Metre?
If *CUPID* throws a single Dart,
We make him wound the Lover's *Heart*
But if He takes his Bow, and Quiver,
Tis sure, He must transfix the *Liver*
For Rhime with Reason may dispense
And Sound has Right to govern Sense

But let your Friends in Verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in Prose
Anatomists can make it clear,
The *Liver* minds his own Affair
Kindly supplies our publick Uses
And parts, and strains the Vital Juices
Still lays some useful Bile aside,
To tinge the Chyle's insipid Tide
Else We should want both Gibe and Satyr,
And all be burst with pure Good nature
Now Gall is bitter with a Witness,
And Love is all Delight and Sweetness

MATTHEW PRIOR

My *Logic* then has lost it's Aim,
If Sweet and Bitter be the same
And He, methinks, is no great Scholar,
Who can mistake Desire for Choler

The like may of the *Heart* be said
Courage and Terror there are bred
All those, whose *Hearts* are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the *Tattoo*
And mighty Physical their Fear is
For, soon as Noise of Combat near is,
Their Heart, descending to their Breeches,
Must give their Stomach cruel twitches
But Heroes who o'ercome or dye,
Have their Hearts hung extremely high,
The Strings of which, in Battel's Heat,
Against their very *Corslets* beat,
Keep Time with their own Trumpet's Measure,
And yield 'em most excessive Pleasure

Now if 'tis chiefly in the Heart,
That Courage does it self exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That This is eke the Throne of Love
Would Nature make One Place the Seat
Of fond Desire, and fell Debate?
Must People only take Delight in
Those Hours, when They are tir'd with Fighting?
And has no Man, but who has kill'd
A Father, right to get a Child?
These Notions then I think but idle
And Love shall still possess the Middle.

This Truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your Hero were a Lover.
Tho' He before had Gall and Rage,
Which Death, or Conquest must assuage,
He grows dispirited and low
He hates the Fight, and shuns the Foe

In scornful Sloth ACHILLES slept,
And for his Wench, like TALL-BOY, wept

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Nor would return to War and Slaughter,
Till They brought back the Parson's Daughter

ANTONIUS fled from ACTIUM'S Coast,
AUGUSTUS pressing ASIA lost
His Sails by CUPID'S Hand unfurl'd,
To keep the Fair, he gave the World

EDWARD our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in Youth, in Arms renown'd,
While ENGLAND'S Voice, and WARWICK'S Care
Design'd him GALLIA'S beauteous Heir,
Chang'd Peace and Pow'r for Rage and Wars,
Only to dry One Widow's Tears

FRANCE'S fourth HENRY we may see,
A Servant to the fair D'ESTREFF
When quitting COUTRAS prosperous Field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his Guards and Mid night Tent,
Disguis'd o'er Hills and Vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly Dime
And in his Pleasure lost his Fame

Bold is the Critic, who dares prove,
These Heroes were no Friends to Love
And bolder He, who dares aver,
That they were Enemies to War
Yet, when their Thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their *Heart*, or fir'd their *Liver*,
Tend ALMA to those Parts was gone,
Which LOVE more justly calls his own

Examples I could cite You more
But be contented with these Four
For when One's Proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four Dozen
One came from GREECE, and one from ROME,
The other Two grew nearer Home
For some in Antient Books delight
Others prefer what Moderns write
Now I should be extremely loath,
Not to be thought expert in Both

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE SECOND CANTO.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
To drop her idly on the Road?
And leave our Subject in the middle,
As BUTLER did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet He, consummate Master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue.
His noble Negligences teach,
What Others Toils despair to reach
He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope,
And balances your Fear and Hope
If after some distinguish'd Leap,
He drops his Pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,
He rises higher half his Length
With Wonder You approve his Slight,
And owe your Pleasure to your Fright
But, like poor ANDREW, I advance,
False *Mimic* of my Master's Dance
A-round the Cord a while I sprawl,
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.

My Preface tells You, I digress'd
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd

I like, quoth DICK, your *Smile*
And in Return, take Two from Me
As Masters in the *Clare-obscure*,
With various Light your Eyes allure
A flaming Yellow here They spread,
Draw off in Blew, or charge in Red
Yet from these Colors odly mix'd,
Your Sight upon the Whole is fix'd

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Or as, again, your Courtly Dames,
 (Whose Cloaths returning Birth Day claims,)
 By Arts improve the Stuffs they vary,
 And Things are best, as most contrary
 The Gown with stiff Embroid ry shining,
 Looks charming with a slighter Lining
 The Out, if INDIAN Figures stain
 The In side must be rich and plain
 So You, great Authors, have thought fit,
 To make Digression temper Wit
 When Arguments too fiercely glare
 You calm em with a milder Air
 To break their Points, You turn their Force,
 And Furbelw the plain Discourse

RICHARD, quoth MAT, these Words of Thine,
 Speak something sly, and something fine
 But I shall e en resume my *Theme*
 However Thou may st praise, or blame

As People marry now, and settle
 Fierce Love abates his usual Mettle
 Worldly Desires, and Household Cares
 Disturb the Godhead s soft Affairs
 So now, as Health or Temper changes,
 In larger Compass ALMA ranges,
 This Day below, the next above,
 As light, or solid Whimsies move
 So Merchant has his House in Town,
 And Country Seat near BANSTED Down
 From One he dates his Foreign Letters,
 Sends out his Goods, and duns his Debtors
 In t other, at his Hours of Leisure,
 He smokes his Pipe, and takes his Pleasure

And now your Matrimonial CUPID,
 Lash d on by Time, grows tir d and stupid
 For Story and Experience tell Us,
 That Man grows cold, and Woman jealous
 Both would their little Ends secure
 He sighs for Freedom, She for Pow r

MATTHEW PRIOR

His Wishes tend abroad to roam ,
And Her's, to domineer at Home
Thus Passion flags by slow Degrees ,
And ruff'd more, delighted less,
The busy Mind does seldom go
To those once charming Seats below
But, in the Breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred Feints, and future Wars
The Man suspects his Lady's crying
(When he last Autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint Her
By Codicil a larger Jointure
The Woman finds it all a Trick,
That He could swoon, when She was sick ,
And knows, that in That Grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd SUSAN for his Second

Thus having strove some tedious Years
With feign'd Desires, and real Fears ,
And tir'd with Answers, and Replies,
Of JOHN affirms, and MARGHA lies,
Leaving this endless Altercation,
The Mind affects a higher Station.

POLTIS, that gen'rous King of THRACE,
I think, was in this very Case
All ASIA now was by the Ears
And Gods beat up for Volunteers
To GREECE, and TROY, while POLTIS sat
In Quiet, governing his State
And whence, said the Pacific King,
Does all this Noise, and Discord spring ?
Why, PARIS took ATRIDES' Wife
With Ease I could compose this Strife
The injur'd Hero should not lose,
Nor the young Lover want a Spouse
But HELEN chang'd her first Condition,
Without her Husband's just Permission
What from the Dame can PARIS hope ?
She may as well from Him elope
Again, how can her old Good-man

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

With Honor take Her back again?
 From hence I logically gather,
 The Woman cannot live with Either
 Now I have Two right honest Wives,
 For whose Possession No Man strives
 One to ATRIDES I will send
 And t'other to my TROJAN Friend
 Each Prince shall thus with Honor have,
 What Both so warmly seem to crave
 The Wrath of Gods and Man shall cease
 And POLTIS live and die in Peace

DICK, if this Story pleaseth Thee,
 Pray thank DAN POPE, who told it Me

Howe'er swift ALMA'S Flight may vary
 (Take this by way of *Corollary*)
 Some Limbs She finds the very same,
 In Place, and Dignity, and Name
 These dwell at such convenient Distance,
 That each may give his Friend Assistance
 Thus He who runs or dances, begs
 The equal Vigor of Two Legs
 So much to both does ALMA trust,
 She ne'er regards, which goes the first
 TEAGUE could make neither of them stay,
 When with Himself he ran away
 The Man who struggles in the Fight,
 Fatigues left Arm as well as right
 For whilst one Hand exalts the Blow,
And on the Earth extends the Foe
 T'other would take it wondrous ill,
 If in your Pocket He lay still
 And when you shoot, and shut one Eye,
 You cannot think He would deny
 To lend the t'other friendly Aid
 Or wink, as Coward, and afraid
 No, Sir whilst He withdraws his Flame,
 His Comrade takes the surer Aim
 One Moment if his Beams recede
 As soon as e'er the Bird is dead,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Opening again, He lays his Claim,
To half the Profit, half the Fame,
And helps to Pocket up the Game
'Tis thus, One Tradesman slips away,
To give his Part'ner fairer Play

Some Limbs again in Bulk or Stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In Concert act, like modern Friends,
Because one serves the t'other's Ends.
The Arm thus waits upon the Heart,
So quick to take the Bully's Part,
That one, tho' warm, decides more slow,
Than t'other executes the Blow
A Stander-by may chance to have it,
E'er HACK himself perceives, He gave it

The am'rous Eyes thus always go
A-stroling for their Friends below
For long before the 'Squire and Dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their Flame,
E'er Visits yet are brought about,
The Eye by Sympathy looks out,
Knows FLORIMEL, and longs to meet Her,
And, if He sees, is sure to greet Her,
Tho' at Sash-Window, on the Stairs,
At Court, nay (Authors say) at Pray'rs

The Funeral of some valiant Knight
May give this Thing it's proper Light
View his Two Gantlets these declare,
That Both his Hands were us'd to War
And from his Two gilt Spurs 'tis learn'd,
His Feet were equally concern'd
But have You not with Thought beheld
The Sword hang dangling o'er the Shield?
Which shows the Breast, That Plate was us'd to,
Had an Ally right Arm to trust to
And by the Peep-holes in his Crest,
Is it not virtually confest,
That there his Eye took distant Aim,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And glanc'd Respect to that bright Dame,
In whose Delight his Hope was center'd,
And for whose Glove his Life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *System*
May rise, perhaps, and I have mist them
But I can call to my Assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and Distance
Can prove, that all Things, on Occasion,
Love Union, and desire Adhesion
That ALMA merely is a Scale
And Motives, like the Weights, prevail
If neither Side turn down or up,
With Loss or Gain, with Fear or Hope
The Balance always would hang even,
Like MAHMET'S Tomb, twixt Earth and Heaven

This, RICHARD, is a curious Case
Suppose your Eyes sent equal Rays
Upon two distant Pots of Ale,
Not knowing which was Mild or Stale
In this sad State your doubtful Choice
Would never have the casting Voice
Which Best, or Worst, You could not think
And die You must, for want of Drink
Unless some Chance inclines your Sight,
Setting one Pot in fairer Light,
Then You prefer or A, or B,
As Lines and Angles best agree
Your Sense resolv'd impells your Will
She guides your Hand, So drink your Fill

Have you not seen a Baker's Mud
Between two equal Panniers sway'd?
Her Tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the Middle
But forc'd from this unactive State,
By virtue of some casual Weight
On either Side You hear 'em clatter,
And judge of right and left hand Matter

MATTHEW PRIOR

Now, RICHARD, this coercive Force,
 Without your Choice, must take it's Course
 Great Kings to Wars are pointed forth,
 Like loaded Needles to the North
 And Thou and I, by Pow'r unscen,
 Are barely Passive, and suck'd in
 To HENAUIT's Vaults, or CELIA's Chamber,
 As Straw and Paper are by Amber.
 If we sit down to play or set
 (Suppose at *Ombre* or *Basset*)
 Let People call us Cheats, or Fools,
 Our Cards and We are equal Tools
 We sure in vain the Cards condemn
 Our selves both cut and shuff'd them
 In vain on Fortune's Aid rely
 She only is a Stander-by
 Poor Men! poor Papers! We and They
 Do some impulsive Force obey,
 And are but play'd with Do not play
 But Space and Matter we should blame
 They palm'd the Trick that lost the Game

Thus to save further Contradiction,
 Against what You may think but Fiction,
 I for Attraction, DICK, declare
 Deny it those bold Men that dare
 As well your Motion, as your Thought
 Is all by hidden Impulse wrought
 Ev'n saying, that You Think or Walk,
 How like a Country 'Squire you talk?

Mark then, Where Fancy or Desire
 Collects the Beams of Vital Fire,
 Into that Limb fair ALMA slides,
 And there, *pro tempore*, resides
 She dwells in NICHOLINI's Tongue,
 When PYRRHUS chants the Heav'nly Song
 When PEDRO does the Lute command,
 She guides the cunning Artist's Hand
 Thro' MACER's Gullet she runs down,
 When the vile Glutton dines alone

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And void of Modesty and Thought,
She follows BIBE's endless Draught
Thro' the soft Sex again She ranges
As Youth, Caprice, or Fashion changes
Fair ALMA careless and serene,
In FANNY's sprightly Eyes is seen,
While they diffuse their Infant Beams,
Themselves not conscious of their Flames
Again fair ALMA sits confest,
On FLORIMEL's experter Breast
When She the rising Sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her Pains
In CYNTHIA's Neck fur ALMA glows,
When the vain Thing her Jewels shows
When JENNY's Stays are newly laced,
Fair ALMA plays about her Waste
And when the swelling Hoop sustains
The rich Brocard, fair ALMA deigns
Into that lower Space to enter,
Of the large Round, Her self the Center

Again That Single Limb or Feature
(Such is the cogent Force of Nature)
Which most did ALMA's Passion move,
In the first Object of her Love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the am'rous Breast

O ABELARD ill fated Youth,
Thy Tale will justify this Truth
But well I weet, thy cruel Wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's Song
Dan POPE for thy Misfortune griev'd,
With kind Concern, and Skill has weav'd
A silken Web and ne'er shall fade
It's Colors gently has He laid
The Mantle o'er thy sad Distress
And VENUS shall the Texture bless
He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn,
Such artful Folds of Sacred Lawn,

MATTHEW PRIOR

That Lovr with equal Grief and Pride,
Shall see the Crime, He strives to hide
And softly drawing back the Veil,
The God shall to his Vot'ries tell
Each conscious Tear, each blushing Grace,
That deck'd Dear LIOISA's Face

Happy the Poet, blest the Lays,
Which BUCKINGHAM has deign'd to praise

Next, DICK, as Youth and Habit sways,
A hundred Gambols ALMA plays
If, whilst a Boy, JACK run from Schole,
Fond of his Hunting-horn, and Pole,
Tho' Gout and Age his Speed detain,
Old JOHN halloo's his Hounds again
By his Fire-side he starts the Hare,
And turns Her in his Wicker-Chair
His Feet, however lame, You find,
Have got the better of his Mind

If while the Mind was in her Leg,
The Dance affected nimble PIG,
Old MADGE, bewitch'd at Sixty one,
Calls for *Green Sleeves*, and *Jumping Joan*.
In public Mask, or private Ball,
From *Lincoln's Inn*, to *Goldsmith's Hall*,
All Christmas long away She trudges,
Trips it with Prentices and Judges
In vain her Children urge her Stay,
And Age or Palsey bar the Way
But if those Images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the Tail,
She still reviews the ancient Scene,
Forgets the forty Years between
Awkwardly gay, and odly merry,
Her Scarf pale Pink, her Head-Knot Cherry,
O'er heated with *Ideal Rage*,
She cheats her Son, to wed her Page

If ALMA, whilst the Man was young,
Slip'd up too soon into his Tongue

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Pleas'd with his own fantastic Skill,
 He lets that Weapon ne'er lie still
 On any Point if You dispute
 Depend upon it, Hell confute
 Change Sides and You increase your Pain
 For Hell confute You back again
 For One may speak with TULLY's Tongue
 Yet all the while be in the wrong
 And 'tis remarkable, that They
 Talk most, who have the least to say
 Your dainty Speakers have the Curse
 To plead bad Causes down to worse
 As Dames, who Native Beauty want,
 Still uglier look, the more They paint

Again If in the Female Sex
 ALMA should on this Member fix
 (A cruel and a desperate Case,
 From which Heaven shield my lovely Lass !)
 For evermore all Care is vain
 That would bring ALMA down again
 As in habitual Gout, or Stone,
 The only Thing that can be done,
 Is to correct your Drink and Diet,
 And keep the inward Foe in Quiet
 So if for any Sins of Ours,
 Or our Forefathers, Higher Powers,
 Severe tho' just, afflict our Life
 With that Prime Ill, a talking Wife
 Till Death shall bring the kind Relief,
 We must be Patient, or be Deaf

You know, a certain Lady, Dick,
 Who saw Me when I last was sick
 She kindly talk'd, at least three Hours,
 Of *Plastic* Forms, and *Mental* Powers
 Describ'd our pre-existing Station
 Before this vile Terrene Creation
 And lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
 To cut Things short, came down to ADAM

MATTHEW PRIOR

From whence, as fast as She was able,
She drowns the Woild, and builds up BABEL,
Thro' SYRIA, PERSIA, GRECE She goes,
And takes the ROMANS in the Close

But We'll descant on gen'ral Nature
This is a *System*, not a Satyr

Turn We this Globe, and let Us see,
How diff'rent Nations disagree,
In what We wear, or eat and drink,
Nay, DICK, perhaps in what We think
In Water as You smell and tast
The Soyls, thro' which it rose and past
In ALMA's Manners You may read
The Place, where She was born and bred

One People from their swadling Bands
Releas'd their Infants Feet and Hands
Here ALMA to these Limbs was brought,
And SPARTA's Offspring kick'd and fought

Another taught their Babes to talk,
E'er they could yet in Goe-carts walk
There ALMA settl'd in the Tongue,
And Orators from ATHENS sprung

Observe but in these Neighb'ring Lands,
The diff'rent Use of Mouths and Hands
As Men repos'd their various Hopes,
In Battles These, and Those in Tiopes

In BRITAIN's Isles, as HEYLYN notes,
The Ladies trip in Petticoats,
Which, for the Honor of their Nation,
They quit but on some great Occasion
Men there in Breeches clad You view
They claim that Garment, as then due
In TURKEY the Reverse appears,
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears,
And greets His Wife with angry Speeches,
If She be seen without her Breeches

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

In our Fantastic *Climes* the Fair
 With cleanly Powder dry their Hair
 And round their lovely Breast and Head
 Fresh Flow'rs their mingl'd Odors shed
 Your nicer HOTTENTOTES think meet
 With Guts and Tripe to deck their Feet
 With down cast Looks on TORTA'S Legs,
 The ogling Youth most humbly begs,
 She would not from his Hopes remove
 At once his Breakfast and his Love
 And if the skittish Nymph should fly,
 He in a double Sense must die

We simple *Toasters* take Delight
 To see our Women's Teeth look white
 And ev'ry saucy ill bred Fellow
 Sneers at a Mouth profoundly yellow
 In CHINA none hold Women sweet,
 Except their Snags are black as Jett
 King CHIHU put Nine Queens to Death,
 Convict on Statute, *Iv'ry Teeth*

At TONQUIN if a Prince should die
 (As Jesuits write, who never lye)
 The Wife, and Counsellor, and Priest,
 Who serv'd Him most, and lov'd Him best
 Prepare, and light his Fun'ral Fire,
 And chearful on the Pile expire
 In EUROPE twould be hard to find
 In each Degree One half so kind

Now turn We to the farthest East,
 And there observe the Gentry Drest
 Prince GIOLO, and his Royal Sisters,
 Scarr'd with ten thousand comely Blisters
 The Marks remaining on the Skin,
 To tell the Quality within
 Distinguish'd Slashes deck the Great
 As each excels in Birth, or State
 His Oylet holes are more, and ampler
 The King's own Body was a Samplar

MATTHEW PRIOR

Happy the Climate, where the *Beau*
Wears the same Suit for Use, and Show
And at a small Expence your Wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for Life

Westward again the INDIAN Fair,
Is nicely smear'd with Fat of Bear
Before You see, You smell your Toast,
And sweetest She, who stinks the most
The finest Sparks, and cleanest *Beau*
Drip from the Shoulders to the Toes
How sleek their Skins! their Joints how easy!
There Slovens only are not greasy

I mention'd diff'rent Ways of Breeding
Begin We in our Children's Reading
To Master JOHN the ENGLISH Maid
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread
And that the Child may learn the better,
As He can name, He eats the Letter
Proceeding thus with vast Delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from Left to Right
But shew a HEBREW's hopeful Son,
Where We suppose the Book begun,
The Child would thank You for your Kindness,
And read quite backward from our *Fims*
Devour He Learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last

An equal Instance of this Matter,
Is in the Manners of a Daughter.
In EUROPE, if a harmless Maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should e'er a Wife become a Nurse,
Her Friends would look on Her the Worse
In CHINA, DAMPIER's Travels tell Ye,
(Look in his Index for PAGELLI)
Soon as the BRITISH Ships unmoore,
And jolly Long-boat rows to Shore,
Down come the Nobles of the Land
Each brings his Daughter in his Hand,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Beseeching the Imperious Tar
To make Her but One Hour his Care
The tender Mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear Daughter should be slighted
And poor Miss YAYA dreads the Shame
Of going back the Maid She came

Observe how Custom, DICK, compells
The Lady that in EUROPE dwells
After her Tea She slips away
And what to do, One need not say
Now see how great POMONQUE'S Queen
Behav'd Herself amongst the Men
Pleas'd with her Punch, the Gallant Soul
First drank, then water'd in the Bowl
And sprinkl'd in the Captain's Face
The Marks of Her Peculiar Grace

To close this Point, We need not roam
For Instances so far from Home
What parts gay FRANCE from sober SPAIN?
A little rising Rocky Chain
Of Men born South or North oth Hill,
Those seldom move These ne'er stand still
DICK, You love Maps and may perceive
ROME not far distant from GENEVE
If the good POPE remains at Home,
He's the First Prince in CHRISTENDOME
Choose then, good POPE, at Home to stay
Nor Westward curious take Thy Way
Thy Way unhappy shouldst Thou take
From TIBER'S Bank to LEMAN-Lake
Thou art an Aged Priest no more,
But a Young flaring Painted Whore
Thy Sex is lost Thy Town is gone,
No longer ROME but BABYLON
That some few Leagues should make this Change,
To Men unlearn'd seems mighty strange

But need We, Friend, insist on This?
Since in the very CANTONS SWISS,

MATTHEW PRIOR

All Your Philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that One may be
A Heretic, or True Believer,
On this, or t'other Side a River

Here with an artful Smile, quoth DICK,
Your Proofs come mighty full, and thick

The Bard on this extensive Chapter,
Wound up into Poetic Rapture,
Continu'd RICHARD, cast your Eye
By Night upon a Winter-Sky
Cast it by Day-light on the Strand,
Which compasses fair ALBION's Land
If You can count the Stars that glow
Above, or Sands that lie below,
Into those Common-places look,
Which from great Authors I have took,
And count the Proofs I have collected,
To have my Writings well protected.
These I lay by for Time of Need,
And Thou may'st at thy Leisure read
For standing every Critic's Rage,
I safely will to future Age
My *System*, as a Gift, bequeath,
Victorious over Spight, and Death.

THE 'THIRD CAN'TO.

RICHARD, who now was half a-sleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer Silence keep
And Sense like this, in vocal Breath
Broke from his twofold Hedge of Teeth
Now if this Phrase too harsh be thought,
POPE, tell the World, 'tis not my Fault
Old HOMER taught us thus to speak.
If 'tis not Sense, at least 'tis GREEK

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

As Folks, quoth RICHARD, prone to Leasing,
 Say Things at first because they re pleasing
 Then prove what they have once asserted,
 Nor care to have their Lie deserted
 Till their own Dreams at length deceive em,
 And oft repeating, they believe em
 Or as again those am'rous Blades,
 Who trifle with their Mother's Maids
 Tho' at the first their wild Desire,
 Was but to quench a present Fire
 Yet if the object of their Love
 Chance by LUCINA'S Aid to prove
 They seldom let the Bantling roir
 In Basket at a Neighbour's Door
 But by the flatt'ring Glass of Nature,
 Viewing themselves in *Cake bread's* Feature
 With serious Thought and Care support,
 What only was begun in Sport

Just so with You, my Friend, it fares,
 Who deal in Philosophic Wares
 Atoms You cut, and Forms You measure,
 To gratifie your private Pleasure,
 Till airy Seeds of casual Wit
 Do some fantastic Birth beget
 And pleas'd to find your *System* mended,
 Beyond what You at first intended,
 The happy Whimsey You pursue,
 Till You at length believe it true
 Caught by your own delusive Art,
 You fancy first, and then assert

Quoth MATTHEW Friend, as far as I
 Thro' Art or Nature cast my Eye,
 This *Axiom* clearly I discern,
 That One must Teach, and t' Other Learn
 No Fool PYTHAGORAS was thought
 Whilst He his weighty Doctrines taught
 He made his listening Scholars stand,
 Their Mouth still cover'd with their Hand
 Else, may be, some odd thinking Youth,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Less Friend to Doctrine than to Truth,
 Might have refus'd to let his Ears
 Attend the Musick of the Spheres,
 Deny'd all *transmigrating* Scenes,
 And introduc'd the Use of Beans
 From great LUCRETIVS take His Void,
 And all the World is quite destroy'd
 Deny DES-CART His subtil Matter,
 You leave Him neither Fire, nor Water.
 How odly would Sir ISAAC look,
 If You, in Answer to his Book,
 Say in the Front of your Discourse,
 That Things have no *Elastic* Force?
 How could our *Chymic* Friends go on,
 To find the *Philosophic* Stone,
 If You more pow'rful Reasons bring,
 To prove, that there is no such Thing?

Your Chiefs in Sciences and Arts,
 Have great Contempt of ALMA's Parts
 They find, She giddy is, or dull,
 She doubts, if Things are void, or full
 And who should be presum'd to tell,
 What She Her self should see, or feel?
 She doubts, if two and two make four,
 Tho' She has told them ten times o'er
 It can't it may be and it must
 To which of these must ALMA trust?
 Nay, further yet They make Her go,
 In doubting, if She doubts, or no
 Can *Syllogism* set Things right?
 No *Majors* soon with *Minors* fight
 Or, Both in friendly Consort join'd,
 The *Consequence* limps false behind
 So to some Cunning-Man She goes,
 And asks of Him, how much She knows
 With Patience grave He hears Her speak,
 And from his short Notes, gives Her back
 What from her Tale He comprehended
 Thus the Dispute is wisely ended

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

From the Account the Loser brings,
The Conjuror knows, who stole the Things

Squire (interrupted DICK) since when
Were You amongst these Cunning Men?

Dear DICK, quoth MAT, let not Thy Force
Of Eloquence spoil my Discourse
I tell Thee, this is ALMA's Case,
Still asking, what some Wise man says,
Who does his Mind in Words reveal,
Which All must grant tho Few can spell
You tell Your Doctor, that Y are ill
And what does He, but write a Bill,
Of which You need not read one Letter?
The worse the Scrawl, the Dose the better
For if You knew but what You take,
Tho You recover, He must break

Ideas, Forms, and Intellects,
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent Sects
Substance, or Accident divides
All EUROPE into adverse Sides

Now, as engag'd in Arms or Laws,
You must have Friends to back your Cause
In *Philosophic* Matters so
Your Judgment must with others go
For as in Senates, so in Scholes,
Majority of Voices rules

Poor ALMA, like a lonely Deer,
O'er Hills and Dales does doubtful err
With panting Haste, and quick Surprise
From ev'ry Leaf that stirs, She flies
Till mingl'd with the neighboring Herd,
She slights what erst She singly fear'd
And now, exempt from Doubt and Dread,
She dares pursue, if They dare lead
As Their Example still prevails,
She tempts the Stream, or leaps the Pales

MATTHEW PRIOR

He then, quoth DICK, who by Your Rule
Thinks for Himself, becomes a Fool.
As Party-Man who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but *Whimsical* at Best
Now, by Your Favour, Master MAI,
Like RALPHO, here I smell a Rat
I must be listed in Your Sect,
Who, tho' They teach not, can protect
Right, RICHARD, MAR in Triumph cri'd,
So put off all Mistrust and Pride
And while My Principles I beg,
Pray answer only with Your Leg
Believe what friendly I advise
Be first secure, and then be wise
The Man within the Coach that sits,
And to another's Skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than He that drives

So, DICK *Adept*, tuck back Thy Hair,
And I will pour into Thy Ear
Remarks, which None did e'er disclose,
In smooth-pac'd Verse, or hobling Prose
Attend, Dear DICK, but don't reply
And Thou may'st prove as Wise as I

When ALMA now in diff'rent Ages,
Has finish'd Her ascending Stages,
Into the Head at length She gets,
And There in Public Grandeur sits,
To judge of Things, and censure Wits

Here, RICHARD, how could I explain,
The various Lab'rincths of the Brain?
Surprise My Readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of *Cerebrum*, and *Cerebellum*?
How could I play the Commentator
On *Dura*, and on *Pia Mater*?
Where Hot and Cold, and Dry and Wet,
Strive each the t'other's Place to get,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And with incessant Toil and Strife,
 Would keep Possession during Life
 I could demonstrate every Pore,
 Where Mem ry lays up all her Store,
 And to an Inch compute the Station,
 Twixt Judgment and Imagination
 O Friend ! I could display much Learning,
 At least to Men of small Discerning
 The Brain contains ten thousand Cells
 In each some active Fancy dwells
 Which always is at Work, and framing
 The several Follies I was naming
 As in a Hive's vimineous Dome,
 Ten thousand Bees enjoy their Home,
 Each does her studious Action vary,
 To go and come, to fetch and carry
 Each still renews her little Labor,
 Nor jostles her assiduous Neighbour
 Each whilst this *Thesis* I maintain,
 I fancy, Dick, I know thy Brain
 O with the mighty *Theme* affected,
 Could I but see thy Head dissected !

My Head, quoth Dick, to serve your Whim ?
 Spare That, and take some other Limb
 Sir, in your nice Affairs of *System*,
 Wise Men propose but Fools assist em

Says MATTHEW RICHARD, keep thy Head,
 And hold thy Peace, and I'll proceed

Proceed ? quoth Dick Sir, I aver,
 You have already gone too far
 When People once are in the Wrong,
 Each Line they add, is much too long
 Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
 Is only furthest from his Way
 Bless your Conceits ! must I believe,
 Howe'er absurd, what You conceive
 And, for your Friendship, live and dye
 A Papist in Philosophy ?

I say, whatever You maintain
 Of ALMA in the Heart, or Brain,
 The plainest Man alive may tell Ye,
 Her Seat of Empire is the Belly
 From hence She sends out those Supplies,
 Which make Us either stout, or wise
 The Strength of ev'ry other Member,
 Is founded on your Belly-Timber
 The Qualms or Raptures of your Blood
 Rise in Proportion to your Food
 And if you would improve your Thought,
 You must be fed, as well as taught
 Your Stomach makes your Fabric roll,
 Just as the Biass rules the Bowl
 That great ACHILLES might employ
 The Strength, design'd to ruin TROY,
 He Din'd on Lion's Marrow, spread
 On Toasts of Ammunition-Bread
 But by His Mother sent away,
 Amongst the THRACIAN Girls to play,
 Effeminate He sat, and quiet
 Strange Product of a Cheese-cake Diet!
 Now give my Argument fair Play,
 And take the Thing the t'other Way
 The Youngster, who at Nine and Three
 Drinks with his Sisters Milk and Tea,
 From Break-fast reads, 'till twelve a Clock,
 BURNET and HEYLYN, HOBBS and LOCK
 He pays due VISITS after Noon
 To Cousin ALICE, and Uncle JOHN
 At Ten from Coffee-House or Play
 Returning, finishes the Day
 But give him Port, and potent Sack,
 From *Milk-sop* He starts up *Moback*
 Holds that the Happy know no Hours,
 So thro' the Street at Midnight scow'rs
 Breaks Watch-men's Heads, and Chair-men's Glasses,
 And thence proceeds to nicking Sashes
 Till by some tougher Hand o'ercome,
 And first knock'd down, and then led Home,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

He damns the Foot man, strikes the Maid,
And decently reels up to Bed

Observe the various Operations
Of Food, and Drink in several Nations
Was ever TARTAR fierce or cruel,
Upon the Strength of Water Gruel?
But who shall stand His Rage and Force,
If first he rides, then eats his Horse?
Sallads, and Eggs, and lighter Fare
Tune the ITALIAN Spark's Guitar
And, if I take *Dan* CONGREVE right
Pudding and Beef make BRITONS fight
TOKAY and COFFEE cause this Work,
Between the GERMAN and the TURK
And Both, as They Provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint

Hunger and Thirst, or Guns and Swords,
Give the same Death in diff rent Words
To push this Argument no further
To starve a Man, in Law, is Murther

As in a WATCHES fine Machine,
Tho many artful Springs are seen,
The added Movements, which declare,
How full the Moon, how old the Year,
Derive their secondary Pow'r
From that, which simply points the Hour
For, tho these Gim cracks were away
(QUARE would not swear but QUARE would say)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The Watch would still a Watch remain
But if the *Horat* Orbite ceases
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces
Is now no longer what it was,
And You may e'en go sell the Case
So if unprejudic'd you scan
The Goings of this Clock work, Man
You find a hundred Movements made
By fine Devices in his Head

MATTHEW PRIOR

But 'tis the Stomach's solid Stroke,
That tells his Being, what's a Clock
If You take off his *Rhet'ric*-Trigger,
He talks no more in Mood and Figure
Or clog his *Mathematic*-Wheel,
His Buildings fall, his Ship stands still
Or lastly, break his *Politic*-Weight,
His Voice no longer rules the State
Yet if these finer Whims were gone,
Your Clock, tho' plain, would still go on
But spoil the Engine of Digestion,
And You entirely change the Question.
ALMA's Affairs no Pow'r can mend,
The Jest, alas! is at an End
Soon ceases all this worldly Bustle,
And you consign the Corps to RUSSEL

Now make your ALMA come or go,
From Leg to Hand, from Top to Toe;
Your *System*, without My Addition,
Is in a very sad Condition.
So HARLEQUIN extoll'd his Horse,
Fit for the War, or Road, or Course,
His Mouth was soft, his Eye was good,
His Foot was sure as ever trod
One Fault he had, a Fault indeed,
And what was that? The Horse was Dead

DICK, from these Instances and Fetches,
Thou mak'st of Horses, Clocks, and Watches,
Quoth MAT, to Me thou seem'st to mean,
That ALMA is a mere *Machine*,
That telling others what's a Clock,
She knows not what Her self has struck,
But leaves to Standers-by the Tryal,
Of what is mark'd upon her Dial.

Here hold a Blow, good Friend, quoth DICK,
And rais'd his Voice exceeding quick
Fight fair, Sir what I never meant
Don't You infer In Argument,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Similies are like Songs in Love
They much describe they nothing prove

MAT, who was here a little gravel d,
Tost up his Nose, and would have cavil d
But calling HERMES to his Aid,
Half pleas d, half angry, thus He said

Where mind (tis for the Author s Fame)
That MATTHEW call d, and HERMES came
In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt
Poets find Gods to help em out

Friend RICHARD, I begin to see,
That You and I shall scarce agree
Observe how odly you behave
The more I grant, the more You crave
But, Comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and You allow
We *System* makers can sustain
The *Thesis*, which, You grant, was plain
And with Remarks and Comments teaze Ye,
In case the Thing before was easy
But in a Point obscure and dark,
We fight as LEIBNITS did with CLARK
And when no Reason we can show,
Why Matters This or That Way go
The shortest Way the Thing We try,
And what We know not, We deny
True to our own overbearing Pride,
And false to all the World beside

That old Philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what Motion was
Because He walk d against his Will
He fac d Men down, that He stood still
And He who reading on the Heart,
(When all his *Quodlibets* of Art
Could not expound its Pulse and Heat)
Swore, He had never felt it beat
CHRYSIPPUS, foild by ENICURUS,
Makes bold (JOVE bless Him !) to assure Us,

That all things, which our Mind can view,
 May be at once both false, and true
 And MALBRANCH has an odd Conceit,
 As ever enter'd FRENCHMAN's Pate
 Says He, so little can our Mind
 Of Matter, or of Spirit find,
 That We by Guess, at least, may gather
 Something, which may be Both, or Neither.
 Faith, DICK, I must confess, 'tis true
 (But this is only *Entre Nous*)
 That many knotty Points there are,
 Which All discuss, but Few can clear
 As Nature slyly had thought fit,
 For some by-Ends, to cross-bite Wit
 Circles to square, and Cubes to double,
 Would give a Man excessive Trouble
 The Longitude uncertain roams,
 In spite of WH- N and his Bombs
 What *System*, DICK, has right averr'd
 The Cause, why Woman has no Beard,
 Or why, as Years our Frame attack,
 Our Hair grows white, our Teeth grow black?
 In Points like These We must agree,
 Our Barber knows as much as We
 Yet still unable to explain,
 We must persist the best We can,
 With Care our *Systems* still renew,
 And prove Things likely, tho' not true

I could, Thou see'st, in quaint Dispute,
 By dint of *Logic* strike Thee mute,
 With learned Skill, now push, now parry,
 From *Darii* to *Bocardo* vary,
 And never yield, or what is worst,
 Never conclude the Point discours'd
 Yet, that You *hic & nunc* may know,
 How much You to my Candor owe,
 I'll from the Disputant descend,
 To show Thee, I assume the Friend
 I'll take Thy Notion for my own
 (So most Philosophers have done)

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

It makes my *System* more complete
DICK, can it have a Nobler Fate?
Take what Thou wilt, said DICK, Dear Friend,
But bring thy Matters to an End

I find, quoth MAT, Reproof is vain
Who first offend will first complain
Thou wishest, I should make to Shoar,
Yet still put st in Thy thwarting Oar
What I have told Thee fifty times
In Prose, receive for once in Rhimes
A huge fat Man in Countrey-Fair,
Or City Church, (no matter where)
Labor d and push d amidst the Croud,
Still bauling out extremely loud,
Lord save Us! why do People press?
Another marking his Distress,
Friendly reply d Plump Gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er You can
Or cease to push, or to exclaim
You make the very Croud You blame

Says DICK, your Moral does not need
The least Return, So e'en proceed
Your Tale, howe'er apply d, was short
So far, at least, I thank You for t

MAT took his Thanks, and in a Tone
More Magisterial, thus went on

Now ALMA settles in the Head
As has before been sung, or said
And here begins this Farce of Life
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife
Behold on both Sides Men advance,
To form in Earnest BAYS's Dance
L AVARE not using Half his Store,
Still grumbles, that He has no more
Strikes not the present Tun, for fear
The Vintage should be bad next Year
And eats To day with inward Sorrow,
And Dread of fancy d Want To-morrow

MATTHEW PRIOR

Abroad if the *Sou-tout* You wear,
Repells the Rigor of the Air,
Would You be warmer, if at Home
You had the Fabric, and the Loom?
And if two Boots keep out the Weather,
What need You have two Hides of Leather?
Could PEDRO, think You, make no Tryal
Of a *Sonata* on his Viol,
Unless he had the total Gut,
Whence every String at first was cut?

When RARUS shows You his Carton,
He always tells You, with a Groan,
Where two of that same Hand were torn,
Long before You, or He were born

Poor VENTO's Mind so much is crost,
For Part of His PETRONIUS lost,
That He can never take the Pains
To understand what yet remains

What Toil did honest CURIO take?
What strict Enquiries did He make,
To get one Medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his ROMAN Sett?
'Tis found and O his happy Lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot
Of These no more You hear Him speak
He now begins upon the GREEK
These rang'd and show'd, shall in their Turns
Remain obscure, as in their Urns
My Copper-Lamps at any Rate,
For being True Antique, I bought,
Yet wisely melted down my Plate,
On Modern Models to be wrought
And Trifles I alike pursue,
Because They're Old, because They're New

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DICK, I have seen You with Delight,
For GEORGY make a Paper-Kite
And simple Odes too many show Ye,
My servile Complaisance to CLOE

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Parents and Lovers are decreed
By Nature Fools That's brave indeed !
Quoth DICK such Truths are worth receiving
Yet still DICK look'd, as not believing

Now, ALMA, to Divines and Prose
I leave Thy Frauds, and Crimes, and Woes
Nor think To night of Thy Ill-Nature,
But of Thy Follies, Idle Creature,
The turns of Thy uncertain Wing,
And not the Malice of Thy Sting
Thy Pride of being great and wise,
I do but mention, to despise
I view with Anger and Disdain,
How little gives Thee Joy, or Pain
A Print, a *Bronze*, a Flower, a Root,
A Shell, a Butter fly can do't
Evn a Romance, a Tune, a Rhime
Help Thee to pass the tedious Time,
Which else would on thy Hand remain
Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again
And Cards are dealt, and Chess boards brought,
To ease the Pain of Coward Thought
Happy Result of Human Wit !
That ALMA may Her self forget

DICK, thus We act and thus We are,
Or toss'd by Hope, or sunk by Care
With endless Pain This Man pursues
What, if he gain'd, He could not use
And T'other fondly Hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be
We err by Use, go wrong by Rules
In Gesture grave, in Action Fools
We join Hypocrisie to Pride,
Doubling the Faults, We strive to hide
Or grant, that with extreme Surprize,
We find our selves at Sixty wise
And twenty pretty Things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish One

MATTHEW PRIOR

Whilst, as my *System* says, the Mind
Is to these upper Rooms confin'd
Should I, my Friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd Sense, her fond Conceit,
The Bede-roll of her vicious Tricks,
My Poem would be too prolix
For could I my Remarks sustain,
Like SOCRATES, or MILES MONTAIGNE,
Who in these Times would read my Books,
But TOM o' STILES, or JOHN o' NOKES?

As BRENTFORD Kings discrete and wise,
After long Thought and grave Advice,
Into LARDELLA's Coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their Mirth or Weeping
So ALMA now to Joy or Grief
Superior, finds her late Relief
Weary'd of being High, or Great,
And nodding in her Chair of State,
Stun'd and worn out with endless Chat,
Of WILL did this, and NAN said that,
She finds, poor Thing, some little Crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
Thro' which She wings her destin'd Way
Upward She soars, and down drops Clay
While some surviving Friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred Lies

O RICHARD, 'till that Day appears,
Which must decide our Hopes and Fears.
Would FORTUNE calm her present Rage,
And give us Play-things for our Age
Would CLOTHO wash her Hands in Milk,
And twist our Thread with Gold and Silk
Would She in Friendship, Peace, and Plenty,
Spin out our Years to four times Twenty
And should We both in this Condition,
Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition,
(Else those two Passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy Play)

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Then RICHARD, then should We sit down,
 Far from the Tumult of this Town
 I fond of my well chosen Seat,
 My Pictures, Medals, Books compleat
 Or should We mix our friendly Talk,
 O'er shaded in that Fav'rite Walk,
 Which Thy own Hand had whilom planted,
 Both pleas'd with all we thought We wanted
 Yet then, ev'n then one cross Reflection
 Would spoil Thy Grove, and My Collection
 Thy Son and his, e'er that, may die
 And Time some uncouth Heir supply,
 Who shall for nothing else be known,
 But spoiling All, that Thou hast done
 Who set the Twigs, shall He remember,
 That is in Hast to sell the Timber?
 And what shall of thy Woods remain,
 Except the Box that threw the Main?

Nay may not Time and Death remove
 The near Relations, whom I love?
 And my Coz TOM, or his Coz MARY
 (Who hold the Plough, or skim the Dairy)
 My Fav'rite Books and Pictures sell
 To SMART, or DOILEY by the Ell?
 Kindly throw in a little Figure,
 And set their Price upon the bigger?
 Those who could never read their Grammar
 When my dear Volumes touch the Hammer,
 May think Books best, as richest bound
 My Copper Medals by the Pound
 May be with learned Justice weigh'd
 To turn the Ballance, ORHO'S Head
 May be thrown in And for the Mettle,
 The Coin may mend a Tinker's Kettle

Tir'd with these Thought Less tir'd than I,
 Quoth DICK, with Your Philosophy
 That People live and dye, I knew
 An hour ago, as well as You

And if Fate spins Us longer Years,
Or is in haste to take the Shears,
I know, We must Both Fortunes try,
And bear our Evils, wet or dry
Yet let the Goddess smile, or frown,
Bread We shall eat, or white, or brown
And in a Cottage, or a Court,
Drink fine *Champagne*, or muddl'd *Port*
What need of Books these Truths to tell,
Which Folks perceive, who cannot spell?
And must We Spectacles apply,
To view, what hurts our naked Eye?

Sir, if it be Your Wisdom's Aim,
To make Me merrier than I am,
I'll be all Night at Your Devotion
Come on, Friend, broach the pleasing Notion
But if You would depress my Thought,
Your *System* is not worth a Groat

For PLATO's Fancies what care I?
I hope You would not have me die,
Like simple CATO in the Play,
For any Thing that He can say?
E'en let Him of *Ideas* speak
To Heathens in his Native GREEK
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever SOCRATES has said,
Or TULLY writ, or WANLEY read

Dea! DRIFT, to set our Matters right,
Remove these Papers from my Sight,
Burn MAR's DES-CART', and ARISTOTLE
Here, JONATHAN, Your Master's Bottle

SOLOMON

ON THE VANI'Y OF THE WORLD.

A POEM In THREE BOOKS

Ο Βίος γὰρ ὄνομ' ἔχει πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πελεῖ
Eurip

*Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam,
& in cunis vagiam, valde recusem*
Cicero de Senect

The *bewailing of Man's Miseries* hath been elegantly
and copiously set forth by Many in the Writings as
well of Philosophers as Divines And it is both a
pleasant and a profitable Contemplation

Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning

THE PREFACE.

IT is hard for a Man to speak of himself with any tolerable Satisfaction or Success. He can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a Satyr made on him by another and though He may justly desire, that a Friend should praise him, yet if He makes his own Panegyric, He will get very Few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own Writings. An Author is in the Condition of a Culprit. the Public are his Judges by allowing too much, and condescending too far, He may injure his own Cause, and become a kind of Felo de se, and by Pleading and Asserting too boldly, He may displease the Court that sits upon him. His Apology may only heighten his Accusation. I would avoid these Extremes and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the Reader with a long Preface, before he enters upon an indifferent Poem, I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The Noble Images and Reflections, the profound Reasonings upon Human Actions, and excellent Precepts for the Government of Life, which are found in the PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, and other Books commonly attributed to SOLOMON, afford Subjects for finer Poems in every Kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the GREEK, LATIN, or any Modern Language. How far They were Verse in their Original, is a Dissertation not to be entred into at present.

Out of this great Treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused Magnificence, above all Order, I had a Mind to collect and digest such Observations, and Apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the Proof of that great Assertion, laid down in the beginning of the ECCLESIASTES, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the Subject thus chosen, such various Images present themselves to a Writer's Mind, that He must find it easier to

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

judge, what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The Difficulty lies in drawing, and disposing or (as the Painters term it) in grouping such a Multitude of different Objects, preserving still the Justice and Conformity of Style and Coloring, the *Simplex duntaxat & unum*, which HORACE prescribes, as requisite to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect.

As Precept, however true in Theory, or useful in Practice, would be but dry and tedious in Verse, especially if the Recital be long I found it necessary to form some Story, and give a kind of Body to the Poem. Under what Species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalie, or Heroic, I leave to the Judgment of the Critics desiring them to be favourable in their Censure and not solicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief Personage or Character in the Epic, is always proportioned to the Design of the Work, to carry on the Narration, and the Moral. HOMER intended to shew us in his *Iliad*, that Dissentions amongst great Men obstruct the Execution of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the Ruin of a State or Kingdom. His ACHILLES therefore is haughty, and passionate, impatient of any Restraint by Laws, and arrogant in Arms. In His *Odysseys* the same Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest Difficulties may be overcome by Labor, and our Fortune restored after the severest Afflictions. ULYSSES therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient. VIRGIL's Design was to tell us, how from a small Colony established by the TROJANS in ITALY, the ROMAN Empire rose, and from what antient Families AUGUSTUS (who was His Prince and Patron) descended. His Hero therefore was to fight his Way to the Throne, still distinguish'd and protected by the Favor of the Gods. The Poet to this End takes off from the Vices of ACHILLES, and adds to the Virtues of ULYSSES from both perfecting a Character proper for his Work in the Person of ÆNEAS.

As VIRGIL copy'd after HOMER, other Epic Poets have copied after them both. TASSO's *Jerusalem Liberata* is directly Troy Town Sacked with this Difference only, that the two chief Characters in HOMER, which the LATIN Poet had joined in One, the ITALIAN has separated in his GODFREY and RINALDO but He makes them both carry on his Work with very great Success. RONSARD's *FRANCIADE*, (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again VIRGIL's *ÆNEIS*. His Hero comes from a Foreign Country, settles a Colony, and lays the Foundation of a future

MATTHEW PRIOR

Empire I instance in this, as the greatest ITALIAN and FRENCH Poets in the Epic In our Language SPENSER has not contented himself with this submissive Manner of Imitation He launches out into very flowery Paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great Road His Fairy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in the Account, which every Knight was to give of his Adventures, and in the accumulated Praises of his Heroine GLORIANA The Whole would have been an Heroic Poem, but in another Cast and Figure, than any that had ever been written before Yet it is observable, that every Hero (as far as We can judge by the Books still remaining) bears his distinguished Character, and represents some particular Virtue conducive to the whole Design

To bring this to our present Subject The Pleasures of Life do not compensate the Miseries Age steals upon Us unawares, and Death, as the only Cure of our Ills, ought to be expected, but not feared This Instruction is to be illustrated by the Action of some great Person Who therefore more proper for the Business than SOLOMON himself? And why may He not be supposed now to repeat what, We take it for granted, He acted almost three thousand Years since? If in the fair Situation where this Prince was placed, He was acquainted with Sorrow, If endowed with the greatest Perfections of Nature, and possess'd of all the Advantages of external Condition, He could not find Happiness, the rest of Mankind may safely take the Monarch's Word for the Truth of what He asserts And the Author who would persuade, that We should bear the Ills of Life patiently, meerly because SOLOMON felt the same, has a better Argument, than LUCRETIVUS had, when in his imperious way, He at once convinces and commands, that We ought to submit to Death without repining, because EPICURUS died

The whole Poem is a Soliloquy SOLOMON is the Person that speaks He is at once the Hero and the Author, but He tells Us very often what others say to Him Those chiefly introduced are His Rabbies and Philosophers in the First Book, and His Women and their Attendants in the Second With These the Sacred History mention Him to have conversed, as likewise with the Angel brought down in the Third Book, to help Him out of His Difficulties, or at least to teach Him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

I presume this Poetical Liberty may be very justly allowed Me on so solemn an Occasion

In my Description I have endeavoured to keep to the Notions and Manners of the JEWISH Nation, at the time when SOLOMON lived And where I allude to the Customs of the GREEKS, I believe I may be justified by the strictest Chronology though a Poet is not obliged to the Rules, that confine an Historian VIRGIL has anticipated Two hundred Years, or the TROJAN Hero and CARTHAGINIAN Queen could not have been brought together And without the same Anachronism several of the finest Parts of his ÆNEIS must have been omitted Our Country man MILTON goes yet further He takes up many of his Material Images some Thousands of Years after the Fall of Man Nor could He otherwise have written, or We read one of the sublimest Pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced This likewise takes off the Objection, that some Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions in Natural Philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the Geography or Astronomy of SOLOMON's Time Poets are allowed the same Liberty, in their Descriptions and Comparisons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments Their Personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same Habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful In this case Probability must atone for the want of Truth This Liberty has indeed been abused by Eminent Masters in either Science RAPHAEL and TASSO have shewed their Discretion, where PAUL VERONESE and ARIOSTO are to answer for their Extravagancies It is the Excess, not the Thing it self, that is blameable

I would say one Word of the Measure, in which This, and most Poems of the Age are written Heroic with continued Rhime, as DONNE and his Contemporaries used it, carrying the Sense of one Verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near Prose As DAVENANT and WALLER corrected, and DRYDEN perfected it It is too Confined It cuts off the Sense at the end of every first Line, which must always rhyme to the next following, and consequently produces too frequent an Identity in the Sound, and brings every Couplet to the Point of an Epigram It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the Sentiments and represent the Images proper for Epic And as it tires the Writer while he composes,

MATTHEW PRIOR

it must do the same to the Reader while he repeats, especially in a Poem of any considerable length

If striking out into Blank Verse, as MILTON did (and in this kind Mr PHILIPPS, had He lived, would have excelled) or running the Thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows a greater Variety, and still preserves the Dignity of the Verse, as SPENSER and FAIRFAX have done, If either of these, I say, be a proper Remedy for my Poetical Complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine. I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the Judgment of Others. And while I am speaking of the Verse it self, I give all just Praise to many of my Friends now living, who have in Epic carried the Harmony of their Numbers as far, as the Nature of this Measure will permit. But once more, He that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters. And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger Steps

I need make no Apology for the short Digressive Panegyric upon GREAT BRITAIN, in the First Book. I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my Verses a Zeal for the Honor of my Country. and I had rather be thought a good English-man, than the best Poet, or greatest Scholar that ever wrote

And now, as to the publishing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Sense observed HORACE's Nonum prematur in Annum, yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Lawgiver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the Term prescribed, but in the mean time I had little Leisure, and less Inclination to revise or print it. The frequent Interruptions I have met with in my private Studies, and great Variety of Public Life, in which I have been employed, my Thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a Habitude very different from what the Beauty and Elegance of English Poetry requires. All These, and some other Circumstances, which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my Excuse in this Behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these Papers in my Scritoire, there to lie in Peace, 'till my Executors might have taken Them out. What altered this Design, or how my Scritoire came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed, is the Question. The true Reason

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

I take to be the best Many of my Friends of the first Quality, finest Learning, and greatest Understanding, have wrested the Key from my Hands by a very kind and irresistible Violence And the Poem is published, not without my Consent indeed, but a little against my Opinion and with an implicate Submission to the Partiality of Their Judgment As I give up here the Fruits of many of my vacant Hours to Their Amusement and Pleasure, I shall always think my self happy, if I may dedicate my most serious Endeavours to Their Interest and Service And I am proud to finish this Preface by saying, that the Violence of many Enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed, by the Goodness of more Friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige And if I here assume the Liberty of mentioning My Lord HARLEY and Lord BATHURST as the Authors of this Amicable Confederacy, among All Those, whose Names do me great Honor in the beginning of my Book These Two only ought to be angry with me, for I disobey their positive Order, whilst I make even this small Acknowledgment of their particular kindness

MATTHEW PRIOR

KNOWLEDGE;

THE

FIRST BOOK.

'The ARGUMENT'.

SOLOMON seeking Happiness from Knowledge, convenes the Learned Men of His Kingdom, requires them to explain to Him the various Operations and Effects of Nature, discourses of Vegetables, Animals, and Man, proposes some Questions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth, proceeds to examine the System of the visible Heaven, doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds, enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels, and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins, and Doctors, blames His own Curiosity, and concludes, that as to Human Science, ALL IS VANITY.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this Book*

The Words of the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, King of JERUSALEM ECCLESIASTES, Chap I Vers 1

Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity Vers 2

I communed with mine own Heart, saying, lo, I am come to great Estate, and have gotten more Wisdom, than all they that have been before me in JERUSALEM Yea my Heart had great Experience of Wisdom and Knowledge Vers 16

He spake of Trees, from the Cedar tree that is in LEBANON, even unto the Hyssop that springeth out of the Wall he spake also of Beasts, and of Fowl, and of creeping Things, and of Fishes 1 KINGS, Chap IV Vers 33

I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it and God doeth it that Men should fear before him ECCLESIASTES, Chap III Vers 14

He hath made every *thing* beautiful in his time Also he hath set the World in their Heart, so that no Man can find out the Work that God maketh from the beginning to the end Vers 11

For in much Wisdom is much Grief and He that increaseth Knowledge, increaseth Sorrow Chap I Vers 18

And further, by these, my Son, be admonished of making many Books there is no End and much Study is a weariness of the Flesh Chap 12 Vers 12

MATTHEW PRIOR

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men, with just Regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires Him to explain,
That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain
That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End
That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Passions, Labors, Tumults, Cares,
And at Approach of Death shall only know
The Truths, which from these pensive Numbers flow,
That We pursue false Joy, and suffer real Woe

Happiness, Object of that waking Dream,
Which we call Life, mistaking, Fugitive Theme
Of my pursuing Verse, Ideal Shade,
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,
And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
Whose dancing Beams mis-lead our fond Desire,
Cause of our Care, and Error of our Mind
O! had'st Thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
To ADAM, and his Mortal Race, the Boon
Entire, had been reserv'd for SOLOMON
On Me the partial Lot had been bestow'd,
And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made,
E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
That Joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

This, sad Experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate, is from what I feel

Born as I was, great DAVID'S fav'rite Son,
Dear to my People, on the HEBREW Throne
Sublime, my Court with OPHIR'S Treasures blest,
My Name extended to the farthest East,
My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace
Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
My shining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment sound
Arise (I commun'd with my self) arise
Think, to be Happy to be Great, be Wise
Content of Spirit must from Science flow
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know

I said and sent my Edict thro' the Land
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* stand,
Historic Leaves revolve, long Volumes spread,
The Old discoursing, as the Younger read
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and said,

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree
I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of *LEBANON* nodding supremely tall,
To creeping *Moss*, and *Hyssop* on the Wall
Yet just and conscious to my self, I find
A thousand Doubts oppose the searching Mind

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade
Whilst tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms arise,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies
Nor why again the changing *Oak* should shed
The Yearly Honour of his stately Head
Whilst the distinguish'd *Yew* is ever seen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green
Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypress* flourish in the Shade?

MATTHEW PRIOR

The *Fig* and *Date* why love they to remain
 In middle Station, and an even Plain,
 While in the lower Maish the *Gourd* is found,
 And while the Hill with *Olive*-shade is crown'd?
 Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
 The blushing *Poppy* with a crimson Hue,
 Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
 Why does the fond *Carnation* love to shoot
 A various Colour from one Parent Root,
 While the fantastic *Tulip* strives to break
 In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
 The twining *Jasmine*, and the blushing *Rose*,
 With lavish Grace their Morning Scents disclose
 The smelling *Tub'rose* and *Junquile* declare,
 The stronger Impulse of an Evening Air
 Whence has the Tree (resolve me) or the Flow'r
 A various Instinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?
 Why should one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
 Raise This to Strength, and sicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
 We name the *Sensitive*, should move and feel?
 Whence know her Leaves to answer her Command,
 And with quick Horror fly the neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
 Ten thousand Stalks their various Blossoms spread
 Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil,
 Yet with confess'd Magnificence deride
 Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride
 The *Cowslip* smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
 Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breast
 A fairer Red stands blushing in the *Rose*,
 Than That which on the Bridegroom's Vestment flows
 Take but the humblest *Lilly* of the Field,
 And if our Pride will to our Reason yield,
 It must by sure Comparison be shown,
 That on the Regal Seat great DAVID's Son,
 Aray'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
 Shines with less Glory, than that simple Flow'r

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Of Fishes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
 How the mute Race engender, or respire,
 From the small Fry that glide on JORDAN'S Stream
 Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
 To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
 And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempest plays
 How They in Warlike Bands march greatly forth
 From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
 To Southern Climes directing their Career,
 Their Station changing with th inverted Year
 How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
 To chuse their proper Bed, and Wave and Food
 To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
 Proper Materials for her Nest can find,
 And build a Frame, which deepest Thought in Man
 Would or amend, or imitate in vain
 How in small Flights They know to try their Young,
 And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song
 Why these frequent the Plain, and those the Wood
 Why ev'ry Land has her specific Brood
 Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,
 Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows
 If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
 In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep
 Or conscious of the coming Evil, fly
 To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky

Of Beasts and creeping Insects shall we trace
 The wondrous Nature, and the various Race
 Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
 Of Us, what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's Bosom, whence the *Bee*
 Was first inform'd her vent'rous Flight to steer
 Thro' tractless Paths, and an Abyss of Air
 Whence she avoids the slimy Marsh, and knows
 The fertile Hills where sweeter Herbage grows,
 And Hony making Flow'rs their opening Buds disclose

MATTHEW PRIOR

How from the thicken'd Mist, and setting Sun
Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?
Who taught Her against Winds and Rains to strive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro' the liquid Fields again to pass
Dutious, and hark'ning to the sounding Brass?

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
'Midst Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want
By constant Journeys careful to prepare
Her Stores, and bringing home the Corny Ear,
By what Instruction does She bite the Grain,
Lest hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Foresight of her Care?
Distinct in either Insect's Deed appear
The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear. }

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*,
On the vile *Worm*, that Yesterday began
To crawl, Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
Like Thee they breath, they move, they tast, they see,
They show their Passions by their Acts like Thee
Darting their Stings, they previously declare
Design'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love
Each then has Organs to digest his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood and Heart, and Brain,
Life, and her proper Functions to sustain, }
Tho' the whole Fabric smaller than a Grain
What more can our penurious Reason grant
To the large *Whale*, or Castled *Elephant*,
To those enormous Terrors of the Nile,
The crested *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
Each destin'd to a less, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Now forms her Work too small, now too immense,
 And scorns the Measures of our feeble Sense
 The Object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
 Denies it's real Image to the Eye
 Too little, it eludes the dazzl'd Sight
 Becomes mixt Blackness, or unparted Light
 Water and Air the varied Form confound,
 The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round

Thus while with fruitless Hope, and weary Pain,
 We seek great Nature's Pow'r, but seek in vain
 Safe sits the Goddess in her dark Retreat
 Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
 And endless Shapes, which the Mysterious Queen
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain
 As from our lost Pursuit She wills to hide
 Her close Decrees, and chasten human Pride

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* still remains
 He tires his Life in biting on his Chains
 For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
 Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
 He seeks his Keeper's Flesh, and thirsts his Blood
 While the strong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horse*,
 Restrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
 Do to the Rider's Will their Rage submit,
 And answer to the Spur and own the Bit,
 Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
 Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command

Again the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
 On secret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud
 Now hunts the Cliff, now traverses the Lawn
 And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man
 While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
 Likest that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
 Refuses thro' these Cliffs and Lawns to roam
 Pursues the noted Path, and covets home
 Does with kind Joy Domestic Faces meet
 Takes what the glutt'd Child denies to eat
 And dying, licks his long lov'd Master's Feet

MATTHEW PRIOR

By what immediate Cause They are inclin'd,
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find
I see in others, or I think I see,
That strict their Principles, and our's agree
Evil like Us they shun, and covet Good,
Abhor the Poison, and receive the Food
Like Us they love or hate like Us they know,
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe
With seeming Thought their Action they intend,
And use the Means proportion'd to the End
Then vainly the Philosopher avers,
That Reason guides our Deed, and Instinct their's
How can We justly diff'rent Causes frame,
When the Effects entirely are the same?
Instinct and Reason how can we divide?
'Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride

With the same Folly sure, Man vaunts his Sway,
If the brute Beast refuses to Obey
For tell me, when the empty Boaster's Word
Proclaims himself the Universal Lord,
Does He not tremble, lest the *Lion's* Paw
Should join his Plea against the fancy'd Law?
Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair,
If in the Schools or Porches should appear
The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*?

The Combatant too late the Field declines,
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins
When the swift Vessel flies before the Wind,
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing,
Forward She strives, averse to be with-held
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field

Consider with me this Ætherial Space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place
Anxious I ask Ye, how the Pensile Ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall
When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

I doubt of many Lands, if they contain
 Or Herd of Beast, or Colony of Man
 If any Nations pass their destin'd Days
 Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays
 If any suffer on the Polar Coast,
 The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Frost

May not the Pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of These some secret Good dispense?
 Those who amidst the Torrid Regions live,
 May they not Gales unknown to us receive,
 See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirsty Earth,
 And bless the flow'ry Buds succeeding Birth?
 May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
 The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere
 While by fix'd Laws, and with a just Return,
 They feel twelve Hours that shade for twelve that burn
 And praise the neighb'ring Sun, whose constant Flame
 Enlightens them with Seasons still the same?
 And may not Those, whose distant Lot is cast
 North beyond TARTARY'S extended Waste,
 Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
 Six shining Months pursue their even Way
 And Six succeeding urge their dusky Flight,
 Obscur'd with Vapors and overwhelm'd in Night
 May not, I ask, the Natives of these Climes
 (As Annals may inform succeeding Times)
 To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
Their one Vicissitude, and equal Share
 Of Day and Night, disparted thro' the Year?
 May they not scorn our Sun's repeated Race,
 To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
 Hast'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
 Half of our Daily Toil yet scarcely done?
 May they not justly to our Climes upbraid
 Shortness of Night, and Penury of Shade
 That e'er our weary'd Limbs are justly blest
 With wholesom Sleep, and necessary Rest
 Another Sun demands return of Care,
 The remnant Toil of Yesterday to bear?

MATTHEW PRIOR

Whilst, when the Solar Beams salute their Sight,
Bold and secure in half a Year of Light,
Uninterrupted Voyages they take
To the remotest Wood, and farthest Lake,
Manage the Fishing, and pursue the Course
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force
And when declining Day forsakes their Sky,
When gath'ring Clouds speak gloomy Winter nigh,
With Plenty for the coming Season blest,
Six solid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
From all the Labor, Process, Clamor, Woe,
Which our sad Scenes of daily Action know
They light the shining Lamp, prepare the Feast,
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Guest,
Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning Fair,
And rais'd in Pleasure, or repos'd in Ease
(Grateful Alternates of substantial Peace)
They bless the long Nocturnal Influence shed
On the crown'd Goblet, and the Genial Bed

In foreign Isles which our Discov'ers find,
Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd,
The rugged *Bears*, or spotted *Lynx's* brood,
Frighten the Vallies, and infest the Wood
The hungry *Crocodile*, and hissing *Snake*
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake
And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beast,
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infest.
Deriv'd these Men and Animals their Birth
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?
Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
In EDEN's Shade, and one created Man?
Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
By coasting Boats from next adjacent Shoar
Would Those, from whom We will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless Lands, and Poyson bring?
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
Feed the She-*Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
Or could they think the new Discover'd Isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And since the Savage Lineage we must trace
From NOAH sav'd, and his distinguish'd Race
How should their Fathers happen to forget
The Arts which NOAH taught, the Rules He set,
To sow the Glebe, to plant the generous Vine,
And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
Unpress'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
Stragling o'er Dale and Hill in quest of Food,
And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God

How shall We next o'er Earth and Seas pursue
The vary'd Forms of ev'ry thing we view
That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
Of those Materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest,
Each becomes other Water stop'd gives Birth
To Grass and Plants, and thickens into Earth
Diffus'd it rises in a higher Sphere
Dilates it's Drops, and softens into Air
Those finer Parts of Air again aspire
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire
That Fire once more by thicker Air overcome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
Alters it's Particles, is Fire no more
But lies resplendent Dust, and Shining Oar
Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes it's Shape puts off it's old Remains,
With wat'ry Parts it's lessen'd Force divides
Flows into Waves, and rises into Tides

Disparted Streams shall from their Channels fly,
And deep surcharg'd by sandy Mountains lye,
Obscurely sepulcher'd By eating Rain,
And furious Wind, down to the distant Plain
The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies
Shall fall The Plain by slow Degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the Summit Hill
For Time must Nature's great Behests fulfill

MATTHEW PRIOR

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, small or great.
Thus JORDAN's Waves shall future Clouds appear,
And EGYPT's *Pyramids* refine to Air.
Thus later Age shall ask for PISON's Flood,
And Travellers enquire, where BABEL stood

Now where we see these Changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by, as Natural
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear
Let active Thought these close *Mæanders* trace
Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place
Are all Things Miracle, or nothing such?
And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud
Is this more strange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December's* Frost, and white with Snow,
Should push, in Spring, ten thousand thousand Buds,
And boast returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
That each successive Night from opening Heav'n
The Food of Angels should to Man be giv'n,
Is this more strange, than that with common Bread
Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed,
Than that each Grain and Seed consum'd in Earth,
Raises it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth,
And from the handful, which the Tiller sows,
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harvest flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Sense produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
From Nature's constant or Eccentric Laws,
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,
That an Effect must presuppose a Cause
And while She does her upward Flight sustain,
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity,
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

This great Existence thus by Reason found,
 Blest by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd
 How can we bind or limit His Decree,
 By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may see?
 Say then Is all in Heaps of Water lost,
 Beyond the Islands, and the Mid land Coast?
 Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
 Sever'd those Waters by some other Earth,
 Countries by future Plow shares to be torn,
 And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
 E'er the progressive Course of restless Age
 Performs Three thousand times it's Annual Stage
 May not our Pow'r and Learning be suppress'd
 And Arts and Empire learn to travel West?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
 Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
 Ascends my Soul? what sees She White and Great
 Amidst subjected Seas? An ISLE, the Seat
 Of Pow'r and Plenty Her Imperial Throne,
 For Justice and for Mercy sought and known
 Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
 From thence to this distinguish'd Nation given
 Yet farther West the Western ISLE extends
 Her happy Fame her Armed Fleets She sends
 To Climates folded yet from human Eye
 And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky
 From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts resound,
 And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound,
 Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
 In other INDIES, and a second World

Long shall BRITANNIA (That must be her Name)
 Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame
 Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
 The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age
 Rever'd and Happy She shall long remain,
 Of human Things least changeable, least vain
 Yet All must with the gen'ral Doom comply
 And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye

MATTHEW PRIOR

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky
Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red,
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night
Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n
Reason our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky,
Than that Night rises from his absent Ray,
And his returning Lustre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obscur'd by Rain
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire
Pitchy and dark the Night sometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears
Our Joy and Wonder sometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights
Send forth, Ye Wise, send forth your lab'ring Thought
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and scaffolding of Words
In other Garb my Question I receive,
And take the Doubt the very same I gave

Lo! as a Giant strong the lusty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Course, yet constant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finishing the Year.
Again when his descending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires,
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Each Planet shining in his proper Sphere,
 Does with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer
 Each sees his Lamp with different Lustre crown'd
 Each knows his Course with different Periods bound
 And in his Passage thro' the liquid Space,
 Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbors Race
 Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?
 Does innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?
 Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have shown)
 Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
 All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,
 Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares
 (Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
 When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
 But shining with such vast, such various Light,
 As speaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite
 How mean the Order and Perfection sought
 In the best Product of the human Thought,
 Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
 In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his Ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a Day
 How small a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
 To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n?
 And of those Stars which our imperfect Eye
 Has doom'd, and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
 Each by a native stock of Honor great,
 May dart strong Influence, and diffuse kind Heat,
 It self a Sun and with transmissive Light
 Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight
 Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
 New Moons may grow or wane may set or rise,
 And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths,
 Give their own Elements their proper Births
 Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole
 See their Lands flourish and their Oceans roll,
 Yet these great Orbs thus radically bright,
 Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,

MATTHEW PRIOR

May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Distance, or their Height appear)
Be seen a nobler, or inferior Star,
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye

In vain We measure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix it's Centre here or there,
Whilst it's Circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquish'd Thought

Where then are all the radiant *Monsters* driv'n,
With which your Guesses fill'd the frighten'd Heaven?
Where will their fictitious Images remain?
In paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN's Brain

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Guess,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confess,
That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,
And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite
But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?
Thy self but Dust, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration, foolish Man!
As well may the minutest Emmet say,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way
The Snail, that LEBANON's extended Wood
Was destin'd only for his Walk, and Food
The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye,
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,
Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought
 (I offer only what Tradition taught)
 Embattl'd Cherub against Cherub rose
 Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppose
 Heav'n rung with Triumph Hell was fill'd with Woes
 What were these Forms, of which your Volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
 These bound to bear an everlasting Load,
 Durance of Chain, and Banishment of God
 By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire,
 To swim in sulph'rous Lakes, or land on solid Fire
 While Those exalted to primæval Light,
 Excess of Blessing, and Supreme Delight,
 Only perceive some little Pause of Joys
 In those great Moments, when their God employs
 Their Ministry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
 On the proud King, or the Rebellious State
 Or to reverse JEHOVAH'S high Command,
 And speak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
 When to his Duty the proud King returns
 And the Rebellious State in Ashes mourns
 How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd
 Or view that Presence, which no Space can bind?
 Is GOD above, beneath, or yon, or here?
 He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?
 O how can wicked Angels find a Night
 So dark, to hide em from that piercing Light,
 Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now of Angel, when I hear
 Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?
 Spirits to Action spiritual confin'd,
 Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Nor by external Eye be ever seen
 Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
 That these had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone?
 Else how could ABRAM wash their weary'd Feet
 Or SARAH please their Taste with sav'ry Meat?
 Whence should they fear? or why did LOR engage
 To save their bodies from abusive Rage?

MATTHEW PRIOR

And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling Angel's Might?
How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?
O! how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
By stronger Blasts still subject to be tost,
By Tempests scatter'd, and in Whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing Frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great Effect of one Creator's Care,
That whilst our Bodies sicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilst We struggle in this Vale beneath,
With Want and Sorrow, with Disease and Death,
Do They more bless'd perpetual Life employ
On Songs of Pleasure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World survey'd,
And found, that Nothing by it self was made,
When Thought has rais'd it self by just Degrees,
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees,
From smoaking Min'rals, and from rising Streams,
From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES,
From all the Living, that four-footed move
Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove,
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
Thro' the Aerial, or the Wat'ry Sky,
From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
That miserable Master of the Whole,
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd Light,
From Essences unseen, Celestial Names,
Enlight'ning Spirits, and ministerial Flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each Degree the name of Creature owns

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Lift we our Reason to that Sov reign Cause,
 Who blest the whole with Life, and bounded it with Laws,
 Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
 His Will and Act, His Word and Work the same
 To whom a thousand Years are but a Day
 Who bad the Light her genial Beams display
 And set the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way
 Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
 Primæval, order'd his predestin'd Course
 Himself, as in the Hollow of His Hand,
 Holding, obedient to His high Command,
 The deep Abyss, the long continu'd Store,
 Where Months, and Days, and Hours and Minutes pour
 Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more
 This ALPHA and OMEGA, First and Last,
 Who like the Potter in a Mould has cast
 The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the Eyes of Sense and Reason see,
 Yet if He wills, may change or spoil the whole
 May take yon beauteous mystic, starr'd Roll,
 And burn it, like an useless parchment Scroll
 May from its *Basin* in one Moment pour
 This melted Earth
 Like liquid Metal, and like burning Or
 Who sole in Pow'r, at the Beginning said
 Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made
 And it was so And when He shall ordain
 In other Sort, has but to speak again,
 And They shall be no more Of this great Theme,
 This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlasting Name,
 This GOD, I would discourse

The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,
 And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd
 Nor Speech They meditate, nor Answer frame
 Too plain, alas! their Silence spake their Shame
 Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
 And Turn superior to the vulgar Herd,
 Began that Human Learning's furthest Reach
 Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach

MATTHEW PRIOR

That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey .
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did sway ,
And the astonish'd World in Me beheld
MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE'S Son excell'd.
Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word ,
Foresaw my Name by future Age ador'd
O Live, said He, Thou Wisest of the Wise !
As None has equall'd, None shall ever rise
Excelling Thee

Parent of wicked, Bane of honest Deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry ! Thy malignant Seeds
In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
With rising Pride amidst the Corn appear,
And choak the Hopes and Harvest of the Year

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
Mute to my Questions, in my Praises loud,
Echo'd the Word whence Things arose, or how
They thus exist, the Aptest nothing know .
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dullest see

My Prophets, and my Sophists finish'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War
Not so my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield
Retiring still they combat from the Field
Of open Arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the Subterfuge of Art
To speak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join ,
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define ,
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
Ill grounded Maxims by false Gloss enlarg'd,
And captious Science against Reason charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought
The adverse Sect deny'd, what This had taught ,
And He at length the amplest Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

O wretched Impotence of human Mind !
 We erring still Excuse for Error find ,
 And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind

Vain Man ! since first thy blushing Sire essay'd
 His Folly with connected Leaves to shade ,
 How does the Crime of thy resembling Race
 With like Attempt that pristine Error trace ?
 Too plain thy Nakedness of Soul espy'd ,
 Why dost Thou strive the conscious Shame to hide
 By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride ?

With outward Smiles their Flattery I receiv'd ,
 Own'd my Sick Mind by their Discourse reliev'd
 But bent and inward to my Self I run
 Perplex'd, these Matters I revolv'd, in vain
 My Search still tir'd, my Labor still renew'd,
 At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
 Impartial, Both in equal Balance laid
 Light flew the knowing Scale the doubtful Heavy weigh'd

Forc'd by reflective Reason I confess,
 That human Science is uncertain Guess
 Alas ! We grasp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
 Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear
 Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb ?
 Or who shall tell Me, what is Space or Time ?
 In vain We lift up our presumptuous Eyes
 To what our Maker to their Ken denies
 The Searcher follows fast the Object faster flies
 The little which imperfectly We find,
 Seduces only the bewildered Mind
 To fruitless Search of Something yet behind
 Various Discussions tear our heated Brain
 Opinions often turn still Doubts remain ,
 And who indulges Thought, increases Pain

How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n ?
 Earth She surveys She thence would measure Heav'n
 Thro Mists obscure, now wings her tedious Way
 Now wanders dazzl'd with too bright a Day

MATTHEW PRIOR

And from the Summit of a pathless Coast
Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is lost

Remember, that the curs'd Desire to know,
Off-spring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe
Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
With empty Labor and eluded Strife
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life,
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

PLEASURE

THE

SECOND BOOK

The ARGUMENT

SOLOMON again seeking Happiness, enquires if Wealth and Greatness can produce it. *begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Music and Feasting and proceeds to the Hopes and Desires of Love. In two Epistles are shewn the Follies and Troubles of that Passion. SOLOMON still disappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertinism and Idolatry, recovers his Thought, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the Pursuit of Pleasure, and sensual Delight, ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT*

MATTHEW PRIOR

'TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

I said in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth, therefore enjoy Pleasure. ECCLESIASTES, Chap II. Vers. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houses, I planted me Vineyards Vers 4

I made me Gardens and Orchards, and I planted Trees in them of all kind of Fruits. Vers 5

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth Trees Vers 6

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do And behold, all was Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit, and there was no Profit under the Sun. Vers. 11.

I gat me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the Delights of the Sons of Men, as Musical Instruments, and that of all Sorts Vers 8

I sought in mine Heart to give my self unto Wine (yet acquainting mine Heart with Wisdom) and to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might see what was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they should do under Heaven, all the Days of their Life Vers 3

Then I said in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, so it happeneth even unto Me, and why was I then more Wise? Then I said in my Heart, that this also is Vanity. Vers. 15

Therefore I hated Life, because the Work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me Chap II. Vers 27

Dead Flies cause the Oyntment to send forth a stinking Savour so doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wisdom and Honour. Chap. X Vers 1

The Memory of the Just is blessed, but the Memory of the Wicked shall rot PROVERBS, Chap X. Verse 7

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

PLEASURE

THE

SECOND BOOK

TRY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave
For weary'd Nature find some apter Scheme
Health be thy Hope, and Pleasure be thy Theme
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings Thee, from the endless Maze,
Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, soft Joy, and careless Ease
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please
Essay amusing Art, and proud Expence
And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense

I commun'd thus the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various Luxe of costly Pride
Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs
Birds, Fishes, Beasts of each Exotic Kind
I to the Limits of my Court confin'd
To Trees transferr'd I gave a second Birth
And bid a foreign Shade grace JUDAH'S Firth
Fish ponds were made, where former Forrests grew,
And Hills were levell'd to extend the View
Rivers diverted from their Native Course,
And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,
From large Cascades in pleasing Tumult roll'd
Or rose thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold
From furthest AFRICA'S tormented Womb
The Marble brought erects the spacious Dome
Or forms the Pillars long extended Rows,
On which the planted Grove, and pensile Garden grows

MATTHEW PRIOR

The Workmen here obey the Master's Call,
To gild the Turret, and to punt the Wall,
To mark the Pavement there with various Stone,
And on the Jasper Steps to rear the Throne
The spreading *Cedar*, that an Age had stood,
Supreme of Trees, and Mistress of the Wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining Roof adorns,
And *LIBANON* his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thousand Artists shew their cunning Pow'r,
To raise the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r
A thousand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room,
'Till *TYRE* confesses her exhausted Store,
That on her Coast the *Murex* is no more,
'Till from the *PARIAN* Isle, and *LYBIA*'s Coast,
The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble lost,
And *INDIA*'s Woods return their just Complaint,
Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*

My full Design with vast Expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd
I chid the Folly of my thoughtless Hast
For, the Work perfected, the Joy was past

To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care
In vain on silken Beds I sought Repose,
And restless oft' from purple Couches rose
Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd,
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days,
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my Ways,
Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding Maze

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul, another Sense
Indulge, add Music to Magnificence
Essay, if Harmony may Grief controll,
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
Often our Seers and Poets have confest,
That Music's Force can tame the furious Beast,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar restrain
His Rage, the Lion drop his crested Mane,
Attentive to the Song the Lynx forget
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's Feet
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else Music sure may human Cares appease

I spake my Purpose and the chearful Choir
Parted their shares of Harmony the Lyre
Softened the Timbrel's Noise the Trumpet's Sound
Provoked the DORIAN Flute (both sweeter found
When mixed) the Fife the Viol's Notes refined
And every Strength with every Grace was joined
Each Morn they waked Me with a sprightly Lay
Of opening Heaven they Sung, and gladsome Day
Each Evening their repeated Skill expressed
Scenes of Repose, and Images of Rest
Yet still in vain for Music gathered Thought
But how unequal the Effects it brought?
The soft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
Lightly received, were easily forgot
The solemn Violence of the graver Sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting Wound

And now reflecting, I with Grief descry
The sickly Lust of the fantastic Eye,
How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloyed,
Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoyed
And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found
The fickle Ear soon glutted with the Sound,
Condemned eternal Changes to pursue,
Tired with the last, and eager of the New

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Music with the sprightly Dance
In Vain! too low the Mimic Motions seem
What takes our Heart, must merit our Esteem
Nature, I thought, performed too mean a Part,
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art,
And vexed I found, that the Musician's Hand
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command

MATTHEW PRIOR

I drank, I lik'd it not 'twas Rage, 'twas Noise,
An airy Scene of transitory Joys
In vain I trusted, that the flowing Bowl
Would banish Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
To the late Revel, and protracted Feast
Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest,
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reason's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;
What had been said, I ask'd my Soul, what done,
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun?
Perhaps the Jest that charm'd the sprightly Croud,
And made the Jovial Table laugh so loud,
To some false Notion ow'd it's poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing Stream was brought
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault,
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the last Regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unseen
In the pernicious Draught, the Word obscene,
Or harsh, which once clanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable, the too prompt Reply,
Seed of severe Distrust, and fierce Debate,
What We should shun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoverish'd, and the Course
Of Health suppress'd, by Wine's continu'd Force

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
To diff'rent Ills alternately engage
Who drinks, alas! but to forget, nor sees,
That melancholy Sloath, severe Disease,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiss, and poys'nous Serpents roll

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickness of Mind, and heal the Bosom? Love,
Love yet remains Indulge his genial Fire,
Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore
This last great Remedy's Mysterious Power

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful Breast?
Why ceases it one Moment to be blest?
Fly swift, my Friends, my Servants, fly employ
Your instant Pains to bring your Master Joy
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dress'd
Let them to Night attend the Royal Feast,
All ISRAEL'S Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War
Before their Monarch They shall singly pass
And the most Worthy shall obtain the Grace

I said the Feast was serv'd the Bowl was crown'd
To the King's Pleasure went the mirthful Round
The Women came as Custom wills, they past
On One (O that distinguish'd One!) I cast
The fav'rite Glance O! yet my Mind returns
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains
Mature the Virgin was of EGYPT'S Race
Grace shap'd her Limbs and Beauty deck'd her Face
Easy her Motion seem'd, serene her Air
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Bosom rose her Hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
Adown her Shoulders loosely lay display'd,
And in the Jetty Curls ten thousand CUPIDS play'd

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's Bliss I said, fresh Roses bring
To strow my Bed 'till the improvish'd Spring
Confess her Want around my am'rous Head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber shed,
'Till ARAB has no more From the soft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten string'd Instrument, require

MATTHEW PRIOR

Sounds of Delight and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh,
Thou, in whose graceful Form, and potent Eye
Thy Master's Joy long sought at length is found,
And as thy Brow, let my Desires be crown'd,
O fav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the Breast,
Whose sov'reign Dictates subjugate the East !

I said, and sudden from the golden Throne
With a submissive Step I hasted down
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look,
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head
O fav'rite Vigin ! (yet again I said)
Receive the Honors destin'd to thy Brow,
And O above thy Fellows happy Thou !
Their Duty must thy sov'reign Word obey
Rise up, my Love, my fair One, come away

What Pang, alas ! what Ecstasy of Smart
Tore up my Senses, and transfix'd my Heart,
When She with modest Scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd ?

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern suppress'd
Pretended Drowsiness, and Wish of Rest,
And sullen I forsook th'Imperfect Feast
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper Care
Our Eastern Grandeur gives th'imprison'd Fair,
To lead Her forth to a distinguish'd Bow'r,
And bid her dress the Bed, and wait the Hour

Restless I follow'd this obdurate Maid
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread)
Approach'd her Person, courted her Embrace,
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Disgrace
By Turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord,
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd,
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And Choice of happy Love, or instant Death

Averse to all her am'rous King desir'd,
Far as She might, She decently retir'd,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
What means, said She, King SOLOMON the Wise?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r
Thus far could Fortune but She can no more
Free to her Self my potent Mind remains
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains

'Tis said, that Thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute,
Canst plead, with subtil Wit and fur Discourse,
Of Passion's Folly, and of Reason's Force
That to the Tribes attentive Thou canst show,
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Blessings flow
That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great
And Truth and Honor on Thy Edicts wait
Where is that Knowledge now, that regal Thought,
With just Advice, and timely Counsel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of ISRAEL, does it rove?
What in one Moment dost Thou offer? Love
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife
'Tis all the Color of remaining Life
And Human Misery must begin or end,
As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend
Would DAVID's Son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first Bride bed of the World receive
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?
Or grant, Thy Passion has these Names destroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all Distinction void
Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breast,
His Flames and Torments only are exprest
His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent
And all his Joys solicit my Consent

Soft Love, spontaneous Tree, its parted Root
Must from two Hearts with equal Vigour shoot
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing Ecstasy, which each receives
Cherish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows
Its chearful Buds their opening Bloom disclose
And round the happy Soil diffusive Odor flows

MATTHEW PRIOR

If angry Fate that mutual Care denies ,
The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies
Wild with Despair, or sick with Grief, it dies

By Force Beasts act, and are by Force restrain'd
The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.
Thy useless Strength, mistaken King, employ
Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield ,
Nor reap the Harvest, tho' Thou spoil'st the Field.
Know, SOLOMON, Thy poor Extent of Sway,
Contract thy Brow, and ISRAEL shall obey
But wilful Love Thou must with Smiles appease ,
Approach his awful Throne by just Degrees ,
And if Thou would'st be Happy, learn to please

Not that those Arts can here successful prove
For I am destin'd to another's Love
Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
My plighted Vow I gave I His receiv'd
Each swore with Truth with Pleasure each believ'd
The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd
In equal Scales the busy Angels weigh'd
It's solemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and spread
The lasting Roll, recording what We said

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poynard stain'd
Take the sad Life which I have long disdain'd
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and My steadfast Hate
For long as Blood informs these circling Veins ,
Or fleeting Breath it's latest Pow'r retains ,
Hear Me to EGYPT's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is My Part be Thine, O King, Despair

Now strike, She said, and open'd bare her Breast
Stand it in JUDAH's Chronicles confest,
That DAVID's Son, by impious Passion mov'd,
Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what He lov'd.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Asham'd, confus'd I started from the Bed
 And to my Soul yet uncollected said
 Into Thy self, fond SOLOMON, return
 Reflect again, and Thou again shalt mourn
 When I through number'd Years have Pleasure sought
 And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught,
 To mock my Sense, and mortify my Pride,
 'Tis in another's Power, and is deny'd
 Am I a King, great Heaven! does Life or Death
 Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath
 While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore
 And One mad Damsel dares dispute My Power?

To Ravish Her? That Thought was soon depress'd,
 Which must debase the Monarch to the Beast
 To send Her back? O whither, and to whom?
 To Lands where SOLOMON must never come
 To that Insulting Rival's happy Arms,
 For whom, disdaining Me, She keeps her Charms

Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart
 How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
 Those scape Thy Anger, who refuse Thy Sway
 And those are punish'd most who most Obey
 See JUDAH's King revere thy greater Power
 What canst Thou covet, or how triumph more?
 Why then, O LOVE, with an obdurate Ear
 Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Prayer?
 Why to some simple Shepherd does She run,
 From the fond Arms of DAVID's Favourite Son?
 Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,
 Where Wealth and Pleasure may Thy Reign support,
 To some poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,
 Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow,
 Where pinching Want must curb her warm Desires,
 And Household Cares suppress Thy Genial Fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
 The Force, while they erect the Shrines of LOVE
 His Mystic Form the Artizans of GREECE
 In wounded Stone, or molten Gold express

MATTHEW PRIOR

And CYPRUS to his Godhead pays her Vow
Fast in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow,
A Quiver by his Side sustains a Store
Of pointed Darts, sad Emblems of his Pow'r,
A pair of Wings He has, which He extends
Now to be gone, which now again He bends
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton Ends. }
Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous Maid
I felt Him strike, and now I see Him fly
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye
Those fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my Wishes yet o'ertake thy Speed!
Tir'd may'st Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing,
Except Thou turn'st Thy Course, resolv'd to bring }
The Dam'sel back, and save the Love-sick King.

My Soul thus struggling in the fatal Net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget,
I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd,
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd.
'Till hopeless plung'd in an Abyss of Grief,
I from Necessity receiv'd Relief
Time gently aided to assuage my Pain,
And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd Rein

But O how short My Interval of Woe!
Our Grievs how swift, our Remedies how slow!
Another Nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain,
To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
Another Nymph, amongst the many Fair,
That made My softer Hours their solemn Care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd My Eye, preventing My Command.
ABRA, She so was call'd, did soonest hast
To grace my Presence ABRA went the last
ABRA was ready e'er I call'd her Name,
And tho' I call'd another, ABRA came.

Her Equals first observ'd her growing Zeal,
And laughing gloss'd, that ABRA serv'd so well

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,
 Or were remark'd but with a common Eye
 Till more appris'd of what the Rumor said,
 More I observ'd peculiar in the Maid

The Sun declin'd had shot his Western Ray
 When tir'd with Business of the solemn Day,
 I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
 And banquet private in the Women's Bowrs
 I call'd, before I sat, to wash My Hands
 For so the Precept of the Law commands
 LOVE had ordain'd, that it was ABRA's Turn
 To mix the Sweets, and minister the Urn

With awful Homage, and submissive Dread
 The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head
 To pour the Oyls She trembled as She pour'd
 With an unguarded Look She now devour'd
 My nearer Face and now recall'd her Eye,
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden Sigh
 And whence, said I, canst Thou have Dread, or Pain?
 What can thy Imagry of Sorrow mean?
 Secluded from the World, and all its Care,
 Hast Thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
 For sure, I added, sure thy little Heart
 Neer felt LOVE's Anger, or receiv'd his Dart

Abash'd She blush'd, and with Disorder spoke
 Her rising Shame adorn'd the Words it broke

If the great Master will descend to hear
 The humble Series of His Hand maid's Care
 O! while She tells it, let him not put on
 The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne
 O! let not Death severe in Glory lye
 In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye

Mine to obey Thy Part is to ordain
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer Pain,
 If the King smiles, whilst I my Woe recite
 If weeping I find Favour in His Sight
 Flow fast my Tears, full rising his Delight

MATTHEW PRIOR

O ! Witness Earth beneath, and Heav'n above ,
For can I hide it ? I am sick of Love
If Madness may the Name of Passion bear ,
Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Despair

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret Will controls
The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls !
Why hast Thou plac'd such infinite Degrees
Between the Cause and Cure of my Disease ?
The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
In which unpy'd ABRA must expire,
Had He been born some simple Shepherd's Heir,
The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care ,
At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run, }
Scornful of Winter's Frost, and Summer's Sun, }
Still asking, where He made his Flock to rest at Noon }
For him at Night, the dear expected Guest,
I had with hasty Joy prepar'd the Feast ,
And from the Cottage, o'er the distant Plain,
Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain ,
Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by Hope and Fear, }
Till He and Joy together should appear, }
And the lov'd Dog declare his Master near }
On my declining Neck, and open Breast,
I should have lull'd the lovely Youth to Rest ,
And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
With softest Care have stol'n my Arm away ,
To rise, and from the Fold release the Sheep,
Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame
(For sure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
Had blest my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r
Without a Crime my Passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I desir'd

Then I had come, preventing SHEBA's Queen,
To see the comeliest of the Sons of Men ,
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
And gather Honey falling from his Tongue ;

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To take the fragrant Kisses of his Mouth,
 Sweeter than Breezes of her native South,
 Likening his Grace, his Person, and his Mien
 To all that Great or Beauteous I had seen
 Serene and bright his Eyes, as solar Beams
 Reflecting temper'd Light from Crystal Streams,
 Ruddy as Gold his Cheek his Bosom fair
 As Silver, the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
 Black as the Ravens Wing his Lip more red,
 Than Eastern Coral, or the scarlet Thread
 Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear Brook
 Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock
 Iv'ry with Saphirs interspers'd, explains
 How white his Hands, how blue the Manly Veins
 Columns of polish'd Marble firmly set
 On golden Bases, are his Legs, and Feet
 His Stature all Majestic, all Divine,
 Strait as the Palmtree, strong as is the Pine
 Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments shed
 And everlasting Sweets bloom round his Head
 What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
 Dye, ABRA, dye too plainly hast Thou said
 Thy Soul's Desire to meet His high Embrace,
 And Blessings stamp'd upon thy future Race,
 To bid attentive Nations bless thy Womb,
 With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and SOLOMONS to come

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail
 O foolish Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
 My suffering Heart for ever shall defy
 New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye
 O! yet my tortur'd Senses deep return
 The wretched Memory of my former Pain,
 The dire Affront, and my EGYPTIAN Chain

As Time, I said, may happily efface
 That cruel Image of the King's Disgrace,
 Imperial Reason shall resume her Seat
 And SOLOMON once fallen, again be great

MATTHEW PRIOR

Betray'd by Passion, as subdu'd in War,
We wisely should exert a double Care,
Nor ever ought a second time to Err.

}

This ABRA then
I saw Her, 'twas Humanity it gave
Some Respite to the Sorrows of my Slave
Her fond Excess proclaim'd her Passion true,
And generous Pity to that Truth was due
Well I intreated Her, who well deserv'd,
I call'd Her often, for She always serv'd
Use made her Person easy to my Sight,
And Ease insensibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs,
(For first I sought Her but at looser Hours)
The Apples She had gather'd smelt most sweet
The Cake She kneaded was the sav'ry Meat
But Fruits their Odor lost, and Meats their Taste,
If gentle ABRA had not deck'd the Feast
Dishonor'd did the sparkling Goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle ABRA's Hand
And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
Raising their Voices to the Master-Lyre,
Too flat I thought This Voice, and That too shrill,
One show'd too much, and one too little Skill
Nor could my Soul approve the Music's Tone,
'Till all was hush'd, and ABRA Sung alone
Fairer She seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest,
And better Mein disclos'd, as better dress'd
A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,
To juster Bounds confin'd it's rising Pride
The blushing Ruby on her snowy Breast,
Render'd it's panting Whiteness more confess'd.
Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundness to her Arm,
And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm
Her Senses pleas'd, her Beauty still improv'd,
And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The several Follies of my former Flame,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
 The certain Joys that lye in prosperous Love
 For what, said I, from ABRA can I fear,
 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?
 The Damsels sole Ambition is to please
 With Freedom I may like, and quit with Ease
 She soothes, but never can enthrall my Mind
 Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
 How by Himself insensibly betray'd!
 In our own Strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse Pow'r,
 And by the Blast of Self opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd
 On Pleasures flowing Brink We idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning Way
 Seeing no Danger, We disarm our Mind,
 And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind
 Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
 To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the Chapelet, and We crown the Bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer Waters roll
 Till the strong Gusts of raging Passion rise
 Till the dire Tempest mingles Earth and Skies,
 And swift into the boundless Ocean born,
 Our foolish Confidence too late We mourn
 Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat,
 And from our troubl'd View the lessen'd Lands retreat

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r
 How shall the human Bosom rest secure?
 How shall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
 Or Wisdom to our caution'd Soul declare
 The different Shapes, Thou pleasest to employ
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty drest,
 To-Day encounters our unguarded Breast
 She looks with Majesty, and moves with State
 Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
 She scorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate

MATTHEW PRIOR

Here whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide,
And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride,
Charm'd with the Courage in her Action shown,
We praise her Mind, the Image of our own
She that can please, is certain to persuade.
To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see thro' Reason's Optics right,
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight
Struck with her Eye whilst We applaud her Mind,
And when We speak Her great, We wish Her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, Thou aim'st the Fair
With flowing Sorrow, and dishevel'd Hair
Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail
Here gen'rous Softness warms the honest Breast
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd
And whilst our Wish prepares the kind Relief,
Whilst Pity mitigates her rising Grief
We sicken soon from her contagious Care,
Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Despair,
And against Love too late those Bosoms arm,
Which Tears can soften, and which Sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of Foes,
What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?
Whence, feeble Nature, shall We summon Aid,
If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?
External Remedy shall We hope to find,
When the close Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind,
Insulting there does Reason's Pow'r deride,
And blind Himself, conducts the dazl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my Lovely ABRA held
My Freedom in her Chains my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone in Her alone
It sought it's Peace and Joy while She was gone,
It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay
Return'd, She chas'd those Sighs, that Grief away
Her Absence made the Night her Presence brought the
Day

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns succeed
For Her I make the Song the Dance with Her I lead
I court Her various in each Shape and Dress,
That Luxury may form, or Thought express

To-day beneath the Palm tree on the Plains
In DEBORAH'S Arms and Habit ABRA reigns
The Wreath denoting Conquest guides her Brow
And low, like BARAK, at her Feet I bow
The Mimic Chorus sings her prosperous Hand
As She had slain the Foe, and sav'd the Land

To-morrow She approves a softer Air,
Forsakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War
The Form of peaceful ABIGAIL assumes
And from the Village with the Present comes
The Youthful Band depose their glittering Arms,
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms,
Whilst I assume my Father's Step and Mein,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen

If haply ABRA'S Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind,
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court
Leave their Repose and hasten to the Sport
In less'n'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, JERUSALEM, descends to wait,
Till ABRA comes She comes a Milk white Steed,
Mixture of PERSIA'S, and ARABIA'S Breed,
Sustains the Nymph her Garments flying loose
(As the SYDONIAN Muds, or THRACIAN use)
And half her Knee, and half her Breast appear,
By Art, like Negligence, disclos'd, and bare
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courser's Flight
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Rustles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front display
An artificial Moon's increasing Ray
DIANA, Huntress, Mistress of the Groves,
The fav'rite ABRA speaks, and looks, and moves

MATTHEW PRIOR

Her, as the present Goddess, I obey
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay
The mingl'd Chorus sings DIANA's Fame
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
Her Mystic Praise the vocal Triumphs bound
Against the Hills the Hills reflect the Sound.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fish-pools, or the glassy Floods
Her Mind To-morrow points, a thousand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Isle
A golden Chariot in the Midst is set,
And silver Cygnets seem to feel it's Weight
ABRA, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy Throne,
In semblance of the GRACIAN VENUS known
TRITONS and Sea-green NAIADS round Her move;
And sing in moving Strains the Force of Love.
Whilst as th'approaching Pageant does appear,
And echoing Crouds speak mighty VENUS near,
I, her Adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddess rising from the Wave.

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would My Folly rove?
Is it enough, that ABRA should be great
In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
That masking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
No, no JERUSALEM combin'd must see
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy
Solemn a Month is destin'd for the Feast
ABRA Invites the Nation is the Guest
To have the Honor of each Day sustain'd,
The Woods are travers'd, and the Lakes are drain'd.
ARABIA's Wilds, and EGYPT's are explor'd
The Edible Creation decks the Board
Hardly the *Phœnix* 'scapes

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

The Men their Lyres, the Muds their Voices raise,
 To sing my Happiness, and ABRA's Praise
 And slavish Bards our mutual Loves rehearse
 In lying Strains, and ignominious Verse
 While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
 Whom prudent Love from public Eyes should hide
 I show Her to the World, confess'd and known
 Queen of my Heart, and Partner of my Throne

And now her Friends and Flatters fill the Court
 From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They resort
 They barter Places, and dispose of Grants,
 Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants
 They teach Her to recede, or to debate
 With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State,
 By practis'd Rules her Empire to secure,
 And in my Pleasure make my Ruin sure
 They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
 That Monarchs should their inward Soul disguise,
 Dissemble, and command be false, and wise
 By ignominious Arts for servile Ends
 Should compliment their Foes, and shun their Friends
 And now I leave the true and just Supports
 Of Legal Princes, and of honest Courts,
 BARZILLAI's, and the fierce BENAIAH's Heirs,
 Whose Sires, Great Partners in my Father's Cares,
 Saluted their young King at HEBRON crown'd
 Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound
 And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
 Those whom my Follies only made me fear,
 Old CORAH's Brood, and taunting SHIMEI's Race
 Miscreants who ow'd their Lives to DAVID's Grace,
 Tho' they had spurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his Face

Still ABRA's Power, my Scandal still increas'd,
 Justice submitted to what ABRA pleas'd
 Her Will alone could settle or revoke,
 And Law was fix'd by what She latest spoke

ISRAEL neglected, ABRA was my Care
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her

MATTHEW PRIOR

I durst not reason with my wounded Heart
ABRA possess'd, She was it's better Part
O! had I now review'd the famous Cause,
Which gave my righteous Youth so just Applause,
In vain on the dissembl'd Mother's Tongue
Had cunning Art, and sly Perswasion hung,
And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breast had strove,
While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd Child
Or slain, or sav'd, as ABRA frown'd or smil'd

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-less King, a Royal Shade I lay
Unhear'd the injur'd Orphans now complain.
The Widow's Cries address the Throne in vain
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded File,
And sleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear My Maxims, and reform their own
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How Mosrs govern'd, and how DAVID fought
Loose and undisciplin'd the Soldier lay,
Or lost in Drink, and Game, the solid Day
Porches and Scholes, design'd for public Good,
Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height,
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight
The Artists grieve, the lab'ring People droop.
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfinish'd

The Wise and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Mischiefs of a sinking State
Is this, the Serious said, is this the Man,
Whose active Soul thro' every Science ran?
Who by just Rule and elevated Skill
Prescrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
Whose Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
On large *Phylacteries* expressive writ,
Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Our Youth's Instruction, and our Age's Pride?
 Could not the Wise his wild Desires restrain?
 Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain
 What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
 But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay,
 As crown'd with Roses at their Feasts they lay
 Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with ABRA's Name,
 And Charms superior to their Master's Fame
 Laughing some praise the King, who let em see,
 How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree
 Some gloss'd, how Love and Wisdom were at Strife
 And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life
 However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries
 To Him who was the King, the Friend replies
 The King, for JUDAH's, and for Wisdom's Curse,
 To ABRA yields could I, or Thou do worse?
 Our looser Lives let Chance or Folly steer
 If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err
 Let DINAH bind with Flowers her flowing Hair
 And touch the Lute, and sound the wanton Air
 Let Us the Bliss without the Sting receive,
 Free, as We will, or to enjoy, or leave
 Pleasures on Levity's smooth Surface flow
 Thought brings the Weight, that sinks the Soul to Woe
 Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd
 And added to the Thousand He has made

Sadly, O Reason, is thy Pow'r express'd,
 Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breast!
 And harsh the Rules, which We from Thee receive
 If for our Wisdom We our Pleasure give
 And more to think be only more to grieve
 If JUDAH's King at thy Tribunal try'd,
 Forsakes his Joy to vindicate his Pride
 And changing Sorrows, I am only found
 Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more strictly bound

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
 How hard thy Laws, how absolute thy Reign?

MATTHEW PRIOR

While Thou, alas ! art but an empty Name,
To no Two Men, who e'er discours'd, the same,
The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought,
A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade,
A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel Essence bring,
I own thy Influence, for I feel thy Sting
Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control
Yes, thy insulting Dictates shall be heard
Virtue for once shall be Her own Reward
Yes, Rebel ISRAEL, this unhappy Maid
Shall be dismiss'd the Crowd shall be obey'd
The King his Passion, and his Rule shall leave,
No longer ABRA's, but the People's Slave
My Coward Soul shall bear it's wayward Fate
I will, alas ! be wretched, to be great,
And sigh in Royalty, and grieve in State

I said resolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once so far, as to expect Relief
From my Despair alone
I chose to write the Thing I durst not speak,
To Her I lov'd, to Her I must forsake
The harsh Epistle labour'd much to prove,
How inconsistent Majesty, and Love
I always should, It said, esteem Her well,
But never see her more It bid Her feel
No future Pain for Me, but instant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the just Duties of an humble Wife

She read, and forth to Me She wildly ran,
To Me, the Ease of all her former Pain
She kneel'd intreated, struggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And with alternate Passion liv'd, and dy'd
 'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
 And by rude Fury from my Presence torn,
 This only Object of my real Care
 Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Despair,
 In some few posting fatal Hours is hurl'd
 From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the World

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'st, my conscious Soul,
 What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll
 What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didst Thou sustain,
 What sad Vicissitudes of smarting Pain?
 How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
 To feed Despair, and cherish hopeless Love?
 How oft, all Day, recall'd I ABRAHAM'S Charms,
 Her Beauties press'd, and panting in my Arms?
 How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
 Where mimic Fancy might her Likeness trace?
 How oft desir'd to fly from ISRAEL'S Throne,
 And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
 How oft, all Night, pursu'd Her in my Dreams,
 O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Crystal Streams
 And waking, view'd with Grief the rising Sun,
 And fondly mourn'd the dear Delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love
 In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove,
 At length they broke their Bounds at length their Force
 Bore down whatever met it's stronger Course
 Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waste,
 And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent past

So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves contain The congregated Snow, and swelling Rain Till the full Stores their antient Bounds disdain Precipitate the furious Torrent flows In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd, With one great Death deform the dreary Ground The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks resound	} }
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MATTHEW PRIOR

And now what impious Ways my Wishes took,
How they the Monarch, and the Man forsook,
And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
Thro' crooked Paths, and sad Retreats of Ill,
How JUDAH's Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
By turns my prostituted Bed receives.
Thro' Tribes of Women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient, lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd,
And by the Instinct of capricious Lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust
O, be these Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
In Clouds of decent Silence justly veil'd!
O, be the wanton Images convey'd
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
Or let their sad *Epitome* alone,
And outward Lines to future Age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure Belief,
That Vice engenders Shame, and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd in Sloth, and lost in Ease I lay.
The Night I revell'd, and I slept the Day
New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires,
And daily Change extinguish'd young Desires
By its own Force destroy'd, Fruition ceas'd,
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd
No longer now does my neglected Mind
It's wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the True, or set the False aside
No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the Cells,
Where springing Wit, or young Invention dwells.
Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails
By sad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes,
Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway
They ask, I grant They threaten, I obey
In Regal Garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the PERSIAN Dam'sel's haughty Pride

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Now with the looser SYRIAN dance, and sing,
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King

Charmed by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire
And shape my Foolishness to their Desire
Seduc'd and aw'd by the PHILISTINE Dame,
At DAGON'S Shrine I kindle impious Flame
With the CHALDEAN'S Charms her Rites prevail,
And curling Frankincense ascends to BAAL
To each new Harlot I new Altars dress,
And serve Her God, whose Person I caress

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
Where the high Majesty of DAVID'S Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the LIVING GOD inform'd my Youth?
When with the lewd EGYPTIAN I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In ISRAEL'S Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beastly Divinities, and Drones of Gods
OSIRIS, APIS, Powers that chew the Cud,
And Dog ANUBIS, Flatterer for his Food
When in the Woody Hills forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invoc'd its Aid
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I prostrate fell
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid
And set the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd
When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n

Thro' these sad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll
The rising Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
Seen without Awe, and serv'd without Respect
I found my Subjects amicably join,
To lessen their Defects, by citing Mine

MATTHEW PRIOR

The Priest with Pity pray'd for DAVID's Race,
And left his Text, to dwell on my Disgrace.
The Father, whilst he warn'd his erring Son,
The sad Examples which He ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, SOLOMON
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil sing,
A Wise Child better than a Foolish King.

Into My self my Reason's Eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd
A Mighty King I am, an Earthly God
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod.
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And Life or Death depends on My Decree.
Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain.
O'er JUDAH's King ten thousand Tyrants reign.
Legions of Lust, and various Pow'rs of Ill
Insult the Master's Tributary Will
And He, from whom the Nations should receive
Justice, and Freedom, lyes Himself a Slave,
Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Desires,
Lash'd by mad Rage, and scorch'd by brutal Fires

O Reason! once again to Thee I call
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wisdom, Thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth,
Her Beams transmitted to the subject Earth
Yet this great Empress of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul,
If restless Passion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Usurper to obey

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worse Extremes with swifter Steps would run,
Not sav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone

Oft have I said, the Praise of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Oyntment to the Smell
Now if some Flies perchance, however small,
Into the Alabaster Urn should fall,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye
And Stench corrupt (sad Change !) their Place supply
So the least Faults if mix'd with fairest Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed
Into the Balm of purest Virtue cast,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blast

Lost SOLOMON ! pursue this Thought no more
Of thy past Errors recollect the Store
And silent weep that while the Deathless Muse
Shall sing the Just shall o'er their Head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish Hand She shall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone and to Thy evil Fame
Impartial, scatter Damps, and Poysons on thy Name

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods asham'd,
From this Abyss of exemplary Vice
Resolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to rise
Again I bid the mournful Goddess write
The fond Pursuit of fugitive Delight
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and sav'd from Passion, sing
Of human Hope by cross Event destroy'd
Of useless Wealth, and Greatness unenjoy'd
Of Lust and Love with their fantastic Train,
Their Wishes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain

POWER;
THE
THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON considers Man through the several Stages and Conditions of Life, and concludes in general, that *We are all Miserable* He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and Uncertainty of Greatness and Power, gives some Instances thereof from ADAM down to Himself, and still concludes that ALL is VANITY He reasons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being, finds Human Wisdom too imperfect to resolve his Doubts, has Recourse to Religion, is informed by an Angel, what shall happen to Himself, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of ISRAEL and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this Book*

Or ever the Silver Cord be loosed, or the golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Cistern ECCLESIASTES, Chap XII Vers 6

The Sun ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his Place where He arose ECCLESIASTES, Chap I Vers 5

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North It whirleth about continually and the Wind returneth again according to his Circuit Vers 6

All the Rivers run into the Sea yet the Sea is not full Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again Vers 7

Then shall the Dust return to the Earth, as it was and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it ECCLESIASTES Chap XII Vers 7

Now when SOLOMON had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the Burnt offering, and the Sacrifices and the Glory of the Lord filled the House II CHRONICLES, Chap VII Vers 1

By the Rivers of BABYLON, there We sat down Yea We wept, when We remembered Sion &c PSALM CXXXVII Vers 1

I said of Laughter, it is mad and of Mirth, what doeth it? ECCLESIASTES, Chap II Vers 2

No Man can find out the Work that God maketh, from the Beginning to the End ECCLESIASTES, Chap III Vers 11

Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it and God doeth it, that Men should fear before Him Vers 14

Let us hear the Conclusion of the whole Matter Fear God, and keep his Commandments for this is the whole Duty of Man ECCLESIASTES, Chap XII Verse 13

MATTHEW PRIOR

POWER; THE THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul I call Thee by that Name,
Thou busie Thing, from whence I know I am
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art,
Since That must needs exist, which can impart
But how Thou cam'st to be, or whence Thy Spring
For various of Thee Priests and Poets sing

Hear'st Thou submissive, but a lowly Birth,
Some sep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature must beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet,
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill,
From Force of Instinct more than Choice of Will,
Conscious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courses of the Blood ordain,
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail,
'Till mingl'd with thy Part'ner's latest Breath
Thou fly'st, dissolv'd in Air, and lost in Death

Or if Thy great Existence would aspire
To Causes more sublime, of Heav'nly Fire
Wer't Thou a Spark struck off, a sep'rate Ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with Terrestrial Clay,
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel,
To teach it Good and Ill, Disgrace or Fame,
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame
To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
 As fits the various Course of human Age,
 Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
 The Captive breaks Her Prison's mould'ring Walls
 Hovers a while upon the sad Remains,
 Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains,
 And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain Her native Skies

Whate'er Thou art, where'er ordain'd to go
 (Points which We rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breast,
 Which for Thy Sake from Passions I divest
 For these, Thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,
 Which hinder Thy Repose, and trouble Life
 Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
 As Temperance wills, and Prudence may perswade,
 Be Thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may Great or Good appear
 And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld
 What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd
 The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense,
 The Angels Forecast and Intelligence
 Say from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows
 Recount our Blessings, and compare our Woes
 In it's true Light let clearest Reason see
 The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be,
 Helpless and Naked on a Woman's Knees
 To be expos'd or rear'd as She may please
 Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Disease
 His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day
 His Heart assaulted by invading Air,
 And beating fervent to the vital War
 To his Young Sense how various Forms appear
 That strike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
 By his Distortions he reveals his Pains
 He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains,

MATTHEW PRIOR

'Till Time and Use assist the Infant Wretch,
 By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
 His Wants in plainer Characters to show,
 And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe.
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years
 To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears,
 To pass the riper Period of his Age,
 Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
 To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,
 To open Dangers, and to secret Snares,
 To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
 And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends
 His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
 Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,
 Who in the Scorners', or the Judge's Seat
 Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate
 Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene,
 And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men?
 In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott
 Certain to meet that woist of Evils, Thought,
 Diff'rent IDEAS to his Mem'ry brought
 Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods,
 Impetuous some, as the descending Floods
 With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,
 No sweet Companion near with whom to mourn,
 He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs,
 And from himself the frighted Hermit flies

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Thus, thro' what Path soe'er of Life We rove,
 Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love
 Vex'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,
 Why seek We Brightness from the Years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,
 Our troubl'd Thoughts to distant Prospects leap;
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake.
 For Hope is but the Dream of Those that wake
 But looking back, We see the dreadful Train
 Of Woes, a-new which were We to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the Path again.

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POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Still adding Grief, still counting from the first,
 Judging the latest Evils still the worst
 And sadly finding each progressive Hour
 Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r,
 Till by one countless Sum of Woes oppress'd,
 Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Rest,
 We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn
 Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,
 Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return, }
 Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
 We yesterday came forth, that in the Tomb
 Naked again We must To-morrow lye,
 Born to lament, to labor, and to dye

Pass We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
 The Weight or fill'n, or hanging o'er our Heads,
 The Bear, The Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
 The Sheepfold scatter'd, and the Shepherd slain,
 The frequent Errors of the pathless Wood,
 The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood
 The noisom Pestilence that in open War
 Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
 And scatters Death, the Arrow that by Night
 Cuts the dank Mist, and fatal wings it's Flight
 The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
 That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store, }
 And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour
 The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,
 Canker or Locust hurtful to infect
 The Blade while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
 And Eminence of Want distinguishes the Year

Pass we the slow Disease, and subtil Pain,
 Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain
 The cruel Stone, with congregated War
 Tearing his bloody Way, the cold Catarrh,
 With frequent Impulse, and continu'd Strife,
 Weakning the wasted Seats of irksom Life
 The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Fever's Rage,
 The sad Experience of Decay, and Age,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Her self the soarest Ill, while Death, and Ease,
Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appease,
Or end the Grief, with hasty Wings reced
From the vext Patient, and the sickly Bed

Nought shall it profit, that the charming Fair,
Angelic, softest Work of Heav'n, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic Hand,
Senseless of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
The Dictates of it's feeble Master's Will

Nought shall the Psaltry, and the Harp avail,
The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale,
When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear,
And numbing Coldness has unbrac'd the Ear

The verdant Rising of the flow'ry Hill,
The Vale enamell'd, and the Crystal Rill,
The Ocean rolling, and the shelly Shoar,
Beautiful Objects, shall delight no more,
When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffusion lye
Day follows Night, the Clouds return again
After the falling of the later Rain
But to the Aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful Vicissitude He still must mourn
The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
Eclips'd to Him, and lost in everlasting Night

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies
See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes
Frequent for Breath his panting Bosom heaves
To broken Sleeps his remnant Sense He gives,
And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives

Loos'd by devouring Time the Silver Cord
Dissever'd lies unhonor'd from the Board
The Crystal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And apter Utensils their Place supply
These Things and Thou must share One equal Lot,
Dye and be lost, corrupt and be forgot,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

While still another, and another Race
Shall now supply, and now give up the Place
From Earth all came, to Earth must all return
Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn

But be the Terror of these Ills suppress'd
And view We Man with Health and Vigor blest
Home He returns with the declining Sun,
His destin'd Task of Labor hardly done
Goes forth again with the ascending Ray,
Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
And find the Ill sufficient to the Day
Haply at Night He does with Horror shun
A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son
His Neighbor's Offspring He To-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his Want in their Increase
The next Day, and the next he must attend
His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend
In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
Public Calamities, or Household Ills
The due Reward to just Desert refus'd
The Trust betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd
The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cause,
And doubtful Issue of misconstru'd Laws
The crisy Turns of a dishonest State,
And violent Will of the wrong doing Great
The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair Advice reclaim

Esteem We these, my Friends Event and Chance,
Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring Dance?
Or higher yet their Essence may We draw
From destin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
Again, my Muse, the cruel Doubt repeat
Spring they I say, from Accident, or Fate?
Yet such, We find, they are, as can controul
The servile Actions of our wav'ring Soul
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will
Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
Still press'd with Weight of Woe, still hopes to find

MATTHEW PRIOR

A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
From Years of Pain, one Moment of Release,
Hoping at least She may Her self deceive,
Against Experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at last
Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry past,
Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
Whom the cut Brass, or wounded Marble shows
Victor o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes
He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
To shorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death
But O! beyond Description happiest He,
Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea,
Who with bless'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb,
Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the Tomb

Who breaths, must suffer, and who thinks, must mourn,
And He alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born

"Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear.
"Are not these general Maxims too severe?
"Say cannot Pow'r secure it's Owner's Bliss?
"And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
"Are Victors bless'd with Fame, or Kings with Ease?"

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
And Man was born to suffer, and to fear

"But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
"From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?"

None, Mortal, None Yet in a bolder Strain
Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain
But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire
For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd
Ye still must covet Life, and be deceiv'd

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Your very Fear of Death shall make Ye try
 To catch the Shade of Immortality,
 Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save
 Part of its Prey from the devouring Grave,
 To those who may survive Ye, to bequeath
 Something entire, in spite of Time, and Death
 A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
 And in a Book, or from a Building live
 False Hope! vain Labor! let some Ages fly
 The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye
 Wretches, still taught, still will Ye think it strange,
 That all the Parts of this great Fabric change
 Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame,
 And lose their Shape, their Essence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song our Hopes, our Joys are vain
 Our Lot is Sorrow, and Our Portion Pain

What Pause from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
 The Name of Wise or Great, of Judge or King?
 What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
 The public Burden of the Nation's Care
 Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease
 Now falls a Victim to the People's Ease
 From the first blooming of his ill taught Youth,
 Nourish'd in Flattery, and estrang'd from Truth
 At Home surrounded by a servile Crowd,
 Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud
 Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears
 His very State acknowledging his Fears
 Marching amidst a thousand Guards, He shows
 His secret Terror of a thousand Foes,
 In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
 To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies
 Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize

But He returns with Conquest on his Brow
 Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow
 The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd
 The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde
 Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride

MATTHEW PRIOR

What is this Triumph? Madness, Shouts, and Noise,
One great Collection of the People's Voice
The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,
What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.
The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, show
National Loss, and Epidemic Woe,
Various Distress, which He and His may know
Does He not mourn the valiant Thousands slain,
The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
Or the Wolfe's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
See Millions crowding round the gilded Car!
In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,
And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,
One Moment and one Thought might let Him scan
The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,
And Popular Change, obscur'd amid the Dust,
That rises from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel
The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the Noise,
Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air,
Stun the Birds now releas'd, and shake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praises loud,
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquish'd go,
Should She depress my Arms, and raise the Foe,)
Would for That Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate,
With restless Rage would pull my Statues down,
And cast the Brass a-new to His Renown

O impotent Desire of Worldly Sway!
That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

May of To morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
 Ghastly with Wounds, and lifeless on the Bier !
 Then (Vileness of Mankind !) then of all These,
 Whom my dilated Eye with Labor sees,
 Would one, alas ! repeat Me Good, or Great ?
 Wash my pale Body, or bewail my Fate ?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hostile Carr,
 The Victor's Pastime, and the Sport of War
 Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own He was my Friend ?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be Wise ?
 To see this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes ?
 To know with more Distinction to complain,
 And have superior Sense in feeling Pain ?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest Eye,
 Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye,
 And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain,
 Or Pleasure ever may with Pow'r remain

ADAM, great Type, for whom the World was made,
 The fairest Blessing to his Arms convey'd,
 A charming Wife and Air, and Sea, and Land,
 And all that move therein, to his Command
 Render'd obedient say, my Pensive Muse,
 What did these golden Promises produce ?
 Scarce tasting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd
 One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd
 Destin'd the next His Journey to pursue,
 Where wounding Thorns, and cursed Thistles grew
 E'er yet He earns his Bread, a down his Brow,
 Inclined to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat must flow
 His Limbs must ake, with daily Toils oppress'd,
 E'er long wish'd Night brings necessary Rest
 Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
 He for Her Follies, and His own must grieve
 Bewailing still a fresh their hapless Choice
 His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
 Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd oft his View
 A ghastr, as when the Infant Lightning flew

MATTHEW PRIOR

And the stern CHERUB stop'd the fatal Road,
Aim'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD
His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
First Fruit of Death, lies Plaintiff of a Wound
Giv'n by a Brother's Hand His Eldest Birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth
Yet why these Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire

Each Age sinn'd on, and Guilt advanc'd with Time.
The Son still added to the Father's Crime,
'Till God arose, and great in Anger said
Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
And from your deep Abyss, Ye Waters, rise!

The frighted Angels heard th'Almighty Lord,
And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
Tempests and Storm, obedient to His Word
Mean time, His Providence to NOAH gave
The Guard of All, that He design'd to save
Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch stood,
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood

The Winds fall silent, and the Waves decrease
The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace
Yet still His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal
If on the backward World his Views are cast,
'Tis Death diffus'd, and universal Waste
Present (sad Prospect!) can He Ought descry,
But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
The Beauties of the Antient Fabric lost,
In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coast?
While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd,
When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and sav'd from Nations
drown'd,
And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
The Seed, whence Empires must receive their Birth,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

One He foresees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
And mark'd with Curses, fatal to his Race

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
Of Human Ills must bear the destin'd Load
By Blood and Battles must his Pow'r maintain,
And slay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain
Must deal just Portions of a servile Life
To a proud handmaid, and a peevish Wife
Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan,
Must take his other Child, his Age's Hope
To trembling MORIAM's melancholy Top,
Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood
Destroy his Heir, or disobey his GOD

MOSES beheld that GOD, but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep Abyss of Light
While present, too severe for Human Sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift wing'd Night
The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
To fierce Encounter, and to toilsome Deed
His Youth with Wants and Hardships must engage
Plots and Rebellions must disturb his Age
Some CORAH still arose, some Rebel Slave,
Prompter to sink the State, than He to save
And ISRAEL did his Rage so far provoke,
That what the God head wrote, the Prophet broke
His Voice scarce heard, his Dictates scarce believ'd,
In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd
And dy'd obedient to severest Law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He saw

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
A Scene of Danger, and a State of War
Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood must engage
The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage
By various Turns his threaten'd Youth must fear
GOLIAH's lifted Sword, and SAUL's emitted Spear

MATTHEW PRIOR

Forlorn He must, and persecuted fly,
Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye,
And often ask, and be refus'd to dye

For ever, from His manly Toils, are known
The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguish of a Crown
What Tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes;
When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
The Parent's Sins impress'd upon the dying Child?
What Heart can think the Grief which He sustain'd,
When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land,
And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
Gave Famine, Plague, or War, and bid him fix his Choice?

He dy'd, and Oh! may no Reflection shed
It's poy'snous Venom on the Royal Dead
Yet the unwilling Truth must be express'd,
Which long has labor'd in this pensive Breast.
Dying He added to my Weight of Care
He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir
Left his unfinish'd Murder to his Son,
And JOAB's Blood intail'd on JUDAH's Crown

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfill
The cruel Dictates of My Parent's Will
Of his fair Deeds a distant View I took,
But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look,
Forgot his Youth, spent in his Country's Cause,
His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws
But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
Broken and old in BATHSHEBA's Embrace,
Could follow Him, where e'er He stray'd from Good,
And cite his sad Example, whilst I trod
Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood
Soon docile to the secret Acts of Ill,
With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill
Soon in a Brother could a Rival view,
Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways pursue

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

In vain for Life He to the Altar fled
Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed
Ev n there, My Soul, ev n there He should have fell,
But that my Interest did my Rage conceal
Doubling my Crime, I promise, and deceive,
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive
Treaties, Perswasions, Sighs, and Tears are vain
With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I sustain,
Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r,
Till of the destin'd Fugitive secure,
In solemn State to Parricide I rise,
And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies

Be Witness to my Tears, Celestial Muse!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
Fraternal Blood by my Direction spilt
In vain on JOAB's Head transfer the Guilt
The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand,
The Sword was pointed by the King's Command
Mine was the Murder it was Mine alone
Years of Contrition must the Crime atone
Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
But from a long Sincerity of Grief

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
Her Love of Truth superior to her Art,
Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful Figures of my Action past
The pensive Goddess has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought
From growing Childhood to declining Age,
How tedious ev'ry Step how gloomy ev'ry Stage
This Course of Vanity almost compleat,
Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
In the still Shades of Death for Dread and Pain,
And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead

Yet tell Me, frighted Reason! what is Death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted Breath?

MATTHEW PRIOR

The utmost Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As smoke that rises from the kindling Fires
Is seen this Moment, and the next expires
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,
Their fleeting Forms scarce sooner found than lost
So vanishes our State so pass our Days
So Life but opens now, and now decays
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh,
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to dye

Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
Death only shews Us, what We knew was near
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour,
Dread not Death's Anger, but expect his Pow'r,
Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn,
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou wast born

Cautious thro' Doubt, by Want of Courage, Wise,
To such Advice, the Reas'ner still replies

Yet measuring all the long continu'd Space,
Ev'ry successive Day's repeated Race,
Since Time first started from his pristin Goal,
'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
Joyn'd to my Body swell'd the Womb, I was,
(At least I think so) Nothing must I pass
Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
Ceasing, consigns Me o'er to Rest, and Death?
Must the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
To the cold Marble, or contracted Uin?
And never shall those Particles agree,
That were in Life this Individual He?
But sever'd, must They join the general Mass,
Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to pass,
Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?
Does the great Word that gave him Sense, ordain,
That Life shall never wake that Sense again?
And will no Pow'r his sinking Spirits save
From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the Grave?

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Each Evening I behold the setting Sun
With down ward Speed into the Ocean run
Yet the same Light (pass but some fleeting Hours)
Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs
Starts the bright Race again His constant Flame
Rises and sets, returning still the Same
I mark the various Fury of the Winds
These neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds
They now dilate, and now contract their Force
Various their Speed, but endless is their Course
From his first Fountain and beginning Ooze,
Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows
Tho' sundry Drops or leave, or swell the Stream,
The Whole still runs, with equal Pace, the Same
Still other Waves supply the rising Urns
And the eternal Flood no Want of Water mourns

Why then must Man obey the sad Decree,
Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn arise,
And flourishing the Day, at Evening dyes,
A Winged Eastern Blast, just skimming o'er
The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore
A Fire, whose Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly,
A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky
A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd
A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told,
A Noon tide Shadow, and a Mid night Dream,
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
Our Earthly Course But, O my Soul! so fast
Must Life run off, and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, sure, is too confin'd
Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
Does Something still, and Somewhere yet remain,
Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?
Say shall our Relicks second Birth receive?
Sleep We to wake and only dye to live?
When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Lyes the pale Corps not yet entirely Dead?
The Spirit only from the Body fled,
The grosser Part of Heat and Motion void,
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd,
The Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,
Conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
And if Her Acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell,
Shall She with Safety reach her pristine Seat?
Find her Rest endless, and her Bliss compleat?
And while the buried Man We idly mourn,
Do Angels joy to see His better Half return?
But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
With murd'rous Rapine, and seditious Strife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n
From the Ætherial Seat, and blissful Heav'n,
In everlasting Darkness must She lye,
Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One small Point of Land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We stand
On either Side our Thoughts incessant turn
Forward We dread, and looking back We mourn.
Losing the Present in this dubious Hast,
And lost Our selves betwixt the Future, and the Past.

These cruel Doubts contending in my Breast,
My Reason stagg'ring, and my Hopes oppress'd,
Once more I said once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We please?
Whence then those Evils, that obstruct our Ease?
We Happiness pursue, We fly from Pain,
Yet the Pursuit, and yet the Flight is vain.
And, while poor Nature labors to be blest,
By Day with Pleasure, and by Night with Rest,
Some stronger Pow'r eludes our sickly Will,
Dashes our rising Hope with certain Ill,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And makes Us with reflective Trouble see,
That all is destin'd, which We fancy free

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our Mind,
Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd
Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows ease?
And can our Tears reverse His firm Decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails
Throw loads of Incense in, to turn the Scales,
And let the silent Sanctuary show
What from the babbling Scholes We may not know,
How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd Part of Woe

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate?
Anxious We hover in a mediate State,
Betwixt Infinity and Nothing Bounds,
Or boundless Terms, whose doubtful Sense confounds
Unequal Thought whilst All We apprehend,
Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorrows end
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend

I said, and instant bad the Priests prepare
The ritual Sacrifice, and solemn Pray'r
Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
A hundred Bulls ascend the Sacred Way
The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir
They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal Wire
The Maids in comely Order next advance
They beat the Tymbrel, and instruct the Dance
Follows the chosen Tribe from LEVI sprung,
Chanting by just Return the Holy Song
Along the Choir in Solemn State they past

The Anxious King came last
The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
I paid and bowing at the Altar low,

Father of Heav'n! I said, and Judge of Earth!
Whose Word call'd out this Universe to Birth,
By whose kind Pow'r and influencing Care
The various Creatures move, and live, and are
But, ceasing once that Care withdrawn that Pow'r
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more

MATTHEW PRIOR

Omni-scient Master, Omni-present King,
To Thee, to Thee, my last Distress I bring.

Thou, that can'st Still the Raging of the Seas,
Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempests cease,
Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging Gusts
Of cruel Passion, and deceitful Lusts
From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride,
Let Thy strong Hand this little Vessel guide
(It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
Impetuous of this Life let Thy Command
Direct my Course, and bring me safe to Land

If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting Breath,
Not satisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I should know
Glimpse of Delight, or Pause from anxious Woe,
From *Now*, from instant *Now*, great Sire, dispell
The Clouds that press my Soul, from *Now* reveal
A gracious Beam of Light, from *Now* inspire
My Tongue to sing, my Hand to touch the Lyre
My open'd Thought to joyous Prospects raise,
And, for Thy Mercy, let me sing Thy Praise
Or, if Thy Will ordains, I still shall wait
Some New *Here-after*, and a future State,
Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear,
And raise my Mind superior to my Care
Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
With humble Zeal confess Thy awful Pow'r,
Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring still Adore
So in my Conquest be Thy Might declar'd
And, for Thy Justice, be Thy Name rever'd

My Pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous Gloom
Darkens the Air, loud Thunder shakes the Dome
To the beginning Miracle succeed
An awful Silence, and religious Dread
Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day
The sacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Untouch'd, unlighted glows
Ambrosial Odor, such as never flows
 From ARAB'S Gum, or the SABÆAN Rose,
 Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuse
 The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews
 Celestial Music (such JESIDES Lyre,
 Such MIRIAM'S Timbrel would in vain require)
 Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
 With Ecstasy too fine, and Pleasure hard to bear
 And lo! what sees my ravish'd Eye? what feels
 My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals
 An Heav'nly Form embody'd and array'd
 With Robes of Light I heard the Angel said

Cease, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
 From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief
 Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind
 Suppress thy Passions, and prepare thy Mind
 Free and familiar with Misfortune grow
 Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe
 By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age overcome,
 See thy Decrease and hasten to thy Tomb
 Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
 Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care
 Send the Successive Ills thro' Ages down
 And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
 That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
 He must augment the Sorrows He receiv'd

The Child to whose Success thy Hope is bound,
 Ere thou art scarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd
 To Lust of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd,
 (That cursed Poyson to the Prince's Mind!)
 Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
 And lose his great Defence, his People's Love
 Ill Counsell'd, Vanquish'd, Fugitive, Disgrac'd,
 Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB'S Strength effac'd
 Shall sigh, the King diminish'd, and the Crown
 With lessen'd Rays descending to his Son

MATTHEW PRIOR

Shall see the Wreaths, His Grandsire knew to reap
By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
Pining incline their sickly Leaves, and shed
Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.
By Arms, or Pray'r unable to assuage
Domestic Horror, and intestine Rage,
Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquish'd fear,
From ISRAEL's Arrow, and from JUDAH's Spear.
Shall cast his weary'd Limbs on JORDAN's Floud,
By Brother's Arms disturb'd, and stain'd with Kindred-Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years shall weep their destin'd Race
Charg'd with ill Omens, sully'd with Disgrace
Time by Necessity compell'd, shall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe
The Empire lessen'd in a parted Stream,
Shall lose it's Course
Indulge thy Tears the Heathen shall blaspheme
JUDAH shall fall, oppress'd by Grief and Shame,
And Men shall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New ÆGYPTS yet, and second Bonds remain,
A harsher PHARAOH, and a heavier Chain
Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons shall leave the promis'd Land
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
Shall, on EUPHRATES' Bank, renew the Grief of NILE.

These pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky
Inglorious Change¹ shall in Destruction lye
Low, levell'd with the Dust, their Heights unknown,
Or measur'd by their Ruin Yonder Throne,
For lasting Glory built, design'd the Seat
Of Kings for ever blest, for ever great,
Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
The Tyrant shall demand yon' sacred Load
Of Gold and Vessels set a-part to GOD,
Then by vile Hands to common Use debas'd,
Shall send them flowing round his drunken Feast,
With sacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jest

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Twice fourteen Ages shall their Way complete
 Empires by various Turns shall rise and set,
 While Thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know
 A different Master, and a Change of Woe
 With down cast Eye lids, and with Looks a ghast,
 Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Past

Afflicted ISRAEL shall sit weeping down,
 Fast by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run
 Their Harps upon the neighboring Willows hung,
 Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
 Nor chearful Dance their Feet with Toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to Rest
 In the reflective Stream the sighing Bride,
 Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her pensive Head, and in her languid Face
 The Bridegroom shall fore-see his sickly Race
 While ponderous Fetters vex their close Embrace
 With irksome Anguish then your Priests shall mourn
 Their long neglected Feasts despair'd Return,
 And sad Oblivion of their solemn Days
 Thenceforth their Voices They shall only raise,
 Louder to weep By Day your frightened Seers
 Shall call for Fountains to express their Tears,
 And wish their Eyes were Flouds by Night from Dreams
 Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,
 Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show
 Emblems of Heavenly Wrath, and Mystic Types of Woe

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require,
 That They should breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
 Shall say can JACOB's servile Race rejoice,
 Untund the Music, and disus'd the Voice?
 What can We play? (They shall discourse) how sing
 In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
 We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
 To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
 The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve,
 (Out cast of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
 Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?
 Alas! when We have toyl'd the longsome Day

MATTHEW PRIOR

The fullest Bliss our Hearts aspire to know,
Is but some Interval from active Woe,
In broken Rest, and startling Sleep to mourn,
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return
Bred up in Grief, can Pleasure be our Theme?
Our endless Anguish does not Nature claim?
Reason, and Sorrow are to Us the Same
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleasure's Sire
Madness, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know
Illustrious Wretch, repine not, nor reply
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reason's Eye,
Too bright the Object is. the Distance is too high.
The Man who would resolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait
Stop Thy Enquiry then, and curb Thy Sense,
Nor let Dust argue with Omnipotence
'Tis GOD who must dispose, and Man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain
Thy Sum of Life must His Decrees fulfill
What derogates from His Command, is Ill,
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senses may not droop,
Lost to Delight, and destitute of Hope,
Remark what I, GOD's Messenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn,
Shall from her sad Captivity return
Sion shall raise her long-dejected Head,
And in her Courts the Law again be read
Again the glorious Temple shall arise,
And with new Lustre pierce the neighb'ring Skies
The promis'd Seat of Empire shall again
Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain,
And from Thy Race distinguish'd, ONE shall spring,
Greater in Act than Victor, more than King

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POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

In Dignity and Pow'r, sent down from Heav'n,
To succour Earth. To HIM, to HIM 'tis giv'n,
Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy.
Thro' HIM soft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow.
No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, SOLOMON, rememb'ring Who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
Go forth: Be strong: With Patience, and with Care
Perform, and Suffer: To Thy self severe,
Gracious to Others, Thy Desires suppress'd,
Diffus'd Thy Virtues, First of Men, be Best.
Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
Be Humble, and be Just. The Angel said:
With upward Speed His agile Wings He spread;
Whilst on the holy Ground I prostrate lay,
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:

Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, Sole Disposer of our Fate!
Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
Whom no Man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plastic Hand
Dispose it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
Restore, Great Father, Thy Instructed Son;
And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.

NOTES

A=the 'unauthorised' edition of 1707, B=the edition of 1709, C=the 'unauthorised' edition of 1716, D=the text of 1718, adopted in the present edition, E=the version as it first appeared in Dryden's *Miscellanyes*

When necessary, words from the present text are attached to each variant to indicate where the difference begins or ends Titles of poems and numbers of verses are included in numbering the lines

p xxv, l 10 D misprints] the

p 1, ll 4—7 Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 3, 'Examen Poeticum,' 1693 (second edition, 1706), where it is divided into six stanzas only l 5 A and E] A Pindaric Ode l 15 A] Yet much cans't thou discern A and E] and much impart l 18 B and E] art Dust l 19 A and E] Wisdom her Oars, and Wit her Sails may lend l 26 A and E] Loses itself, and its increasing Way

p 2, l 3 A and E] You boast your Doubts resolv'd l 8 A] That Nothing, less than Nothing, you l 12 A] delightful l 13 A] of his l 16 B and D] Command ll 16—20 A and E] Prepar'd to meet his [E its] High Command [E Commands], And with diffus'd Obedience, spread Their op'ning Banks [E Ranks] o'er Earth's submissive Head, And march, thro' diff'rent Paths, to different Lands? l 21. A] shou'd the l 22 A] Journey l 26 A and E] And, filling A] her wan'd l 27 E] Power l 29 A and E] Why shou'd l 30 A] it's Sphere l 31 A and E] Why shou'd ll 33, 34 A and E] To keep in Order, and gird up the Regulated Year?

p 3, l 11 E] Lines, new Circles ll 12—17 A and E] On t'other's Ruin rears his Throne And shewing his Mistakes, maintains his own Well then! from this New Toil what Knowledge flows! Just as much perhaps, as shows, That former Searchers were but Bookish Tools [E Fools] Their Choice Remarks, their Darling Rules, But Canting Error all, and Jargon of the Schools l 19 A and E] Thro' the Aerial Seas, and Watry Skies l 31 A and E] And tell us how ll 32, 33 A and E] Vain Man! that Pregnant Word sent forth again, Thro' either Ocean l 35 A] And for each Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for ev'ry Star

NOTES

- p. 4, l. 6. B] Sustaining how. ll. 6—9. A and E]
 By telling thee, Perfection suffer'd Pain,
 An ETERNAL ESSENCE Dy'd!
Death's Vanquisher, by Vanquished *Death* was Slain;
 The *Promis'd Earth* Prophan'd with *Deicide*.
- l. 16. A and E] And to see HEAV'N. l. 20. A] And *Grace's* Preference.
 l. 21. A and E] shall know. ll. 25—30. A and E] So fit as Jacob's *Ladder*
 was, to Scale the distant SKY.
- p. 5, ll. 1—3. Published in E, 1693, where it is called 'To a Lady of
 Quality's Playing...' A] On Celia's Playing upon the Lute. l. 6. A and E]
 the Subject of our Daring Song. ll. 7 and 8 *are omitted in* A and E.
 ll. 9—11. A and E]
 But when you pleas'd to show the Lab'ring Muse,
 What Greater Themes your Music could produce,
 Our Babbling Praises we repeat no more.
- l. 19. A and E] That You in *Beauty* and in *Birth* excel.
 p. 6, l. 2. A and E] Our Inmost Thoughts and sanctifies. l. 5. A
 and E] beyond both. l. 18. A and E] So, whilst. l. 23. A and E]
 Viewing your. l. 24. A, B and E] The Reigning. l. 25. A] Celia's.
 l. 28. A and E] had rais'd. l. 29. A and E] a fairer Town.
- p. 8, l. 1. Published in E, 1693. A] To His Mistress. l. 4. A and E]
 In all thy Looks and Gestures Shine. l. 6. A and E] To Rule this destin'd
 Heart of Mine. l. 7. E] what your. l. 8. E] and you. l. 10. A and E]
 then rely. l. 12. A and E] 'Tis but a. l. 13. A and E] To do. l. 15.
 A, B and E] and but. l. 18. A and E] Time equally with Love is. l. 28.
 A and E] Even Kindness then too. l. 29. A and E] the Ghost of my
 Departed Love.
- p. 9, l. 16. A and E] whilst Love invites. l. 17. A] Obey soft Cupid's
 gentle Voice. E] Obey the Godhead's gentle Voice. l. 21. E] art Kindness
 all. l. 24. A and E] Your...your...your. l. 32. E] And thinking. l. 35.
 A and E] we'll wake.
- p. 10, ll. 1—5. For the earlier Epistle, see the companion volume to the
 present text. This poem was published in 'Miscellany Poems upon Several
 Occasions: Consisting of Original Poems by The late Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Mr *Cowly*, Mr *Milton*, Mr *Prior*...Printed for Peter Buck, at the Sign of the
Temple, near *Temple-Bar*, in *Fleetstreet*, 1692.' Variations in this version are
 lettered F, below. It is also printed in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, 1702
 (=E below), where it is dated Burleigh, Aug. 10, 1690. A] A Second Epistle
 to Sir Fleetwood Shephard. E] A Letter to. l. 8. A, E and F] Whom
 some call Pope, some Antichrist. l. 9. F] Spanish Monarch sends a.
 l. 18. F] the Sea. l. 23. A and E] bump one's.
- p. 11, l. 12. A] he shou'd. l. 28. A] A Beau. l. 34. A] prompted.
 l. 36. F] Pettys.
- p. 12, l. 14. F] in the Belly. l. 22. F] form'd all. l. 29. A] ty'd
 [possibly correct, though in both authorised editions it is altered to 'try'd'].
- p. 13, l. 5. F] a Writer. l. 8. F] Authors. l. 13. F] I thought at
 first. l. 14. F] since that. ll. 19, 20. A and F]
 So when [F where] I've with my Granam gon,
 At Sacred Barne of pure Noncon.
- l. 19 is omitted in E. l. 21. A and F] has sifted. l. 23. F]
 The Rogue has cough'd up to'ther Hour,
 And to aply, etc.

NOTES

l 24 A, E and F] Villain Stuff ll 25, 26 A, E and F]
first, I hear [F then, I hear]

A very good Account of Her
ll 33—38 A, E and F]
For if their fame be justly high, who
Wou'd never treat the Pope's *Nuncio*
That his is higher, we must grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant

p 14, l 15 A] I rise to read E and F] I rise to Read, perhaps to
Breakfast l 26 A] Ceylon l 29 A] Lauzone F] Better, perhaps,
than Count Lausune

p 15, ll 11—13 A, E and F]
Thus far from Pleasure, Sir, or Grief,
I fool away an Idle Life,
Till Mr *Maidwell* cease to Teach,
Then I'll Jerk [A and E ferk] Youth, and say *In speech*,
Or *Shadwell* from the Town retires

l 15 A and F] Woods

p 16, ll 1—3 Published in E, 1694 (second edition, 1708), where it is
entitled 'To my Lady Dursley On her Reading Milton's *Paradise Lost*'
l 7 E] Small is that part l 9 E] your Race l 10 E] the Features
took l 11 E] Heavn's own Work, in Eve's l 13 E] Whilst scarce
one actual Guilt l 14 E] your Mind vain Triumphs ll 16—19 E]
With equal Virtue had frail Eve been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, the Serpent charm'd
Our Bliss by Penitence had neer been bought,
Adam had never faln, or *Milton* wrote

p 17, ll 1—4 Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4,
where it is called 'To a Boy Playing with his Cat' ll 11 to end E]
And potent of his Vows and Joys,
He thank'd the Gods, and blest his Choice
Ah! Beauteous Boy, take care least thou
Renew the fondness of his Vow,
Take care to think the Queen of Love
Will e're thy Fav'rites Charms improve,
Shoud'st thou prefer so rash a Pray'r,
The Queen of Love wou'd never hear
Ah! rather from her Altars run,
Least thou be griev'd and she undone
The Queen of Love will quickly see
Her own *Adonis* live in thee,
And glances thrown upon a Beast,
Which well might make a Goddess blest,
Will lightly her first Love deplore,
Will easily forgive the Boar,
And on her Tabby Rival's Face,
Enrag'd will mark her new Disgrace

p 19, l 1 Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4
The Despairing Shepherd was reprinted in 1717 in 'A Collection of the
Best English Poetry, by Several Hands,' in two 8vo vols 'Printed and
Sold by T Warner, at the Black Boy in Pater Noster Row,' the imprint of

NOTES

that part of the book in which the poem occurs being '*II. Hills*, in *Black Fryars*, near the Water-side, 1709.' ll. 16, 17. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E). l. 19. E] and sprightly.

p. 20, l. 2. E] She too a kind. l. 21. E] But yet. ll. 22, 23. E]
Provided you will ne'er again
Declare your, etc.

ll. 25, 26. Published in E, 1693. A] Heraclitus. E] In a Letter To, etc.
l. 29. A and E] Fate's Fantastick Mazes. l. 31. A] real Fears.

p. 21, l. 2. A and E] we pursue. ll. 4, 5. A and E] And like the
doating Artist, woo The Image we our selves have wrought. l. 7. A and E]
we believe. l. 8. A] Argue against. E] And argue. l. 9. A and E]
Pleased, that we can our selves deceive. l. 10. A and E] our...our. l. 18.
A and E] former fled. l. 20. A and E] he's dead. l. 24. A and E] But
all the Pleasure. l. 25. A and E] Is a-far-off to. ll. 27—35. A and E]

VII.

The worthless Prey but only shows,
The Joys [E Joy] consisted in the Strife;
What-e'er we take, as soon we lose;
In Homer's Riddle, and in Life.

VIII.

So whilst in Feverish Sleeps, we think
We taste, what waking we desire:
The Dream is better than the Drink,
Which only feeds the Sickly-Fire.

IX.

To the Mind's Eye, Things will [E well] appear
At distance, thro' an Artful-Glass;
Bring but the Flattering-Object [E Objects] near,
They're all a Senseless-Gloomy-Mass.

p. 22, l. 2. A and E] Seeing aright, we. l. 5. B] And Sorrow from
our being wise. l. 9. A and E] but stinking. ll. 11—14. A] An Ode
to the Returning Sun, Intended to be Sung before Their late Majesties, on
New-Year's-Day 1693, (but here Printed with Alterations; as it was per-
formed lately at a Consort of Musick, by the most Eminent Masters.) E 1694,
second edition, 1708] For the New Year: to the Sun. Intended to be Sung...
1693/4. Written by Mr. Prior at the Hague. ll. 18, 19. A and E]

And as the Radiant Journey's run,
Where e'er thy Beams are spread, where e'er thy Power is known,
Thro' all the distant Nations own.

l. 21. A] The Mildest Prince. l. 22. A and E] That ever Sav'd a *People*,
ever Grac'd a *Throne*. l. 28. A, B and E] Its. l. 29. A] Marlbrô's.

p. 23, l. 1. A, B and E] Its. l. 2. A] round Anna's. E] Mary's. l. 3. A]
From thy blessings she shall know. E] They shall know. l. 5. A] She
governs and enlightens. l. 13. A and E] with all. l. 18. A and E]
From Ancient Times, Historic Stores. l. 20. A and E] All that with.
l. 22. A and E] All that with. ll. 23—26. A and E]

His Great Fore-Fathers Pious Cares;
All that story have Recorded;
Sacred to Marlbrô's [E Nassau's] long Renown,
For Countries Sack'd, and Battels Won.

l. 31. A] Marlbrô's Fame.

NOTES

- p. 24, l. 4. A] for Anna's sake. E] for Mary's Sake. 1. 6. A and E] with lucky. 1. 8. A and E] have glad. 1. 10. A and E] many Lustres. 1. 14. A] which Anna should. E] The fuller Bliss which Mary should. 1. 16. A and E] the Graver. 1. 19. A and E] the Eastern. A, B and E] Travel. 11. 22, 23. A and E]

To ease the Cares, which for Her Subjects sake,
The Pious Queen does with Glad Practice [E Patience] take.

Cho. *To let her all the Blessings know,*

Which from those Cares upon Her Subjects flow.

1. 28. A] Marlbrô's Name. 1. 30. A and E] Take Anna's [E Mary's] goodness for their Theme. 1. 32. A] Anna's ..Marlbrô's. E] Mary's Praise. 1. 36. A and E] Subjects. 11. 36, 37. A and E] 'Till thou shalt shine no more.

- p. 25, ll. 1, 2. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E), where its sub-title is 'in Imitation of a Greek Idyllium.' 11. 9—14. E]

The Prospect and the Nymph were gay,

With silent Joy I heard her say,

That we should walk there ev'ry Day.

1. 15. E] grew. 11. 21, 22. E] she... Will press the Shore or see the Main. 1. 23. E] Look back at least once more, said I.

- p. 28, ll. 1—4. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E). 1. 7. E] Corinna's and so throughout. 1. 18. E] Heart beat.

1. 21. E] May Cytherea make her Conquest sure. 1. 22. E] And let. 11. 25—27. E]

Yet, if amidst the Series of these Joys,

One sad Reflection should by chance arise,

Give it, in Pity, to the wretched Swain.

1. 29. E] Felt. 1. 30. E] And dy'd.

The version of Mrs Singer's Pastoral, given in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, differs considerably from the text printed by Prior in 1718 and reprinted here, but I have not thought it needful to give a list of these variations.

- p. 29, ll. 1—4. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E), where it is entitled 'Disputing with a Lady, Who left me in the Argument.' 1. 22. E] On Force thus formidably join'd?

- p. 30, verses v.—viii. E]

But quicker Arts of Death you use,
Traverse your Ground to gain the Field,

And, whilst my Argument pursues,

With sudden Silence bid me yield.

So when the Parthian turn'd his Steed,

And from the Hostile Camp withdrew,

He backward sent the Fatal Reed;

Secure of Conquest as he flew.

Daunted, I dropt my useless Arms,

When you no longer deign'd to Fight,

Then Triumph deck'd in all its Charms,

Appear'd less beautiful than Flight.

Oh! trace again the Hostile Plains,

My Troops were wounded in the War,

But whilst this fiercer Silence reigns

They suffer, famish'd by Despair.

NOTES

Capricious Author of my Smart,
Let War ensue, or Silence cease,
Unless you find my Coward Heart
Is yielding to a separate Peace.

l. 7. B] the Gift. l. 11. B] she shuns [probably a misprint in D].

p. 31, l. 9. B] half-clos'd. ll. 20—22. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (= E).

p. 32, l. 5. B and E] from its. l. 19. E] Great Minute. l. 32. B and E] some Beauty. l. 33. B and E] little Lustre. l. 38. E] And with indented Furrows mark his sad extent of Sway.

p. 33, l. 10. E] And Custom call you forth to distant Arms. l. 18. E] with Jolly. l. 23. E] Honour fills. l. 25. E] find you landed on. B] my Lover. l. 26. B and E] Fill'd with new.

p. 34, l. 12. E] from its. l. 23. B and E] and soon the. ll. 25, 26. E] Must *Celia* be undone for loving you?

p. 35. Published separately in 1695, title-page as follows:—

To the King, an Ode on His Majesty's arrival in Holland, 1695. By Mr Prior. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut Modus Tam Chari capitis?* Hor. London, Printed for Jacob Tonson at the *Judge's-Head* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*. 1695.

The following are readings from the 1695 text, which consists of 40 verses instead of 41 as in the later and considerably altered text. ll. 10—23]

On Mary's Tomb thro' rowling Years,
The Mournful Graces all shall weep;
And, with fresh Lamps and flowing Tears,
The Virtues endless Vigils keep.
For Mary distant Lands shall Mourn
When late Records Her Deeds relate,
Ages to come, and Men unborn,
Shall Bless Her Name, and Sigh Her Fate.

l. 25] watchful Trust. l. 28] To Cloath it in its full.

p. 36, l. 2] King forsake. ll. 7—10]

The Lovely Dead, whom He regrets,
Can know no Fear, can feel no Grief;
The living World, whom He forgets,
Would perish without His Relief.
In vain the British Lyons roar,
While prest by Grief their Monarch stoops;
The Belgic Darts will wound no more,
If He, whose Hand sustain'd them, droops.

l. 15] Europe's. ll. 27—35]

Oh! give the Mourning Nations Joy,
Break forth, great Sun with usual Light:
And let thy stronger Beams destroy
Those Clouds, which keep Thee from our sight.
Advance in thy Meridian Course,
And, since thy Mary's Light is gone,
Rejoyce the World with double Force,
Thy Beams all fixt in Thee alone.

NOTES

p 37, ll 7—10]

Her fair Delight, Her softer Half,
Cold in the Grave with Mary lies,
Unless in Thee her strength is safe,
The frighted Nation wholly dies

l 12] our Land ll 14, 15]

Lest rais'd and rescu'd by thy Hand,
She bend and sink beneath thy Woe

l 22] is Britain's l 24] where that excess l 28] Thee thy l 32] gone chang'd

p 38, l 2] Martial Sounds. l 13] her Darts l 14] That she could strike l 16] But that with which she struck the Queen.

Between verses xxxi and xxxii the 1695 text has verse xxx of present text and then adds]

Envy shall calm that useless Rage,
By which Thy Glory brighter grows,
And Death, Thy Sorrows to assuage,
Shall turn her wrath, and wound Thy Foes
She hated Hope, She scorn'd Relief
And triumph'd, Proud in full Despair
Her echo'd Wailings pierc'd the Skyes,
To Earth her bended Iorehead bow'd,
The Tears unbounded from her Eyes,
As Waters from her Sluices flow'd
But soon as Thou her Lord return'd,
Her Head is rear'd, her Eyes are dry'd,
She smiles, etc

ll 19, 20]

ll 22—28]

pp 38, 39, between verses xxv and xxvi]

Dissembling Ease, and forcing Joy,
She begs her Lord his Tears to dry
Did Belgia ere her prayers employ,
And Orange stand regardless by?

p 39, l 10] pious Father ll 12—15]

A second William's Bloom could tell
How Heroes rise, how Patriots set
As Theirs did Others Deeds excel,
Excelling Theirs be Thine compleat

l 20] As glorious as thy Mary died

pp 39, 40, ll 21 et seqq For stanza xxx see note to p 38 above Verses xxxi—xxxvii of the present text take the place of the four following verses in 1695]

That Thou canst live for Belgia's sake,
Pierc'd by her Griefs forget Thy own;
New Toyls endure, new Conquests make
To give her Ease, tho' Thou hast None
To keep from treach'rous Foes Her store,
Tho' all Thy Wealth be robb'd by Death;
To vanquish, tho' She lives no more
Whose Hands prepar'd the Victor's Wreath
Oh, could Thy Griefs obdurate prove
To Belgia's Cries, to Britain's Fears,
Yet let them yield to Mary's Love,

NOTES

To Nassau's Glory joyn'd in Her's.
If Mary could so well command,
It was by long obeying Thee;
Her Scepter, guided by Thy Hand,
Preserv'd the Isles and rul'd the Sea.

p. 40, l. 5. B] turn'd aside. l. 30] To fix His Name amidst the Stars.
l. 34] Glories.

p. 41, ll. 7—10]

And to Thy Fame alone 'tis given
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go,
While Mary reigns a Saint in Heaven,
And Thou a Demi-God below.

p. 47, ll. 23 et seqq. Published in 1695 under the following title: 'An English Ballad: In Answer to Mr. Despreaux's Pindarique Ode On the Taking of Namure. Dulce est desipere in loco. London, Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's Head* near the *Inner Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*.' The variants that follow are, unless otherwise indicated, from the 1695 edition.

p. 47, ll. 30—33, p. 48, ll. 1—4]

Was you not drunk, and did not know it,
When you thought *Phæbus* gave you Law?
Or was it not, good Brother Poet,
The chaste Nymph *Maintenon* you saw?
She charm'd you sure, or what's the matter,
That Oaks must come from *Thrace* to dance?
If Stocks must needs be taught to flatter
You'll find enough of them in *France*.

p. 48, ll. 12—17]

Des Preaux, a Vulture only flies
Where sordid Interest seeks the Prey.
When once the Poet's Conscience ceases,
His Measures soon from Truth will rove;
Give *Boileau* but Five Hundred Pieces,
And *Louis* takes the Wall of *Jove*.

ll. 22—26]

At *Trianon* the wondrous Plan.
Such Walls these three wise Gods agreed
By Human Force could ne'er be shaken;
But, *Boileau*, we who *Homer* read,
Find Gods as well as Men mistaken.

ll. 35—39]

Yet they march'd but like other Men.
Cannons above and Mines below
Did Death and Tombs for Us contrive,
Yet William order'd matters so,
That few were there but are alive.

p. 49, verse v.]

Why is *Namure* compar'd to *Troy*?
Are we then braver than the *Greeks*?
Their Siege did Ten long Years employ,
We've done our bus'ness in Ten Weeks.
What Godhead does so fast advance?
What Power Divine those Hills regain?

NOTES

'Tis *Britain's* King, the Scourge of *France*,
No Godhead, but the first of Men.

His Arm shall keep your Victor under,
And *Europe's* Liberty restore;
Your *Jupiter* must quit his Thunder,
And fright the injur'd World no more.

l. 3. B] excell ll. 15—22]

Whilst William trembles at Namure,
Great *Villeroy* who ne'er afraid is,
To *Bruxels* marches on secure,
To Bomb the Monks and scare the Ladies.

Add to this Glorious Expedition
One more, and then thy Fame is Crown'd,
Perform thy Master's high Commission,
For *William* ne'er will stand his Ground

Verse vii.] He comes, this mighty Marshal comes,
But finds a River in his way;
He waves his Colours, beats his Drums,
Yet thinks it Prudence there to stay
Ban and *Arriereban*, all appear
Great Armies, would they march but faster;
But *Villroy* moves so slowly here,
One would have thought it was his Master.

p. 50, ll. 3. 4]

Disguise a General's Disgrace;
No Torrents swell this low *Mehayne*.

ll. 6—13] The Water-Nymphs are all unkind,
We hope the Land Nymphs are not so
Or Fortune sure with Love has join'd
To fail a General and a Beau

l. 10. B] are all l. 12. B] These Ebb alas! fly they?

ll. 17—26] Nations combin'd may bless his Name,
And *France* in secret own his Glory.

Yet, *Boileau*, we'll take t'other Strain
In Honour of that greater Prince,
Who lost *Namure* the same Campaign
He bought *Dixmuyd*, and conquer'd *Deynse*.

Verse x.] 'Tis done, Great *Louis*, Troops advance,
Mars speaks thro' Cannons Mouths in Fire;
That is, one *Mareschal of France*
Tells t'other, he dare come no nigher.

p. 51, ll. 3—12]

For you that saw it best can say
The Steps by which *Namure* was lost.

Think not what Reasons to produce
From *Louis* to conceal your Fear;
He'll own the Strength of your Excuse,
Tell him that William was but there

Verse xi.] But where is now great *Louis* Feather,
That wav'd so glorious from afar?
The Generals could not come together,
Without the Lustre of that Star.

NOTES

Ah, Poet, thou hadst been discreeter,
Since thou would'st hang his Hat so high,
If thou had'st call'd it but a Meteor,
That blaz'd a while, and then God b'y.

ll. 23—28]

To animate the doubtful Fight,
The World in vain expects that Ray;
In vain *France* hopes the Sickly Light
May equal William's fuller Day.

Safe *Louis* shines, knows his own Station,
He likes not any Foreign Sphere.

l. 27. B] He likes *Versailles*, his. l. 33. B] William left an open way.

p. 52, ll. 10—14; verse xiv. was added later]

Of Death, Pikes, Rocks, Arms, Bricks, and Fire,
We'll play three Stanza's, and have done;
The Castle yields, the *French* retire,
So keep your Powder in your Gun.

Namure by William's Arms is freed.

l. 19 to end]

March, Foes of France, march on thro' *Flanders*,
Divide to *Bruxelles*, or to *Liege*;
Nor fear the least these fierce Commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raise the Siege.

Losing *Namure*, *France* gains a Peer;
Let William's Armies but advance,
Bouffler's shall lose *Dinant* next Year,
And be made Constable of *France*.

The following additional French verse is given in the 1695 edition:—

Pour moy, que Phebus anime
De ses transports les plus doux,
Rempli de ce Dieu sublime,
Je vais, plus hardi que vous,
Montrer que sur le Parnasse,
Des bois frequentés d'Horace
Ma Muse dans son declin,
Sçait encor les avenuës
Et des sources inconnuës
A L'Auteur du Saint Paulin*.

* Poem Heroique du sieur F***.

p. 53, l. 16. B] bid alternate. l. 19. B] dread you.

p. 55, l. 18. B] mark, and surly Drums. ll. 20, 21 transposed in B,
which also reads] Behold the Soldier. l. 21. D] A full-stop replaces a
comma at the end of the line. l. 23. B] your pristin.

p. 56, l. 5. B] But drop the Head, and hang the Wing. ll. 20—23] not
in B. l. 26. B] Mistress to the Painter sat.

p. 57, l. 18. B] O Howard. l. 24. B] unhappy Youth. l. 27. B] to
evince.

p. 59, l. 27. B] Banks.

p. 62, l. 2. B] keener Darts. l. 18. B] Aimed at his. l. 19. B]
With certain Speed the Arrow.

NOTES

p 64 The Dove, A Poem, was published in 1717, 'London Printed for J Roberts, near the *Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane*' The following are variations noted in a copy of the 1717 issue l 7] dares l 29] Subaltern Loves.

p 68, l 12] But O, l 20] I'm sure I touch the

p 69, l 7 D] Lethe'.

p 76, l 21 D] XII

p 78 Pallas and Venus Published in 1706, 'London Printed for John Nutt near Stationers Hall (Price 2d)' The following are variations noted in a copy of the 1706 issue ll 23—26]

From Head to Foot she view'd, etc.

And tauntingly the wanton Goddess said,

Alas, since naked I cou'd vanquish Thee,

How more successful Pallas, shall I be

l 27] When to I come l 29] with a Smile l 33] To be more Strong abandon ev'ry Dress

p 79, ll 1—4 Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E) Sub title in A] A Poesy for a Wedding Ring l 7 A, B and E] Chloe or Cloe, and so throughout l 14 A] Th' uneasie l 21 A] hated Head

p 80, l 4 A] since were l 7 A] shall find ll 12—17 A and E]

Can suffer Shipwreck [E Racks and], run thro' Flame,

Still contented, still the same

Then trace me some unheard of Way,

How I thy constant Ardour might repay,

[E Thy constant Ardour to repay]

For I my Sense of it wou'd shew,

In something more than Woman e'er cou'd do

[E In more, etc.]

l 30 A and E] Happy these l 31 A and E] But Oh! how soon l 37

A and E] As soon as ever he l 39 A] all the while.

p 81, l 4 A and E]

Our Sex will be inur'd to Lye,

And their's instructed to Reply

l 10 A] The l 12 A] The forward Dame, when fair and young

l 19 A] And acted Vigorous and. l 31 A] less Owners

p 82, l 1 A and B] who does A] does the Fair One l 9 A and B]

has that. l 14 A] She wishes, she l 19 A] Darling see ll 31—

34 A]

I lock her fast, I keep the key,

The key hole,—Fool! That take away

l 35 A] what may

p 83 l 4 A] A Steeple l 5 A] False Fears l 14 A] those

monstrous ills l 15 A] She should l 23 A] Then clap l 24

Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E) A, B and E]

Monsieur De La Fontaine's Hans Carvel Imitated

p 84 l 3 A and E] To spill a hated Rival's l 9 A] first in

l 12 A] Slept often out to Mistress Huddy's l 14 A and E] What else

o' [E in] God's Name could she mean? l 31 A, B and E] Wives

Husbands l 32 A] rowl in l 33 A] durst not l 35 A] to's Wife

NOTES

p. 85, ll. 3, 4. E] Cares...Pray'r's. 1. 6. A] While Taylor, Scot and.
1. 7. A] us to. 1. 8. A, B and E] Lay unmolested. 1. 11. A] The Trade
continued still the same.

p. 86, l. 10. A] down some. 1. 17. A] about a. 1. 21. A] Nice
Ratafia for. E] Modish Ratafia for. 1. 24. A] Dame went. 1. 33. E]
view the.

p. 87, l. 1. A] But such. 1. 9. A] says. 1. 17. A] beyond the.

p. 90, l. 35. B] all which.

p. 91, l. 11. B] Those beat.

p. 92, l. 4. B] Up from her Ladyship to.

p. 93, ll. 1, 2. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4
(=E). Sub-title in A] In Imitation of Mons. De la Fontaine's Hans Carvel.
1. 10. A and E] from pleasure as from. 1. 13. A] or rise. 1. 16. A and E]
dangerous and.

p. 94, l. 13. E] no Medium. 1. 14. A full-stop has been supplied at
the end of the line. 1. 28. A and E] might please.

p. 95, l. 3. A and E] For Hills before and Woods behind. 1. 4. A]
Kept off the Rain, and broke the Wind. 1. 5. A and E] Fat Oxen.
1. 11. A] live so. 1. 17. A] Sometimes, My Rogue! sometimes, My
Darling! 1. 22. A] The Farmer.

p. 96, l. 5. A and E] Wou'd gloriously in verse appear. 1. 7. A]
'Twou'd grieve me should I have. 1. 9. A and E] my Epic very. 1. 32. A]
Is all. 1. 36. A] arse.

p. 97, l. 14. A and E] Some Parts. 1. 19. A and E] dare. E] the gotten.

p. 99, ll. 8, 9. B] Reading Mezeray's.

p. 100, l. 8. B] the Book called.

pp. 100, 101. 'Adriani Morientis, etc., Imitated' was published in Dryden's
Miscellany Poems, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E below). 1. 4. E] thy doubtful.
1. 7. E] Lyes interrupted and forgot.

p. 102, ll. 1—5. Published in E, 1693, where Dr Sherlock is described as
'Dean of St Paul's.' 1. 12. E] her Numbers to that blest. 1. 16. B and E]
Who, like...wert sent. 1. 17. E] To be the Voice, and bid. 1. 24. E]
Philip's Son, shall sit and view. 1. 25. E] This sordid. E

p. 103, l. 1. E] to that height. 1. 6. B and E] beyond the. 1. 12. E]
various Deaths. 1. 13. E] kind Works. 1. 30. B and E] dreaded.
1. 33. E] their hidden way. 1. 37. E] and Worlds. 1. 38. B] those
that.

p. 104. *Carmen Seculare* was published in 1700, 'London, Printed for
Jacob Tonson, at *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Grays-Inn-Lane*.' The following variants
are from a copy of the 1700 issue, save where otherwise noted. 1. 12] Call
out the. 1. 20] comely order march each. ll. 21, 22]

Mark ev'ry Act with its intrinsic Worth:

Then hast the Mighty Parallels to bring.

p. 105, l. 2, *omit*] Thy Native. 1. 6] Turn hither the fair. 1. 8] of the.
1. 10] let fair Proof my bold Affection grace. 1. 12] If Mars son reduc'd.
1. 14, *omit*] But yet. 1. 16] Strict Religion Numa knew. ll. 20, 21]

Sealing his Justice with his Childrens Blood

Stern Brutus was with too much Horror good.

NOTES

l. 26] How dang'rous Lusts must be. l. 28] But scarce. l. 33] Too many Patriots. l. 34] And tho'. l. 37] Let their Deserts with mighty Praise be drest. B] With equal.

p. 106, l. 1] rowling like. l. 2] Its rapid Force design'd their. l. 5. B] So with l. 6] Some small allaying Tincture. l. 20] And in fierce Battels Bloody Laurels won. l. 23] Illustrious Heroes. l. 31] Afflicted Britain. l. 35] The fruitful Great Nassaw's Race.

p. 107, l. 1] Next see. l. 5] Then call the. l. 23] forth *altered to* fresh. l. 27] *blooming Life*. ll. 28—30]

His Infant Patience calming Faction's Strife,
Quelling the Snakes that round his Cradle ran,
For William thus, *Alcides* thus began.

l. 34] Vanquish'd, not l. 36. 1700 and B] Maria

p. 108, l. 10] And happy Pow'r l. 16] By Moderation greater than. l. 18] His Life enforcing what. l. 22] By equal Virtues all the Piece is. l. 36] To future. l. 37] Bid Her. l. 38] Trace every Toil and mention (*i.e. omit To*).

p. 109, l. 2] In shining Characters ll. 3—27]

Fair to be read, when all that we can give
To make our Master's Glory live,
Does of its self insensibly decay,
When Time the Marble and the Brass devours,
And envious Winters in sure Ruin lay
The Pride of *Namur's* Towers.
Namur's Towers which War had arm'd,
Against what human Force could do,
By William's Valour were alarm'd,
Were subdu'd by William's Blow:
William mounted *Namur's* Towers,
Second him *Jove*, and *Pallas*, Mighty Powers;
He flew like *Perseus* thro' the Air,
The utmost dreadful height to gain.
William and the God of War
Can only Toils like these sustain;
Rocks, Rivers, Mountains, Armies, Fire,
To stop his Glorious Course conspire:
Why will they conspire in vain?
What can William's Force restrain?

l. 31] France dismay'd. l. 32] William from survey'd. l. 33] He order'd War and Rage to cease

p. 110, l. 3] how Grace made Clemency. l. 4] And how. l. 6] Confessing him less Great than Good. l. 7] fair Glory. l. 10] Virtue proclaim'd and Fame the Best of Kings. l. 12, *add*] Whither is wild Fancy brought? Whither, etc. l. 26] pursues her Godlike King. l. 33] his adventurous.

p. 111, ll. 2—4] Anon in *Irish* Camps she finds her Theme. ll. 11—24]

She thence to *Albion* does the Victor bring,
Albion with *Io's* greets her happy King;
But he declines the Altars she wou'd raise,
Accepts the Zeal, tho' he rejects the Praise.
Again she follows him thro' *Belgia's* Land,
And Nations often sav'd by William's hand,

NOTES

Ranges Confederate Armies on the Plains,
And in pitch'd Battles bleeding Conquest gains;
Thence to the Points of armed Rocks aspires,
O'er hollow Mountains bellowing hidden Fires,
Beholds the Rocks submit, the Mountains bow,
And willing Nations Crown the Common Victor's Brow.

1. 34. 1700 and B] Eastward, to Danube.

p. 112, l. 4] To Him. 1. 6] Him all Religions, Him all Nations trust.

1. 16. 1700 and B] his violent. 1. 17] meets its. ll. 19—21]

Serene, yet Strong, exempt from all Extreame,
And with fair Speed devolving fruitful Streams.

ll. 24—27]

Round either Bank the Vales their Sweets disclose,
Fresh Flowers for ever rise, and fruitful Harvest grows.

Whither wou'd the Goddess go.

1. 31] Her daring. 1. 35, *omit*] Yet.

p. 113, l. 3] in ample. ll. 10, 11]

Too bold the Strong, the Hero was too Great;
She chuses rather thus to die.

1. 18. B] his bolted. 1700 and B] Temples. 1. 32] Rampart. 1. 34]
The Oaken. ll. 35—38]

Can to Victorious William's Name

Augmented Honours give:

His is an ample Plenitude of Fame,

Incapable Addition to receive.

p. 114, l. 1. B and 1700] Mystic Gate. 1. 10] Command the laughing
Hours. 1. 12] Distribute Years. 1. 13] And Times from better. 1. 17]

From other. 1. 19] Of which no portion she shall bear. 1. 22] with ripen'd.

1. 26. B and 1700] And let Eternal Sweets.

In the 1700 version, verses xxvii.—xxxii. of the present text follow, with many variations, verse xxxv.

pp. 114, 115, verses xxvii. to l. 4, inclusive, of verse xxx.]

From the wild Ruins of the Ancient Court,

Let a new Phoenix her young Columns rear,

As may the Greatness of this Reign support,

An Object worthy William's Care;

Open, yet Solid, as the Builder's Mind,

Be her spacious Rooms design'd;

Let every Sacred Pillar bear

Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War:

Then shall the King in *Parian* Marble Breath,

His Shoulder bleeding fresh, and at His Feet

Disarm'd and Stopt shall lie the threatn'd Death,

(For so was saving *Jove's* Decree compleat)

His Genius plac'd behind defends the Blow;

Disembled Waters from the Basis flow,

And *Boyn's* Triumphant Flood is known,

For ever in the Wounded Stone.

Before the Palace, *Thames* shall softly glide,

With dear Affection forming long delay,

Unwilling to be forc'd away,

Tho' all the Sister-Rivers chide,

Fond of Her Lord, forgetful of Her Tide.

NOTES

And thou Imperious *Windsor* stand enlarg'd,
 With all the Stores of *Britain's* Honour charg'd—
 Thou the fair Heaven that dost the Stars enclose,
 Which William's Bosom wears, His Hand bestows,
 To the Great Champions that support His Throne,
 And Virtues nearest to His own,
 Round *Ormond's* Knee, thou t'iest the Mystic String
 That makes the Knight Companion to the King,
 Returning Glorious from the Foreign Field,
 In Thee he pays his Vows, and hangs his Shield
 Thou smiling see'st Great *Dorset's* Worth confest,
 Transcendent Goodness in just Honours drest,
 The Ray distinguishing the Patriot's Breast

p 115, l 16 B and 1700] To the that support

p 116, verses xxxi, xxxii]

In Thee Great *Catendish* Name shall long be known,
 The Father's Light transmitted to the Son
 In Thee the *Seymours*, and the *Talbots* Line,
 With high Preheminence shall ever shine
 And if a God these lucky Numbers guide,
 If sure *Apollo* o'er the Song preside,
Jersey, Belov'd by All as well as Me
 Shall at thy Altars bow, shall own to Thee
 The fairest Mark of Favour and of Fame,
 Familiar to the *Villiers* Name

Verses xxxiii —xxxv follow xxvi in the edition of 1700 l 26] By hardy
 Feats l 27] To stimulate Desert with Thirst l 36] Give all the and
 midst the l 37] Draw the sure Sword (*omit* To)

p 117, ll 2, 3]

To plant Societies for peaceful Arts,
 Increase our Learning and unite our Hearts
 l 10 1700 and B] That distant Realms may from our Authors know l 17]
 guard Great Agamemnon's. l 24] The mutual Obligation hide l 28]
 1700 and B] The Song with Him l 32] shall ever chase the

p 118, l 10] and William's Fleets ll 30, 31]

His own Stupendous Victories restrain'd,
 And o'er the Righted World Eternal Triumph gain'd

p 119 l 3] a perfect l 7] calls our l 19] And Man, that knows
 his Course, adores his Light l 23] That (*omit* Above) Sun shou'd cease his
 Destin'd Way to go l 24] to Govern all below l 26] were born The
 1700 version, from this line, concludes as follows

Her absent Lord *Britannia* once must mourn,
 And of the Demi God the Earthly half must die—
 Yet if our Incense can excite your Care,
 If Heavenly Wills relent to Human Pray'r,
 Exert Great God thy Interest in the Sky,
 Gain ev'ry Tutelary Deity,
 That Conquer'd by the Public Vow,
 They keep the dismal Mischief long away,
 And far as lengthn'd Nature may allow,
 Reject with happy Power the threatn'd Day

NOTES

Into the Ocean for his Life design'd,
 Throw, bounteous Heav'n, innumerable Hours,
 And that stern Fate its strict Account may find,
 Make up that loss by taking them from Ours.
 Deep in this Age let Him extend His Sway,
 And our late Sons with chearful Awe obey.
 On His sure Virtue long let Earth rely,
 And late let the Imperial Eagle fly,
 To bear the Hero through His Father's Sky.
 To Great *Aeneas*, to *Themistocles*,
 To *Pollux*, *Theseus*, *Hercules*,
 And all the Radiant Names above,
 Rever'd by Men and Dear to *Jove*;
 Late let the New-born Nassaw-Star
 With dawning Majesty appear,
 To Triumph over vanquish'd Night,
 And Guide the *British* Mariner,
 With everlasting Beams of Friendly Light.

l. 34. B and 1700] long away. l. 35. B and 1700] far as.

p. 121, l. 5. The date does not appear in B. l. 29. B] directs the.

p. 124. Published in 1704. 'London: Printed for Jacob Tonson.' The 1704 version is identical with the version in the 'unauthorised' edition of Prior's poems, 1707, save that on p. 124, l. 31, of the present edition it agrees with the later reading 'a Woman,' and in (ll. 8, 9, p. 125 of) the 1707 version quoted below it reads 'execute' for 'exercise' and 'meantime' for 'meanwhile.' l. 1. A] A Prologue. l. 9. A] kind Star, whose Tutelary. l. 10. A] Guided the future Monarch's. l. 12. A] Only less bless'd than Cynthia. l. 17. A] For what can Virtue more to man express. l. 19. A] What further thought of Blessing can we frame. l. 20. A] Than that, that Virtue should be still. l. 31. A] a Female.

p. 125, l. 1. A] Gives Glorious. ll. 7—10. A] Told him how Barb'rous Rage should be restrain'd,
 And bid him exercise what she ordain'd.
 Meanwhile, the Deity in Temples sat,
 Fond of her native Grecian's future Fate.

l. 13. A] Thus whilst the Goddess did her Pow'r dispose. l. 15. A] and Athens rose. ll. 16 et seqq. This 'Letter' was published in 1704. 'London. Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn-Gate* next *Grays-Inn Lane*.' The variants of the 1704 are those given below save where otherwise stated. l. 19. B omits] Despreaux. l. 29] thy servant. l. 30] a happy.

p. 126, l. 8] Must certainly be Fortune's lasting Fault. l. 11] And darted Rays. l. 12] Some erring Deities disturb'd the. l. 13] And Fate. l. 25] Louis or. ll. 30—34]

Hamilton, *Lumley*, *Palmes*, or *Ingoldsby*,
 May tolerably well with Verse agree.
 And Marlbrô, Poet, Marlbrô has a Name
 Which thou and all thy Breth'ren may proclaim,
 Elected to immortal Lays, and sure of endless Fame.

p. 127, l. 2] And generous Sylvius stand. ll. 3—6]
 And Churchil if that rough Sound offend the Strain
 Be true to Glorious Worth, and sing the Dane.

NOTES

l 23—p 128, l 9]

Ave Apollo!—Sir—one Moment's Ease
Tell me, is this to reckon or rehearse?
A Commissary's List or Poet's Verse?
Why Faith Depreaux there's Sense in what you say,
I told you where my Difficulty lay;
He that can make the rough Recital chime,
Or bring the Sum of Lewis' Loss to Rhime,
May make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
And Newton's Books in Dryden's Stile repeat
O Boileau, had it been Apollo's Will
That I had shar'd a Portion of thy Skill,
Had this poor Breast receiv'd the Heav'nly Beam,
And were my Numbers equal to my Theam,
To noblest Strains I'd raise my serious Voice,
And calling ev'ry Muse to bless my Choice,
Arms and a Queen I'd sing, who Great and Good

l 32 B] Louis' Loss

p 128, l 13] To vindicate a sinking Empire's Cause l 15] I'd place
the Queen in l 18] These prompt to fix Her Joys, those to l 20] And
as Her Looks may dissipate their ll 21, 22] With active Dance shou'd
please Her Eye, with Vocal Shells her Lar (*one line*) l 27] With Pious
Speech the River shou'd l 28] blesses Anna's careful

p 129, l 2] Nor names Her Bounty, nor proclaims his Worth l 18]
Counted by Men below, and bless'd by Gods above l 26] 'Tis Anna's
Glory, and Thou shalt be Great l 29] I'll visit Thee again ll 30, 31]
And sit propitious on Thy Helm in Blenheim's glorious Plain (*one line*)
l 34] Commission thro' the land is known l 35] thronging Countries

p 130, l 1] her Coast ll 2—8]

And almost ceases to weep William lost
Since that Great *Hercules* resign'd to Fate,
The Atlas This, who must support her State
He sees half Germany combin'd with France,
Combin'd in vain—He draws the fatal Sword,
The Troops obedient wait the Master Word

ll 10—12]

l. 11. B] English General l 13] charging Gen'ral l 16] threat'ning
Armies ll 22—25]

The *Roman* Eagle on the *Danube* Shoars
Hears how the *British* Lion Victor roars,
She claps her joyful Wings, and hugh to *Julian* Glory soars

l 28 B] British Muse l 31] But, Goddess, change l 38] As we have
Victors l 39 *omitted*

p 131, ll 7—11]

Our Muses as our Armies can agree,
To humble Lewis, and reply to Thee
Nor shall we want just Subject for our Strains,
Whilst Marlbro's Arm eternal Lawrel gains,
And in the Land where Spencer sung, a new Elisa reigns

}

l 15 B] The Queen's Effigies on a

p 132, l 13 B] (G—d knows) is fit

p 133, l 12 B] writ on

NOTES

- p. 134, l. 29. A] in this. l. 31. A] turns.
 p. 139, l. 22. B] Had brought. l. 27. B] softly past.
 p. 140, l. 17. B] Deed.
 p. 144, l. 11. B] Spirit which does closest.
 p. 146, l. 5. B] Behold me fix'd. l. 27. B] Censure.
 p. 147, l. 9. B] Cheek.
 p. 148, l. 3. B] Will...Will.
 p. 151, l. 19. B] and my Hands shall tear.
 p. 152, l. 33. B] all the.
 p. 154, l. 6. B] An useless. l. 37. B] A pious.
 p. 155, l. 31. B] Herds.
 p. 156, l. 33. B] Treasures.
 p. 157, ll. 5, 6. B] Pow'r...Hour.

p. 159. Published in 1706. 'London: Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn-Gate* next *Grays-Inn Lane*.' The following variations are from the 1706 version, save where otherwise noted. l. 6] Late Glorious.

p. 160, l. 9. 1706 and B] writ in. l. 13. 1706 and B] and add variously. l. 13] as my Subject and Imagination. l. 14] the matter of Style. l. 19. 1706 and B] Numbers. l. 19] only chang'd one Verse in his. l. 20, *omit*] which...Harmonious. ll. 20, 21] and avoided his Obsolete Words. l. 30. 1706 and B] Ode I.

p. 161, l. 6. 1706 and B *omit*] if not. l. 7. 1706 and B] Monmouth and the. ll. 7, 8] yet Our Great Cambden does not reject it, and Milton tells it. l. 10. B and 1700] It carries, however. l. 13. B] writ. l. 13] Virgil writ one of the best Poems. l. 14] Elizabeth one of the greatest Compliments. ll. 15—20 inclusive are not in 1706. l. 21] Spencer, do I think, in. l. 29] So leaving our. l. 31. 1706 and B] to add, as to my own part. l. 32, *omit*] at least. l. 34] self obliged. After l. 35 B adds] *Now if the Reader will be good enough to Pardon me this Excursion, I declare I will not trouble him again in this kind, 'till my Lord Duke of Marlborough gains another Victory, greater than those of Blenheim and Ramillies.* The 1706 version ends as follows:

And hereupon I declare, that if the Reader will be good enough to Pardon me this Excursion, I will neither trouble him with Poem or Preface any more, 'till my Lord Duke of Marlborough gets another Victory greater than those of Blenheim and Ramillies.

p. 162, l. 7. 1706] Troops to. B] his Legions forth to.

p. 163, l. 3] and Victories rehearse. l. 4] By story yet untold, unparalleled'd by Verse. l. 13] would raise. l. 18] Nor seeking Battel, nor intent on Harms. Verse vi.]

In Council Calm and in Discourse Sedate,
 Under his Vineyard in his Native Land,
 Quiet and safe thus Victor *Marlb'rough* sate,
 Till *Anna* gives Her Thunder to his Hand;

NOTES

Then leaving soft Repose and gentle Ease
With swift Impatience seeks the distant Foe,
Flying o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
He meditates and strikes the wond'rous Blow,
Quicker than Thought he takes his destin'd Aim
And Expectation flies on slower Wings than Fame

p 164, ll 2, 3]

Untam'd Bavar, when on Ramilha's Plain
Afar he did the British Chief behold

l 25] tempt thy Rival l 28] That Laurel Grove, that Harvest of
ll 32, 33]

Must shed, I ween its Honours from thy Brow
And on another Head another Spring must know

l 38] In thy ill Conduct seek thy ill Success

p 165, ll 5, 6]

Jove's Handmaid Pow'r must Jove's Behests pursue,
And where the Cause is Just, the Warrior shall subdue

l 9] sprung from ll 11—17 and verse xii]

With an Intrepid Hand and Courage draws
That Sword, Immortal *William* at his Death
(Who could a fairer Legacy bestow?)
Did to the Part ner of his Arms bequeath
That Sword well *Louis* and his Captains know,
For they have seen it drawn from William's Thigh,
Full oft as he came forth, to Conquer, or to Die
But brandish'd high, and waving in the Air,
Behold unhappy Prince, the Master Sword,
Which perjurd *Gallia* shall for ever fear
'Tis that which Cæsar gave the *British* Lord
He took the Gift, Nor ever will I sheath,
He said, (so *Anna's* high Behests Ordain)
This Glorious Gift, unless by Glorious Death
Absolv'd, 'till I by Conquest fix your Reign
Returns like these Our Mistress bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her *Britons* take

l 36] The Two great adverse Chiefs unmov'd abide

p 166, l 2] The Shock sustain'd, the Friendly Pair l 6] Fix'd on
Revenge l 11] their Deeds l 13] But oh! while mad with Rage
Bellona ll 15—21]

While with large Steps to Conquest *Britain* goes,
What Horror damps the Strong and quells the Great?
Why do those Warriors look dismay'd and pale,
That ever Dreadful, never knew to Dread?
Why does the charging Foe almost prevail,
And the Pursuers only not recede?
Their Rage, alas! submitting to their Grief,
Behold they weep, and croud around their falling Chief

l 26] that Thunderbolt l 27] I saw their Marlborough stretch'd along the
l 28] Vain Hope for Marlborough mounts l 35] And lo! the dubious
Battel l 38] And Liberty must live and Gallia yield

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p. 167, ll. 5, 6]

The Foe retires, the Victor urges on,
And Blenheim's Fame again is in Ramillia known.

l. 13] We wish'd Thou wou'dst no more those. l. 14] Gallia's. l. 19] of Rest. l. 26] To lift Great Anna's Glory further on. l. 28] Nothing was done, He thought, while.

p. 168, l. 3] as he sees the Eagle cut. l. 4] and fearful. l. 6] Why then did. l. 7] To dare the British Foe. l. 25] his azure.

p. 169, l. 13] Still breaking...still. l. 14] usual Bane. l. 24. 1706 and B] And to...they must.

p. 170, l. 11] and spend. l. 19] Intomb'd I'll Slumber, or Enthron'd I'll Reign. l. 28] from the Rival.

p. 171, l. 8] There Brabant clad. l. 9] In decent. l. 11] Laying her. l. 12] Flanders. l. 16] Her Sister Provinces from her shall. l. 22] with Marks. l. 24] Types of. l. 31. 1706 and B] should see. l. 33] sweet pow'r. ll. 36—39]

And Ireland's Harp, her Emblem of Command,

And Instrument of Joy, should there be seen.

And Gallia's wither'd Lillies pale, and torn,

Should, here and there dispers'd, the lasting Work adorn.

l. 37. B] should there.

p. 172, l. 9] will, appointed Marlborough's hand. B] Thy Marlborough's Hand. l. 10] To end those Wars, and make that. l. 11. 1706 and B] to Everlasting Peace.

p. 185, ll. 23, 24. Published in folio 2 pp., undated, 'Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the two *Temple-Gates* in *Fleet-street*. (Price one Penny.)' C] 'To the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Esq.'

p. 188. Erle Robert's Mice, etc. Published in 1712 in 'Two Imitations of Chaucer, viz. I. Susannah and the Two Elders. II. Earl Robert's Mice. By Matthew Prior, Esq.' There are two versions of Susannah and the Two Elders given in this issue, the second one being a rendering 'attempted in a Modern Style,' as follows:

When Fair Susannah in a cool retreat

Of shady Arbours shun'd the Sultry heat,

Two wanton Lechers, seiz'd the trembling Dame.

What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,

And guarded well the Fort they strove to Storm.

The Story's ancient, and if rightly told,

Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverse been true, had Authors Sung,

How that the Dame was *Old*, the Lovers *Young*,

If She had then the blooming Pair deny'd,

With tempting Youth and Vigour on their side,

Lord! How the Story would have shock'd my *Creed*!

For that had been a Miracle indeed.

A copy of a 1712 version is catalogued in the Locker-Lampson Collection. 'By M——w P——r, Esq; London. Printed for A. Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms in Warwick-Lane. Price Three pence. Folio.'

The two imitations of Chaucer were reprinted in 'A Collection of Original Poems, Translations, and Imitations, By Mr. Prior, Mr. Rowe, Dr Swift, And

NOTES

other Eminent Hands. London: Printed for E. Curll, at the *Dial and Bible* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in Fleet-street 1714. (Price Five Shillings). They also occur in the 'unauthorised' edition of 1716=C below. There are many differences of spelling in these versions, but the following variants are the only ones that need be noted.

l. 18. 1712] could wish.

p. 189, l. 2. 1712] the Mice. l. 18. 1712] or any. l. 25. 1712] Godes.
C] unworthy Godis. l. 30. 1712] in the. l. 37. 1712] rack.

p. 190, l. 6. 1712] from the. l. 16. 1712] be done. ll. 18 et seqq., not in 1712. l. 25. 1712 and C] Susannah and the Two Elders. l. 29. 1712 and C] The Paramours were Olde, the Dame was Yong. l. 32. 1712 and C] Sweet Jesu! that had bene much.

p. 195. Published in C. l. 25] Walter Danniston, To his Friends.

p. 196, l. 14. C] And Death's.

p. 204, ll. 12—17. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, 1703/4 (=E). l. 12. A] Faith, Hope, and Charity. Being a Paraphrase, etc. l. 19. E] men. A and E] Angels.

p. 205, l. 12. A] and as much believes.

p. 206, l. 3. A and E] With all His Robes. l. 11. A] And still.

p. 209, l. 9. D] Stobœum.

APPENDIX A

CONTENTS OF THE EDITION OF 1707.

(Copies of this edition are very rarely to be seen.)

Advertisement from the Publisher.

The Name of Mr. Prior, is a more Satisfactory Recommendation of the following Sheets to those Gentlemen who are Judges of Poetry, than whatever can be offer'd in their Behalf.

All that I here endeavour'd, (and which by the Assistance of some Friends, I have accomplish'd) is, that the several Pieces herein contain'd, should appear more Perfect and Correct by this Publication, than they have hitherto done elsewhere; and that no Copy should be inserted, 'till I was assur'd of its being Genuine.

A Satyr, on the Modern Translators of Ovid's Epistles.

The Seventh Satyr of Juvenal, imitated; Et Spes & Ratio Studiorum, &c.

An Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Sheppard.

Monsieur De la Fontaine's Hans Carvel imitated.

The Ladle; in Imitation of Fontaine.

A Paraphrase on Chap. 13 of 1 Corinthians.

A Prologue, spoken at Court, before the Queen, on Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704.

A Simile.

Some Passages of Mr. Dryden's Hind and Panther; Burlesqu'd, or Varied. Heraclitus; or the Self-Deceiver.

I am that I am. A Pindaric Ode, on Exod. III. 14.

A Tale to a Young Gentleman in Love; or a Poesy for a Wedding-Ring. The English Pad-Lock.

A Second Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Sheppard.

An Ode, to his Mistress.

On Cælia's Playing upon the Lute.

Ode, to the Returning Sun.

APPENDIX B

CONTENTS OF THE EDITION OF 1716.

'A Second Collection of Poems on Several Occasions. By Matthew Prior, Esq; [Device] London: Printed for J. Roberts near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1716. Price One Shilling.'

Erle Robert's Mice. A Tale. In Imitation of Chaucer.

Susannah and the two Elders. In Imitation of Chaucer.

Gualterus Dannistonius ad Amicos.

Walter Danniston to his Friends Imitated.

Horace Lib. I. Epist. IX. Imitated. Inscríb'd to the Right Hon. Robert Harley, Esq;

Song to his Mistress.

An Ode, in Imitation of the second Ode of Horace Written in the Year 1692.

The first Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Sheppard.

A Satire on the Modern Translators.

A Satire upon the Poets. In Imitation of the seventh Satire of Juvenal.

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